

AN
ESSAY
ON
NATIONAL PRIDE.

NATIONAL PRIDE

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NATIONAL PRIDE

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ESSAY
ON
NATIONAL PRIDE.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED
MEMOIRS of the AUTHOR'S LIFE
and WRITINGS.

TRANSLATED
FROM THE ORIGINAL GERMAN
OF THE LATE CELEBRATED
Dr. J. G. ZIMMERMANN,
AULIC COUNSELLOR AND PHYSICIAN TO HIS BRITANNIC
MAJESTY AT HANOVER,

BY
SAMUEL HULL WILCOCKE.

LONDON:
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1797.

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ESSAY

ON

NATIONAL PRIDE

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

MEMOIRS OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE



FROM THE ORIGINAL MS. IN THE

LIBRARY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM

DR. J. G. SIMMONDS

OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM

AND OF THE NATIONAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE

SAMUEL BUTLER WILCOCK

LONDON

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A C C O U N T

OF THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

Dr. J. G. ZIMMERMANN.

ACCOUNT

OF THE

EXPENSES

OF J. G. SIMPSON

A C C O U N T

OF THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

Dr. J. G. ZIMMERMANN.

THE justly acquired celebrity of the author of the following Essay renders an account of his life a great desideratum to the literary world. His renown has long been established as a correct and energetic writer, a sound philosopher, and an able physician; and since, in his own words, (page 164,) "it is only for those who lie mouldering in their graves, and who can no more be objects of jealousy, to enjoy a reputation that envy cannot harm," now that he has paid his debt to nature, his memory will not fail to be revered by every man of genius, and his name handed down to posterity with unfading honour.

John George Zimmermann was born at Brugg in the Canton of Berne on the 8th of December

1728. He was early destined to the medical line and studied physic at the University of Göttingen, where he was a disciple and friend of the celebrated Haller. He first resided and practised physic at the place of his nativity, and afterwards at Berne.

We are not furnished with any particulars relative to him from this time till his removal to Hanover, except such as may relate to his writings. The lives of literary men indeed seldom abound with prominent features sufficient to arrest the attention; on which account, their biography is not unfrequently confined to the number and review of their works. Alike conscious of our deficiency, we must also attempt to supply it, as well as we are able, by giving a general information respecting our author's writings; of which the following is a correct list, in the order in which they appear to have been published:

1. *Dissertatio inauguralis de Irritabilitate.* 4to. Göttingen, 1751.
2. *The Life of Professor Haller.* 8vo. Zurich, 1755.
3. *Thoughts on the Earthquake which was felt on the 9th of December 1755, in Switzerland.* 4to. 1756.

4. *The*

4. *The Subversion of Lisbon, a Poem.* 4to. 1756.
5. *Meditations on Solitude.* 8vo. 1756.
6. *Essay on National Pride.* 8vo. Zurich, 1758.
7. *Treatise on Experience in Physic,* 8vo. Zurich, 1764.
8. *Treatise on the Dysentery.* 8vo. Zurich, 1767.
9. *Essay on Solitude.* 8vo. Leipzig, 1773.
10. *Essay on Lavater's Doctrine of Physiognomy, in a Franconian periodical publication.* Hanover, 1778.
11. *Essays: consisting of agreeable and instructive Tales, Reveries, and philosophical Remarks.* 8vo. Gottingen, 1779.
12. *Conversations with the King of Prussia.*
13. *Treatise on Frederick the Great, King of Prussia.* 1788.
14. *Select Views of the Life, Reign, and Character of Frederick the Great, King of Prussia.*

Besides these works we should mention his Essays in the Helvetic Journal, the acts of the physical and mathematical Helvetic Society, and those of the physiological Society at Zurich; and we likewise believe he published a work on Zoology, of which we have not been able as yet to procure the title.

Most of these productions have been translated both into French and English; and have proved equally acceptable acquisitions to the physician, to the philosopher, to the statesman, and to the philanthropist.

Dr. Zimmermann therefore appears to have first displayed the dawnings of his great genius, which afterwards broke out with so much effulgence, in a Latin Dissertation on taking his degree of Doctor of Physic at Gottingen, and soon after by *the Life of Haller*, which was produced in the 27th year of his age. Though in the contracted sphere of biography there was little scope for the poetic diction and forcible expression which abound in his other writings, this *Life of Haller* prepared the expectations of the public, and announced the great talents which afterwards were so conspicuous in the various productions which succeeded, and secured to him the applause both of his countrymen and of foreigners.

Of the beauty and excellence of the *Essay on Solitude* the English reader is already acquainted by the inimitable translation which has quickly passed through five editions: this however being made from the French of Mercier, deviates in some instances from the German. In its original dress,

dress, this performance runs through four octavo volumes; it is true there is much extraneous matter, and many parts that are solely interesting to Germans; nay some that may be said to be chiefly so to the author's personal connections; but there are likewise other parts (although omitted by Mercier, from a mistaken regard to the illiberal prepossessions of some of his countrymen, and on account of the circumspection and caution with which French authors were obliged to treat subjects of a religious or a political nature) which to the liberal and uncontrouled spirit of inquiry of Englishmen, would afford the highest pleasure and interest. Such for instance are Zimmermann's considerations on *Monastic Solitude*, which extend nearly through two volumes, and which, says the French translator, in his preface, "contain many profound reflections, yet are capable of displeasing those whose narrow prejudices might be shocked by the liberal sentiments of an author, who appeals to the decision of REASON alone upon the subject of certain abuses, rendered sacred by the motives from which they proceeded."

The great esteem which this work acquired on all sides was much enhanced by the grateful acknowledgment of one of the most distinguished personages of modern times. Dr. Zimmermann

was presented in 1785 with a small casket in the name of her Imperial Majesty the Empress of Russia. The casket contained a ring enriched with diamonds of an extraordinary size and lustre, and a gold medal bearing on one side the portrait of the Empress, and on the other the date of the happy reformation of the Russian Empire. This present was accompanied by a note, written in the Empress's own hand, containing these memorable words: "To Dr. Zimmermann, counsellor of state, and physician to his Britannic Majesty, to thank him for the excellent precepts he has given to mankind in his Treatise upon Solitude."

Of the *Essay on National Pride* we shall say but little, trusting that, in its present dress, our readers may still admire the sound reasoning and fund of entertainment it is universally allowed to possess in its original language. It was first published in 1758, and has gone through a number of editions.

The French translation of this valuable work is executed with elegance and precision; with the exception in some instances of national partiality. It may be proper here to observe, that the very great changes which have occurred in the political, and we may say in the moral system of Europe, since this Essay was composed, will naturally conduce to make some passages lose their effect, and

and appear out of season ; but the nature of man, which is the groundwork on which the author proceeds, remains always the same, and we think we may assert with confidence, that whatever may be the apparent deviations from national character, and the seemingly contradictory appearances now observable in Europe, they will not only be found by the attentive observer to be consistent with the remarks and opinions of former times, but will, like muddy water subsiding after a violent agitation, admit in the end the eye to pierce through the glassy superficies, and behold the filth and corruption of the sediment.

A duodecimo volume, purporting to be a translation from the Essay on National Pride of Dr. Zimmermann, having been published here in 1771, it may likewise be right to offer some apology, for the attempt now made, to translate a work which has apparently already been produced in our own language. In extenuation of this seeming temerity, we beg leave to make public the following extract of a letter written by Dr. Zimmermann on the 27th May 1794 to Dr. Lettsom, relative to the above translation: " A pretended translation," Dr. Zimmermann thus expresses himself, " of my Essay on National Pride has been published in London, whereby
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the translator has rendered me nearly the same service as if he had exposed my portrait, nay my person, in the pillory. If this pretended translator had only been ignorant of the English language and of the art of writing, I could, on account of his good will, have pardoned him for the mischief he did me: but he has fathered upon me a great number of puerile, flat, and trivial ideas of his own, which he has inserted in the text of my work; this text he has crammed with Latin and English verse, a single line of which exists not in the original; and, notwithstanding what has been said to my honour in the preface by a person of quite another stamp, this pretended English translator has made me appear like a fool throughout the work: such a translator is not only an ignorant fellow, but a cheat." Of the truth of these severe animadversions it would be unbecoming in us to decide. Those who will take the trouble to compare our translation with the original, will find, we hope throughout, a careful attention to express the meaning of the author, and neither a modification or suppression of any one sentiment, a liberty which we find, and have often had occasion to notice, in the French translator. In one or two instances we have given our opinion in a note, which perhaps is the sole liberty allowable to translators.

The *Treatise on Experience in Physic* has not only been found an useful book to the faculty, but being cloathed in a novel elegance of language, such as the subject was supposed not capable of admitting, has also readily found its way into other hands, and has conduced to the instruction and amusement of the softer sex. It has recently been objected, that this work did not contain any new discoveries or theories, but we ought to carry our thoughts and opinions at least thirty years back, and we shall find, on comparing it with the then circumscribed state of the practice of Physic in Germany, that this treatise contains many observations and practical reasonings, which were then new, and which have since actually been availed of to the great advancement of medical science.

The *Treatise on the Dysentery* is uncontrovertedly acknowledged to have greatly contributed to a more improved method of treatment. There is a French translation of it, but to our knowledge, it has never appeared, like the treatise on Experience in Physic, in an English dress.

Dr. Zimmermann's fame as an able physician was not only now firmly established, but he became universally known and admired on account of these various and valuable productions.

He

He held the first rank amongst the literati; and as the great Haller, by the penetration and discriminative patronage of a British Monarch, had been honoured with the medical chair at Gottingen, so our present gracious Sovereign, equally zealous to reward the conspicuous merits of Haller's avowed disciple and friend, invited Dr. Zimmermann to accept of the office of his first physician at Hanover, where he was accordingly established in that quality in 1768.

His honourable appointment at Hanover was accompanied with many advantages, and he had fondly imagined that a life free from anxiety and care would have been his constant portion. In this expectation he however experienced a sad reverse, and the pleasing hope which an extreme sensibility of mind had formed, faded "like the baseless fabric of a vision;" for he soon after became a prey to a severe bodily disorder, and a martyr to the greatest irritability of the nervous system.

Scarce had he arranged his domestic household at Hanover when Death, insatiate archer, aimed his relentless dart at the bosom of his favourite child. In the following elegant and pathetic passages of his Essay on Solitude, he feelingly deplores the loss of this amiable young lady.

"Leave

“ *Leave me to myself!* I exclaimed a thousand times, when, within two years after my arrival in Germany, I lost the lovely idol of my heart, the amiable companion of my former days. Her departed spirit still hovers round me: the tender recollection of her society, the afflicting remembrance of her sufferings, are always present to my mind. What purity and innocence! What mildness and affability! Her death was as calm and resigned, as her life was pure and virtuous! During five long months the lingering pangs of dissolution hung continually around her. One day, as she reclined upon her pillow, while I read to her ‘The Death of Christ’ by Rammler, she cast her eyes over the page and silently pointed out to me the following passage: ‘My breath grows weak, my days are shortened, my heart is full of affliction, and my soul prepares to take its flight.’ Alas! when I recall all those circumstances to my mind, and recollect how impossible it was for me to abandon the world at that moment of anguish and distress, when I carried the seeds of death within my bosom, when I had neither fortitude to bear my afflictions nor courage to resist them, while I was yet pursued by malice and outraged by calumny, I can easily conceive, in such a situation, that my exclamation might be *Leave me to myself.*” (Page 68.) And further on, (page 85,) speaking of his daughter:

“ Solitude

“ Solitude was her world ; for she knew no other pleasures than those which a retired and virtuous life affords. Submitting with pious resignation to the dispensations of Heaven, her weak frame sustained with undiminished fortitude every affliction of mortality. Mild, good, and tender, she endured her sufferings without a murmur or a sigh : and though naturally timid and reserved, she disclosed the feelings of her soul with all the warmth of filial enthusiasm. Diffident of her own powers she listened to the precepts of a fond parent, and relied with perfect confidence upon the goodness of God. A malady of almost a singular kind, a hæmorrhage of the lungs, suddenly deprived me of the comfort of this beloved child, even while I supported her in my arms. Acquainted with her constitution, I immediately saw the blow was mortal. How frequently, during that fatal day, did my wounded bleeding heart bend me on my knees before my God to implore her recovery ! But I concealed my feelings from her observation. Although sensible of her danger, she never communicated the least apprehension. Smiles arose upon her cheeks whenever I entered or quitted the chamber. Although worn down by this fatal distemper, a prey to the most corroding griefs, the sharpest and most intolerable pains, she made no complaint. She mildly answered all my questions

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by some short sentence, but without entering into any detail. Her decay and approaching dissolution became obvious to the eye; but to the last moment of her life, her countenance preserved a serenity correspondent to the purity of her mind and the affectionate tenderness of her heart. She had been the submissive victim of ill health from her earliest infancy; her appetite was almost gone when we left Switzerland, a residence which she quitted with her usual sweetness of temper, and without discovering the smallest regret, although a young man, as handsome in his person as he was amiable in the qualities of his mind, the object of her first, of her only affection, a few weeks afterwards put an end to his existence in despair.

“ The few happy days we passed at Hanover, where she was much respected and beloved, she amused herself by composing religious prayers, which were afterwards found among her papers, and in which she implores Death to afford her a speedy relief from her pains: during the same period she wrote also many letters, always affecting, and frequently sublime. They were filled with expressions of the same desire speedily to re-unite her soul with the author of her days. The last words my dear, my well-beloved child uttered, amidst the most painful agonies, were these: “ To-day I shall taste the joys of Heaven!”

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The sedentary life Dr. Zimmermann led, and the mental anguish he laboured under, brought on the most alarming symptoms of a severe and painful disorder, first contracted at Gottingen. To procure relief from this inveterate malady he submitted to a surgical operation, which was performed upon him at Berlin in 1771, and which afforded some respite from its acrimony; and he appears afterwards to have passed his time tolerably well at Hanover. Here it was he enjoyed the reward due to his transcendent abilities; hence his fame spread over the whole literary world; here his superior talents were called into action and exerted; and his acquaintance courted by all whose good fortune it was to be known to him. With many of the most intelligent men of his time he kept up an extensive and interesting correspondence, chiefly on medical and philosophical subjects; among these were Dr. Tissot, Professor Bonnet, Dr. Marcard, Dr. Lettsom, and the learned and celebrated Mr. de Luc, at this time resident at Windsor and reader to her majesty.

To add to his celebrity, and to raise him still more in the circle of society, the truly illustrious Northern Princess, already mentioned, the enlightened Catherine, conferred on him another mark of her favour, by investing him with the title of Knight of the order of St. Wolodimir
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in 1786. This august Empress corresponded frequently and familiarly with Dr. Zimmermann, and he has given us in his writings copies of some of her letters, which well deserve to be perused by those who, too apt to be led away by popular prejudice, are inclined to think harshly of that most eminent princess, whose acts of munificence outshine the richest jewel in her imperial diadem.

Recollecting on this occasion the before adduced distinguishing proof of the Empress's approbation of his Essay on Solitude, we have still, respecting that work, to inform our readers, that it was not till about this time (1785) that Dr. Zimmermann published the last or fourth volume.—The edition of 1773 comprehended only the two first, and a subsequent publication, the third. The appearance in detached parts of this sublime performance gave rise to several unmerited and partial representations of it, and two particular publications on Solitude appeared, one in 1775, and the other in 1781, by J. H. Obereit, strongly reprobating Zimmermann's Essay, which this superficial critic considered as a scandalous and unphilosophical attack upon, and condemnation not only of the holy retirements of the cloister, but likewise of all solitude in general. The English reader, on comparing this account with the Essay on Solitude he is acquainted with,

will be apt to question the intellects of Mr. Obereit, but he will recollect that this premature judgment was chiefly founded on Zimmermann's researches into the abuses and mischiefs which have arisen in the world from the solitary lives of fanatics, and on which he expatiates through great part of the two first volumes, while the latter part of the work only, which treats of the pleasures and advantages derived from retirement, forms the principal contents of our English version; the other part having, as before remarked, been suppressed in the French translation, from which this was taken. In the list of Dr. Zimmermann's works (page vi.) our readers will have observed *Meditations on Solitude*, 8vo. Zurich, 1756. This small work, which was contained in 181 pages, is engrafted in the larger one on that subject, and does not therefore require a particular account. Dr. Zimmermann, in the 8th chapter of the latter, which is the first of the 3d volume of the German original, mentions those *Meditations* as the foundation of the more extensive work he was then engaged in: "With a weak and juvenile pen," he says, with singular diffidence, "I recommended in that performance a proper and sensible enjoyment of the fleeting moments of life, and the most likely means to make a profitable employ of the most important sciences; I interwove in it the enthusiastic love of religion and virtue, which I have always endeavoured to make the guide
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of my steps. I wrote this small book in the most beautiful season of the year, in a remote and silent part of my paternal dwelling, where no sounds assailed my ear, where no objects diverted my attention, except the tender cooing of a solitary pair of doves."

Our author enjoyed in an eminent degree the esteem and confidence of Frederic the late King of Prussia. On the sixth of June 1786, that great monarch and distinguished hero, declining under the accumulated weight of age, the gradual decay of his bodily powers, and a dropical complaint of long standing, addressed a letter to Dr. Zimmermann, requesting to know, whether he could make it convenient to come to Potsdam to attend him as physician. His Majesty received an answer in the affirmative, in consequence of which the Doctor was further honoured with a pressing invitation, and he accordingly took his departure, and arrived at Potsdam late in the evening of the 23d of June, and early on the following morning was sent for to the King. Frederic's case was decidedly a dropsy, although he could not be brought to believe it, and Dr. Zimmermann was convinced from the first day of his attendance that his Majesty was irrecoverable; especially on account of his intractability as a patient, and his

great indulgence in melons and other things the most prejudicial. He waited constantly on his royal patient every morning, and in these interviews held many conversations of the most interesting nature with that great and valiant potentate. For his services and the expences of his journey he received two thousand crowns, and took his leave of Potsdam on the 11th of July, deeply affected with the last words of the king, addressed to him, and which were, " Adieu, my good, my dear Dr. Zimmermann; do not forget the old man whom you have seen here." Thirty-eight days after his departure, Frederic II. justly called the *Great*, breathed his last, and left the world a brilliant example of heroism and wisdom, of philosophy and philanthropy, indelibly recorded, not only in the annals of time, but in the grateful and patriotic hearts of the posterity of his fellow soldiers and fellow countrymen, his subjects.

In a little time after this mournful event, Dr. Zimmermann published an *Account of his Conversations* on the above-mentioned occasion with the *King of Prussia*. This account is peculiarly interesting and entertaining, as it comprehends almost every subject which the enlightened mind of the Prussian monarch and of his celebrated physician thought worthy of consideration.

tion. A good English version of this book appeared very soon after.

In 1788 our elegant and sensible writer published a *Treatise on Frederic the Great*, which passed through four editions in the shortest space of time. This work was written with a view to defend the memory of that illustrious character, and to clear it from the aspersions which were wantonly thrown out by Count Mirabeau in his book *on the Prussian Monarchy*. Soon after that writer published his *Secret History of the Court of Berlin*, which was even more illiberal than the former; Dr. Zimmermann, therefore, enlarged his preceding work into an ample vindication of that much wronged prince from the unmerited insinuations of his calumniator, and produced it under the title of *Select Views of the Life, Character, and Reign of Frederic the Great, King of Prussia*. This production was translated into English in 1792 in a superior style by Major Newman of the Nassau Guards.

It is now the painful province of the biographer to record, that from this period Dr. Zimmermann's health yielded under the struggle between his feelings and his duty; in the faithful discharge of which, his attention had been always unremitting. Numberless must have been the heart-

rending scenes that presented themselves, to the last degree agonizing to a man so truly compassionate and sympathetic as was this great philanthropist: and it is therefore no wonder that his health at length gave way under their combined operation. Add to this, his continued and favourite occupation of writing, which was his only recreation for the last ten or fifteen years of his life. These gradually undermined a constitution of a texture naturally slight, and the disease, by which it was so materially weakened, gained upon him daily, and at last even so as to affect the faculties of his mind; which, however great and comprehensive, from being continually upon the stretch, sunk under the afflictive burden, and relaxed into that melancholy state of intellectual debility, which has but too frequently proved the lot of enlarged minds after an uncommon and unbounded career of scientific glory.

The same causes to which we attribute a bright sunshine of genius have often been found eventually to produce those clouds which have overwhelmed the evening of a glorious day. An exquisite delicacy of the structure of the organs of sense and feeling is such, that although it bestows a higher degree of penetration and judgment, it still makes them the sooner relax by over-exertion, while those of a grosser texture, and

and of a formation less refined, constantly retain their ordinary powers entire and unimpaired.

The hypochondriac turn to which men of great learning and sensibility are peculiarly liable, manifested itself in the subject of these memoirs even while at Gottingen: and such is its fatal power, that when once it obtains the smallest hold on the human mind, there is nothing can restore it to its former tension. It is increased by every intervening sinister accident, however trifling; and hence Zimmermann, who doubtless experienced many severe domestic and personal misfortunes, felt far more than the generality of mankind under similar circumstances. The superiority of his understanding and the greatness of his genius were here of no avail: lesser minds would have medicined private grief by the consideration of public honours. But Zimmermann was not thus to be compensated for a body labouring under the pangs of disease, and a mind smarting under the agonizing strokes of domestic affliction. The distinguished honours conferred upon him by three of the greatest potentates of the earth; the various other well-earned fruits of his extraordinary celebrity, afforded him no satisfaction; anxiety and disease tortured him by turns, and overwhelmed every prospect! With

him, all was dark! With him, "How widowed every thought of every joy!"

The fits of melancholy and anxiety which invariably accompany the disposition of mind and frame of body already described, and with which Dr. Zimmermann was assailed from time to time, began early in 1795 to assume a very unfavourable appearance. The despondency which had long oppressed him was increased, by the distressing circumstance of his much beloved wife being seized with a violent fit of illness. His anxiety became excessive, and prevented him from listening to the consoling prognostications of the favourable termination of her disorder. He had so often seen the most sanguine expectations defeated; he had so often been the victim of delusive hope, that his mind, already deprived of the greatest part of its energy, refused to admit any consoling ideas.

About this time the political hemisphere, to the study of which he had devoted a considerable degree of attention during the latter period of his literary life, became more and more embroiled and obscure.

The destructive deluge of barbarism and anarchy that now recoiled from the conquered provinces of the Roman Empire back to the inhospitable regions,

gions, whence in the fourth century it had emanated, threatened to overwhelm the whole of civilized Europe. Fears were entertained for the safety of Hanover; and Dr. Zimmermann, who nourished and professed the utmost detestation for these disturbers of mankind, in the extreme perturbation of mind into which he was now fallen, felt excessively alarmed, and he could not conquer his dread of persecution, to which his steadfast and known adherence to the principles of religion and of integrity might possibly subject him. In his heated imagination, the evils of an invasion of the French were aggravated, if possible, even beyond the horror and dismay which those sons of rapine and destruction uniformly spread around them, wherever their baleful career conducted their sanguinary footsteps.

“ Oh what a noble mind was here o’erthrown!”

In this deplorable state, and plunged in the deepest melancholy, it was judged advisable to try the effect of a change of air, and an excursion to Eutin was accordingly recommended,

Dr. Zimmermann passed two or three months in that charming retirement in the company of his friend Count Stolberg. It however produced no material alteration for the better, for on his return
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to Hanover in July 1795, when all fears of the enemy had subsided, his erratic ideas took another turn, and his insanity appears to have been perfectly confirmed.

Here, with Dr. Marcard of Oldenburg, we sincerely reprobate the unavailing and disagreeable recital of the various and melancholy instances of a deranged brain, which Dr. Wichman, the physician who attended this celebrated man during his last illness, has thought fit to make public. He has given a puerile and disgusting detail of the wanderings of a ruined mind; and he has uttered them in a way as if he wished them to serve as data whence to form conclusions respecting the life and character of the sufferer. Surely an impenetrable veil ought rather to have been thrown over this scene of abased humanity! over this degradation of the human soul! Is it not enough that we behold with awful sorrow, the outlines of the dark picture, but must we be made acquainted with all the minutiae of the distressing scene? Is it not enough for the awakening of solemn reflection, that we view the silent repositories of the dead, and the mouldering marble that announces the universal decay of every sublunary thing, but must we also rake into the loathsome and festering clay that once was man?

How

How affecting to reflect on this great example of the weakness of human nature! "Why," says this observant philosopher, who lived to become a memorable instance of the frailty he deploras; "Why should we pride ourselves upon our understanding, when the finest intellects are liable to be deranged by the most trivial physical accidents? Independent of external circumstances; a little extraneous air in the bowels, or an indigestible lump in the stomach, and lo, the divine light of the soul is extinguished!" (Page 253.)

His mental disorder was now accompanied with the most excruciating agonies of body; he visibly declined from day to day, and the virulence of his malady was greatly heightened by his utter repugnance to the taking of the medicines prescribed. He likewise contracted an abhorrence of all food, and obstinately refused to take a sufficient quantity of aliment for the sustenance of life.

This unhappy turn produced a frightful emaciation, so that from a tolerably corpulent man his body became literally a mere skeleton. To cut short this distressing narrative, he wasted away till the 7th of October 1795, when all the powers of life failing, he expired without the least agitation, seemingly, wholly worn down by the incessant operation
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of the complicated maladies of mind and of body under which he laboured.

For some days previous to the close of his existence, it does not appear that he gave any proofs of a bewildered mind, and it should seem that the total debility of his natural powers had in some degree contributed to restrain the wanderings of his imagination. His last words, addressed to Dr. Wichman, with an emphatic pressure of the hand, were, "Laissez moi seul; je me meurs." And resigning his breath with the utmost calmness, he seemed, as Seneca said, *Potius e vita migrare quam mori.*

In the preceding pages we have already discussed his merits as an author. He was in every respect an elegant and emphatic writer; the only fault we are inclined to admit, is a kind of redundancy of expression, arising from the fire and force of his language, that sometimes declined into tautology. He is likewise supposed to have written too much of himself, and to have made use of the first person with too great a profusion in his writings; he was himself sensible of this defect, and has in many passages either transiently, or more at large, hinted his inducements for "conversing familiarly," as he expresses it, "with his readers." He wrote, as he felt, from the genuine impulse of a benevolent heart,

heart, which did not admit of the formal fetters of a scholastic precision of style. In rejecting, however, the application of these rules, it is only for writers like Zimmermann, who captivate with resistless energy the minds and the hearts of their readers, to be allowed to shine, greatly eccentric. Thus, nobody feels the egotism of Cæsar's celebrated laconic epistle of *veni, vidi, vici*, on account of the superior greatness of the writer, of the subject, and of the sentiment; but when Caligula sends a handful of cockle-shells and pebbles to the Roman senate with "behold the spoils which *I* have achieved on the ocean, behold the proofs of *my* conquest of the islands of Britain," who does not ridicule and despise the egregious egotism and effrontery of the Imperial buffoon?

We are given to understand that he left many unfinished pieces behind him, which, it is much to be regretted, he did not live to complete. These are now consigned to oblivion; for by his will he ordered them all to be destroyed, and expressly prohibited the publication of any posthumous works. It is, however, to be wished, that his extensive and valuable correspondence with so many literary characters of the first rank, may, in part, be rendered public; his letters would certainly afford an abundant source of pleasure to the scientific mind; and we hope that those who are possessed of these pre-
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cious reliquia will not feel any repugnance to select and publish such of them as are adapted to meet the eye of the world.

As a physician, Zimmermann attained great honour. In general it was supposed he followed the practice of Tissot: but he always was the first to adopt any new discovery whenever he became sensible of its utility, and never, as many of the faculty are accused of doing, rejected improvement as innovation.

Upon the whole, Dr. Zimmermann much improved the practical part of the medical science at Hanover. During the last ten or fifteen years of his life, we have already remarked, he chiefly confined himself to his desk and study. Yet he constantly devoted two hours every morning to attendance on his patients; besides being often abroad during the day. The least apprehension of danger called him instantly away, and his compassionate and sensible heart made him disregard every thing for the sake of relieving his fellow creatures.

Whenever he beheld the convulsions of expiring nature, he most cordially sympathized with the sufferer; and this feeling and tender disposition was not a little prejudicial to his health. On this subject we are led to quote his own words (page 32, English

English Translation of Solitude): "A physician, if he possesses sensibility, must, in his employment to relieve the sufferings of others, frequently forget his own. But alas! when summoned, and obliged to attend, whatever pain of body or of mind he may endure, in maladies which are perhaps beyond the reach of his art, how much oftener must his own sufferings be increased by those which he sees others feel." And again (page 75): "At the bed of sickness, when I behold the efforts which the soul makes to oppose its impending dissolution from the body, and discover by the increasing tortures the rapid advances of approaching death; when I see my unhappy patient extend his cold and trembling hands to thank the Almighty for the smallest mitigation of his pains; when I hear the utterance checked by intermingled groans; and view the tender looks, the silent anguish of attending friends; all my powers abandon me; my heart bleeds, and I tear myself from the sorrowful scene, only to pour my tears more freely over the unhappy sufferings of humanity, to lament my own inability, and the vain confidence placed in a feeble art."

It has been unjustly inferred, from the satirical and severe style of some of his writings, that his temper and conversation abounded with the overflowings of vindictive spleen.—But here he has been
wronged

wronged indeed! He wrote only to crimson the cheek of error, and to show vice its own feature; he was, on the contrary, distinguished by an urbanity of manners, and an amenity and mildness of behaviour, the very reverse of the sarcastic spirit displayed in his works, and which is levelled at the vices and follies of the world; but when they obtruded upon his notice in society, they were ever treated with the most Christian meekness as frailties of human nature, deserving of compassion and regret.

The exemplary piety and firm belief in Christianity, which breathe throughout his writings wherever he treats of religious subjects, originated in a thorough conviction of the truth of the belief he professed, and in a free and candid enquiry into the grounds of Gospel doctrine. His was indeed sound philosophy; it did not lead him astray into the paths of scepticism and of error; whither the delusive meteors arising from superficial investigation have bewildered so many, otherwise great and distinguished minds. He observed every moral as well as every religious duty; he was beneficent and charitable from principle, as well as from nature; and the same law of Christ, which inculcated the exercise of these duties, commanded him likewise to forbear the ostentatious display of them.

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If we rightly construe the scanty hints we have been able to collect from his writings, Dr. Zimmermann was twice married. By his first wife, to whom he was united in Switzerland, he had several children. The lady who lived to deplore his loss was, we believe, married to him in 1782 at Hanover. For this amiable companion of his last days, he was indebted to the friendship of Madame Doring, wife of the Counsellor of State of that name, and daughter of the celebrated Vice Chancellor Strube; to this lady he has dedicated his Essay on Solitude. "It was you," he says in this Dedication, "my ever esteemed friend, that so happily chose for me the amiable and beloved companion of the end of my life, and whom you brought with you to Hanover, when after an absence of eight months you returned to complete the kindest offices of friendship in making me happy with the deserving woman you had always wished I was united to, and whom you then made me acquainted with."

His friendship and gratitude towards Madame Doring may be traced in the very cordial effusions of his mind, page 70 of the English translation of Solitude; where, speaking of himself, he says,—
 "Represent to yourself an unfortunate foreigner placed in a country where every one was suspicious of his character; borne down by misfortune from every side, attacked every moment by despair, and,
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during a long course of years, unable either to stoop or sit to write without feeling the most excruciating pains ; in a country where, in the midst of all his afflictions, he was deprived of the object which was dearest to him in the world. Yet it was in such a country, and under these circumstances, that he, at length, found a person who extended the hand of affection towards him ; whose voice, like a voice from heaven, said to him, " Come, I will dry your tears, I will heal your wounded heart, be the kind comforter of your sufferings, enable you to support them, banish the remembrance of sorrow from your mind, and recall your sensibility. I will endeavour to charm away the silence of disgust by entertaining conversation, and, when tranquillity returns, collect for you all the flowers which adorn the paths of life ; discourse with you on the charms of virtue ; think of you with love ; treat you with esteem ; rely upon you with confidence ; prove to you that the people among whom you are situated, are not so bad as you conceive them ; and perhaps that they are not so at all. I will remove from your mind all anxiety about domestic concerns ; do every thing to relieve and please you : you shall taste all the happiness of an easy tranquil life. I will diligently endeavour to point out your faults, and you, in gratitude, shall also correct mine : you shall form my mind, communicate to me your knowledge, and
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preserve to me, by the assistance of God and your own talents, the felicities of my life, together with those of my husband and my children : we will love our neighbours with the same heart, and unite our endeavours to afford consolation to the afflicted, and succour to the distressed."

Zimmermann's personal appearance was impressive and noble; he was above, what is termed, the middle size, and rather inclining to corpulence; his countenance was manly and open, with an expressive and keen eye which beamed intelligence. He possessed a persuasive and modulated voice, and in his language, whether German or French, both of which he spoke with equal fluency, he united both energy and force with harmony and polished expression.

Such was the man we have attempted to describe; as such our readers will venerate his memory, and drop over his ashes a tear of gratitude and concern!

It is in the mean time, until an historian furnished with more correct and more copious information shall favour the public with a complete biography of this celebrated character, that these few memoirs, collected in a country, which, notwithstanding Dr. Zimmermann's connections with it, is to him a foreign

reign one, and in a very circumscribed space of time, are offered to the world as an introduction to this work, the intrinsic merit whereof, in its original language, has procured the greatest eulogiums from the best judges; whence it is hoped the translation will be perused with some degree of pleasure, and if it may be allowed to form a companion to the Essay on Solitude, it will be considered as the most flattering mark of approbation which an indulgent Public can possibly bestow upon it.

NATIONAL PRIDE.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

OF NATIONAL PRIDE IN GENERAL.

THERE is no passion more universal than Pride, It pervades all orders of society : from the throne to the cottage, every individual in some point or other conceives himself superior to the rest of his species, and looks down with contempt or haughty compassion on all who are placed beneath his imaginary superiority. Every nation contemplates itself through the medium of self-conceit, and draws conclusions to its own advantage, which individuals adopt to themselves with complacency, because they confound and interweave their private with their national character. The inhabitants of most countries, great or small, powerful or otherwise, value themselves upon a certain something, of which they believe themselves to be exclusively possessed, and are apt to view every thing that relates to this particular point of honour, both in themselves and others, with prejudice and prepossession,

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sion. Thus humility, which forbids ascribing to ourselves greater worth than we really possess, and equity, which enjoins us to bestow the tribute of praise wherever it is due, have with respect to the judgment passed by nations upon each other become antiquated virtues. A powerful state may overawe, may destroy the independence of its weaker neighbour, but can never bring its inhabitants to be humble; every thing else may be taken away, but their good opinion of themselves will remain. The Doge of Genoa, who had the honour of submissively begging pardon of the haughty Lewis the fourteenth in his palace at Versailles, for the trouble that Prince had been put to in bombarding his native city, saw nothing, amidst all the splendor of that magnificent court, so worthy of admiration, as the Doge himself.

National advantages are either imaginary or real: in the former case, when a nation unjustly pretends to the possession of great advantages, its pride is arrogance; in the latter, the pride arising from the consciousness of possessing greater worth than others, when well founded, may be called a noble pride, which arrogance can never be; for that always implies an unjust, an overweening, preference of ourselves. Self-esteem proceeds from a sense of our own imaginary or real perfections, contempt for others from a sense of their imaginary or
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real defects ; and the union of these two sentiments in the mind, by the partial comparison which a nation makes between the advantages it possesses, or believes itself to possess, and the deficiencies of other countries in the same respects, begets national pride.

The nature of my subject requires uncommon liberality of sentiment, and the strictest regard to equity, to avoid giving any reasonable cause of complaint against me. It is an arduous and difficult undertaking to attack men in their tenderest point, to delineate with forcible strokes the foibles and ridiculous characteristics of the most considerable nations, and, penetrating through the exterior appearances and prejudices of mankind, to lay before the reader a true picture of their actions and motives, so as not to offend any one, and to steer at an equal distance between the opposite extremes of fawning flattery and wanton satire.

Misinterpretations, I am aware, can hardly be avoided. I may often appear to exemplify a national foible by that which may have been remarkable in one of its individuals ; yet to allege, on that account, that I draw general inferences from few and partial observations, or that I cast on a whole nation the odium resulting from the defects of a few persons, would be doing me injustice. I believe I have not

offended any man of understanding ; and the sensible part of mankind in every country, I am sure, will not take umbrage at the exposure of the weaknesses which tarnish the better qualities of its inhabitants.

Illustrious characters of all professions are every where to be met with ; and, in this work, I defend the just claims of all nations to common sense and a good understanding, against the selfish monopoly which has been exercised by the vanity of a few. I esteem and love persons of merit of whatever clime or religion, and glory in their regard ; but this does not prevent my censuring as ridiculous whatever really is so among the generality of their countrymen : this remark may peculiarly be applied to what I say respecting the Spaniards. It would be to form from my writings a very improper idea of my real sentiments, and of the whole tenour of my life, to suppose that I entertain an aversion to the English, whom I hold to be the worthiest nation of the globe, notwithstanding the ill I have to say of them : amidst all my censures, I love the French, and highly respect many individuals among them : the Italians too are well worthy of my regard, on account of the fertility of their genius and the vivacity of their conceptions : yet none of these nations will I spare.

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A remark in a certain Paris review, though it made me smile, requires some explanation to the public. It states, that I have not indiscriminately passed my satirical censure on all nations; that I ought to have looked nearer round me, and might full as easily have traced in Germany, instances of the same ridiculous pride with which I made myself so merry when I find it in the French, the Spaniard, or the English, if I had but deigned to cast an eye on the circle more immediately within my own observation.

Instances of the most laughable personal pride, it is true, are plentifully to be met with in the German universities, in the German cities, in the German nobility, and in short in every thing that may be called German; but instances of silly national pride occur but very seldom in people, who despise the works of their own artists, who give the preference to foreign manufactures and to foreign learning, and occasionally console themselves by a comparison with the petty nation of the Swiss. With what assurance could I have exposed the slight traces of national pride to be met with among the honest Germans, when one of the most learned men of our age reproaches them with the want of this useful folly as a very great national defect? This gentleman says, in his preface to the history of the frogs, "In Europe there exists a great nation, distinguished by laboriousness and industry, possessing men of inven-

tive faculties and of great genius in as great a number as any other, little addicted to luxury, and the most valiant among the brave. This nation nevertheless hates and despises itself, purchases, praises, and imitates only what is foreign ; it imagines that no dress can be elegant, no food or wine delicious or even palatable, no dwelling commodious, unless stuff, taylor, clothes, cook, wine, furniture, and architect, come to it at an excessive expence from abroad ; and what adds a zest to all, from a country inhabited by its natural enemies. This singular nation exalts and praises solely and above measure the genius and wit of foreigners, the poetry of foreigners, the paintings of foreigners ; and especially with regard to literature, foreign books written in the most miserable style are solely purchased, read, and admired by these infatuated people, who know little even of their own history, save from the faulty, unfaithful, and malicious relations of foreign authors."

Let others decide on the justice of this well-meant reproach ; for me it only remains to inform the Parisian censor, that I am really no German, although I write German, and yield, in his opinion, to none in the humility with which I address the Austrian and Swabian nobility, according to the custom of the country, using the title of Gracious Lord, and seem to him to sacrifice truth at the shrine of servile adulation.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

OF INDIVIDUAL PRIDE, AND THE PRIDE OF DIFFERENT CLASSES.

FOLLY is the queen of the world, and we all, more or less, wear her livery, her ribands, her stars, and her bells. Most men, being partial to themselves, esteem only their own image in others. The predominancy of vanity among mankind is what causes the number of the proud to be so great, since it is from vanity that all pride arises, while self-conceit which begets this vanity is by no means originally implanted in human nature, like that necessary self-love, which incites every creature to attend to its own preservation. It seems rather an adventitious quality which must have arisen in a state of society, when the mind became capable of comparing itself with others, and which, in consequence, has been interwoven with our other assumed opinions, and pervades all our actions and motives. We generally have too good an opinion of our personal qualities, not to take pleasure in comparing ourselves with others; and the man of sense equally with the fool entertains the same complacent ideas of himself, founded on this comparison; only in the last it is

always more absurd, in proportion to the futility and injustice of his parallel.

Self-conceit begets arrogance, haughtiness, vanity, frivolity, and ostentation, and appears in various shapes, according to the difference it meets with in the natural intellects, in the mode of education and of living, in the society, in the station, and in the rank, and fortune, of men. In little minds, whatever form it assumes, it is always folly; in minds more enlightened, it sometimes is linked with knowledge; in all, it subsists either openly or in secret at the expence of others, especially where it is the only antidote against the malice with which a number of fools depreciate one wise man,

The self-conceit of every one must of necessity clash with that of his neighbour, and of course increase by opposition; for whoever is not as much valued by others, as he thinks he deserves, esteems himself the more, by comparing their supposed ignorance with his ideal worth; while, by openly contemning his competitor, this last is likewise induced to fall into the same train of thinking with respect to his own advantages, which he, by the same mode of arguing, conceives to be superior to those of his neighbour, for exactly the same reason. Self-conceit too opens the way to an irresistible satisfaction, by the tacit agreement which mankind seem

seem to have entered into, that each shall love in a certain degree in another what they think worthy of admiration in themselves. Now, as in both cases self-conceit in a lively temper becomes a passion, it leads us into innumerable errors, since passion always affects our sight in such a way, that we see but one side of the picture, in which too we are sure to behold no more than we chuse.

We always return to the consideration of our dear selves, just as the imagination of a lover is ever recurring to the contemplation of his mistress; he neither sees nor regards any thing but the object of his affection. So too the self-admirer is blind and deaf to all but his own astonishing perfections; he is provoked at whatever does not exactly coincide with his ideas of them, and supposes that his own conviction of their existence is sufficient to render them equally discernible to all: as some years ago, a young English inamorato, possessed with the true spirit of Quixotism, constrained our inoffensive country people whom he met with in the fields round Lausanne, to confess that a certain young lady of Geneva, whom he named to them, was the most lovely of her sex, by threatening them with the point of his sword.

Loving ourselves beyond all others, so we think ourselves entitled to the first place, and believing
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our way of thinking on all points to be perfectly right, we consequently look upon our judgment as more sound, and our penetration as more subtle, than the judgment or penetration of such as deviate from our received opinions: with regard to such as agree with us, we only esteem them as representing ourselves; and, misled by these selfish notions, we wish to be regarded in the same pleasing light by others as we look on ourselves; but experience, alas! teaches us that our thoughts, our opinions, and our sentiments, please others only in so far as they accord with their own; for this reason our vanity forces us to esteem in others that coincidence of opinion which assures us of their esteem, while we cannot avoid hating the contrariety of their sentiments to ours; because we most certainly know, that they for the same reason either hate or at least despise us: and again, many people, averse to disturb the repose they enjoy in the downy lap of self-complacency, never take the trouble to investigate the opinions of others, or to weigh their own against them; and so, remaining ignorant of their respective merits, go on in the beaten path of invariably giving the preference to themselves.

These fundamental principles, deduced from nature by the most acute philosophers, and confirmed by the daily experience of every attentive observer of mankind, throw a light on many ludicrous appearances

pearances which are constantly to be seen around us, or observed in history, which appears to be no other than an account of men's infirmities and defects, all which arise from self-conceit, either with respect to ourselves or others.

Man looks upon himself as the centre to which all created beings tend. Among the pismires inhabiting this mighty mole-hill, there have always been some who could not discard the idea, that the sun only shone for them to bask in; that yonder starry worlds were nothing more than golden studs placed for the sake of ornament in the firmament, and that the whole of this magnificent system was created solely for the supply of their wants, the gratification of their senses, and the amusement of their imaginations. Many orders of men have continually flattered themselves with the idea that they were the chief, if not the only objects of Divine Providence, and have, in consequence, ascribed innumerable effects of the general and regular course of things, to an immediate interposition of the Deity, solely regarding themselves, according as their prejudices, their passions, their interest, or their vanity, might incite them to believe.

The same folly is observable in individuals of all ranks, for each is in his own eye a being of the greatest importance: true, he may often yield the
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precedence to others, but that only because they are held in higher estimation by the rest of the world, for he is very far from respecting them in his heart, and the less on account of this mortifying pre-eminence ; for this very reason it is, that the individual whom every one places immediately below himself in worth, is evidently the first of his profession. After the battle of Salamis, all the commanders were enjoined to declare before the altar of Neptune upon oath, who had conducted himself best on that day ; every one of them claimed for himself the first palm ; but they were unanimous in allotting the second to Themistocles.

All men prize above measure their own taste and favourite science, and esteem every one who has not a genius for that particular branch of knowledge, as unqualified. This is carried so far, that men often ridiculously conceive the delights of another world will be tasteless without the enjoyment of their most cherished passion : the sportsman believes that when he is freed from the narrow bounds of this nether world, his spirit will be eternally happy in following the pleasures of the chase, from one planet to another, through the whole expanse of heaven ; and the alchymist entertains no doubt but that the elect will be blessed to all eternity, in the perusal and contemplation of Paracelsus. To adduce but one instance, Le Sack, a famous French

French dancing master during the reign of queen Anne, in great admiration once asked a friend, whether it were true that Mr. Harley was made an Earl and Lord Treasurer; and finding it confirmed, said, "Well, I wonder what the devil the queen could see in him; for I taught him to dance two years, and he was the greatest looby that ever I had to do with."

Self-conceit always exalts a man above his proper level, and perverts his right perception of the fitness of things. Every prince must have his court days and his ambassadors be his dominions three miles or three hundred in extent; every nobleman his attendants and pages, whether his revenue justifies such ostentation or not; and every shop-keeper's wife, whether she sells tape by the yard or pins by the hundred for six days, must on the seventh, be a fine lady. A blockhead will ever extol the depth of his penetration; the knave his honesty; the blind follower of a particular religious tenet his thorough conviction of its infallibility; the hypocrite his piety; the upstart his nobility; the demirep her virtue; the old maid her chastity; which she indeed often to her sorrow retains for want of it's having ever been tempted; the idle and insignificant can pertly engross the whole of a conversation of which they make themselves the topic, without feeling how much they depress men of sense

sense on such occasions. There is not a youthful coxcomb in the universe who would barter his head for that of the most eminent genius; nor a wealthy scoundrel that cares for any kind of merit but the cunning that has brought him his riches; and no virtue can counterbalance the glittering gewgaws of coronets and embroidery in the eyes of a titled ignoramus. Those who indulge in self-conceit generally go farther, and not only love their opinions like themselves, but look with scorn on all who entertain different ideas, and who do not exactly give the preference to what they esteem worthy of it. The idler pities the busy fool that is ever immersed in the occupations of trade; the hunter despises the fellow that cannot talk of dogs and horses; the gamester thinks those who care not for cards little better than clods; the burgo-master who magisterially gives importance to trifles, and the counsellor who scribbles his decision on the cases that are brought for his consideration with the same ease as he gulps down his wine, ask with haughty self-sufficiency, what good the pedant does who can employ his time no better than to write a book? To him who has no sensibility of soul, all the nobler, the purer emotions of the heart, seem absurd and ridiculous; the man who does not feel the poignancy of genuine wit stares at the applause it excites; while on the other hand low jokes, puns, and obscene allusions form a fund of enter-

entertainment to congenial vulgar minds ; to giddy girls, whose hearts pant for a fop, and whose lot is often a fool, the manly accomplishments of knowledge, sense, and seriousness of character, are of no worth ; men of a churlish temper look on the enchanting features, the softly alluring eyes and graceful mien of the lovely daughters of our general mother, merely as childish playthings, unworthy the attention of the lords of the creation ; mercenary mercantile souls, who value a woman only by the weight of gold she brings with her as a portion, are incapable of conceiving how any one can be such a dolt as to take a wife with good sense, delicate feelings, and a benevolent heart, in preference to stupidity with money ; and the captivating allurements which nature teaches a blooming girl to throw out for the grand purpose of her creation, are inveighed against and reprimanded as downright immodesty, by the antiquated prude, who has lost all powers of attraction.

One of the objects in which self-conceit most predominantly appears, is in matters of religion, and the opinion we entertain of our punctual discharge of the religious duties incumbent on us : it is sure, in this respect, to declare itself in an inexpressible contempt and pity of those who do not make such a public display of their piety as we do. Hardly a day passes without the sacrifice of some innocent victim

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at the altar of the malignant passions of people of this cast, to whom evil speaking is food, cavilling their entertainment, slander their delight, false aspersions the enlivening fire of their discourse, and malice the soul of their actions. Such gloomy zealots too often become the slaves of every vice, and are by turns, lascivious, gluttonous, quarrelsome, ambitious, avaricious, hard-hearted, and cruel; the tumults of their sordid minds, at the loss of a trifle, might be compared to the uproar of chaos; and under the cloak of devotion they sin against common honesty: but although none are so punctual in attending divine service, though none make such solemn preparations at the approach of every religious festival, though the word Christianity is ever in their mouths, though they are indefatigable in visiting the infirm and administering spiritual consolation to those whose situation would rather require the opened hand of charity, though none pay greater respect to their own clergy, though none so vehemently exclaim against the growth of infidelity; yet the world is not so effectually deceived by their hypocritical professions, as their consciences are lulled by their own sophistifications; for every honest man abhors such lip-service, and every wise man smiles at their sanctified hypocrisy.

Partiality of judgment, with its concomitants, injurious contempt and censure, extends itself
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through all characters, stations, and professions; people of contrary dispositions, of different ages and tastes, reciprocally think each other stupid, ridiculous, and full of imperfections: the advantages which they respectively enjoy are the subject of their exultation, and those they are defective in, they cry down and disdain. Thus fools are ever making faces at each other, and jostling their empty noddles; and thus arise the many squabbles about trifles that daily occur in the world, and in which neither party are in the right or in the wrong.

Shallow-brained coxcombs entertain the most marked contempt for men of genius; the former are continually buzzing in the ears of the latter the barren objects of their trifling observations, and the uninteresting occurrences of their frivolous lives; while these cannot but behold with indifference the flimsy materials which form the furniture of their senseless pates, and, sighing at the insignificancy of their conversation, turn with disgust from the daily round of the same remarks which neither instruct nor entertain. A vulgar mind, and such as is only adequate to the common occupations of life, thinks these alone useful, noble, and praiseworthy, and the time that is otherwise employed totally lost; he pities the conceited blockheads who embark in literary pursuits and scientific researches,

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and who cannot be contented with the obvious knowledge and such ideas as immediately present themselves, without the trouble of further pursuit than looking out at the window, or walking to and fro before the door. Wise men and fools are therefore reciprocally tiresome and insipid to each other whenever they meet, and both repay themselves for the tormenting uneasiness they have felt, by mutual contempt.

Professions likewise are animated with the same spirit of disdain towards each other, according to the ideas they have respectively formed of their utility and rank in society: the citizen despises the farmer; the seaman the soldier; the soldier the civilian; the civilian the ecclesiastic, and among ecclesiastics numberless are the pretences adduced to countenance their mutual contempt; while the courtier expresses his derision of them all.

Among the learned, mutual scorn is as common and apparent as among the most illiterate. There are few of the former who do not prize their favourite study above all human knowledge, and are indifferent to every thing that does not regard their own hobby-horse: the naturalist thinks very meanly of the etymological opinions and laborious investigations of the grammarian; the botanist is equally uncharitable with respect to the studies of
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the astronomer; the lawyer cannot bear to hear of the utility or learning of the physician; and the man who, by any new contrivance, an electrical machine, an air balloon, or a diving bell, has acquired riches and a name, cannot comprehend how the world can trifle away time in empty prattle about politics. A country alehouse-keeper has more esteem for one substantial farmer, than for all the wits in Christendom; the natural philosopher laughs aloud at the imbecillity of the ethic philosopher, who foolishly supposes that the contemplation of the nature of men and of their actions, is of more consequence than the contemplation of the nature and actions of frogs; the mathematician's standard of excellence is his rule and compasses, his arithmetical tables, and decimal fractions, and these stupid inventions again are the derision of the metaphysician. The question was once put in a mixed company at Paris, "what a metaphysician was?" a mathematician present answered, "An ignorant blockhead." Let the chymists, the naturalists, the physicians, the moralists, and the experimental philosopher be asked, "what a mathematician is?" they will answer, "An ignorant blockhead." Prose writers have a great antipathy to each other; some pride themselves upon the gigantic size of their works, others on the selection and terseness of their subjects; the former rake together in their writings cart-loads of rubbish from the assemblage of all that has been invented or heard of

since the deluge; they are never tired of deep researches, and spin out their matter with the most patient industry, ringing the changes of their absurd notions till the reader nods over them, not from a principle of thought and acquiescence, but lulled by the incessant repetition of the same sounds. Such authors reverence their brethren who can write a folio, while he who can only fill a duodecimo, must be a very poor genius indeed; for to confine one-self to say no more on a subject than is requisite for its discussion, proves, in their opinion, a deplorable sterility of intellect; they call writings of judgment, penetration, and elegance, unintelligible, trifling, frothy, sophistical, French nonsense: they dislike wit as eunuchs dislike love, and, being genuine pedants, call all such as are endowed with common sense in its purity and simplicity, the unenlightened herd; while these, on the other hand, think a fool's cap would be the most proper ornament to set off the gravity and overbearing conceit, so visibly imprinted in their long and solemn visages. Poets think very meanly of prose writers, for prose is the common vehicle of conversation; and when their works, consecrated to immortality, expire before the next returning solstice after their birth, the perverted taste of the whole age is vehemently called in question; but they likewise despise each other, and of all their creditors, those to whom they owe a spite are the surest of punctual payment. As
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their choler is confessedly more irritable than that of any other people, so they do not rest satisfied with expressing their contempt of what they think despicable, but, as those who consort with wolves must join in their howlings, so they would oblige whoever has his character at heart, to side with them, or submit to the application of that article in the laws of Solon, which declares all such as remain neuter in any dangerous commotion in the state, infamous, as not caring for the happiness or misery of their country, nay, even making a merit of their forbearance; on which account a poet often alternately employs, according to his humour, his pen in panegyrics and pasquinades on the same man, who is, perhaps, to-day a man of genius or a Mæcenas, and to-morrow a dunce or an Omar, who ordered the destruction of the Alexandrian library, giving this memorable reason, that whatever learning it contained that was not comprehended in the Alcoran, was prejudicial to the interests of the true religion, and whatever was already written in that sacred book need not be elsewhere preserved.

From all this it appears, that men slight each other from being the slaves of self-conceit, which is avowedly the case with almost every one; insignificant indeed is the number of those equitable minds, which

can, with philosophical indifference, weigh their own advantages against those of others, and observe the lightness of their own balance.

The agreement or disagreement of ideas and sentiments, is the sure criterion by which to judge of the mutual esteem or contempt between the parties: whoever is much sought after by little minds, and can associate with and please the weak and ignorant, may well be suspected of similar disqualifications, which is a consolatory reflection for the hatred which is generally entertained by the ignorant against the learned. Of a person we do not at all know, we form not an advantageous idea if we find he is the admiration of fools, for the centre of gravity itself is not so attractive as dulness to its counterpart. Where the prince is a fool, that country is the paradise of fools; like the ephemeral insects of a summer's day, the votaries of folly emerge from their retreats, and betake themselves to Court, the moment a soul congenial to their own ascends the throne: there they are in their element; the most unmeritorious sycophants are advanced to the highest dignities; all that is foolish, vicious, and absurd, becomes fashionable, and is most decidedly preferred, while merit and parts retire dejected from the society of men, who hate what is not made after their own image.

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There is another cause of partiality or contempt for men and manners, which unites with self-conceit to beget vanity and pride; that is, the circumstances of local situation; the objects that surround us, the society, the country in which we live, and the government we are under, all influence more or less our thoughts, motives, and actions; we form our ideas according as we are situated in the above respects, and adopt to them our opinions of the decency, truth, propriety, and beauty of every thing that comes within our observation.

He who has never travelled, who has read nothing, and who shuns the conversation of those who have, limits his ideas to what he daily sees around him, imagines that beyond the little span he inhabits there is nothing but wild uncultivated deserts and gloomy wildernesses; or forming his opinions of all that is beyond the circle of his own observation, by what is within it, he is like the Parisian mechanic spoken of in the account of an excursion from Paris to St. Cloud, who believed, that the hills bordering his view were uninhabited, and, from the horse-chestnut trees in the publick walks at Paris, concluded, that all grain and pulse grew likewise on trees.

From this dependency on the objects which surround us, proceeds a rooted habit of judging of distant things

things by the scale of domestic appearances, and by the notions which prevail in our own little circle. In Paris, for this reason, notwithstanding all that may be thought of it in other countries, it is by no means an object of ridicule for five or six city sportsmen to go a hunting in a coach with jack-boots, bag-wigs, guns, swords, and pistols, who, when they come to a proper place, take their stands behind so many trees, in order to let fly at any poor hare that may happen to run that way; for this reason, the negroes paint their devils white and their god black: for this reason, certain nations painted the goddesses of love with monstrous breasts hanging down almost to her knees: and for this same reason it was, that on endeavouring to make an honest Swiss comprehend the extent of kingly wealth and magnificence, he asked with a proud consciousness of the importance of his rustic riches, "whether a king had a hundred head of cattle on the hill?" Whoever is of consequence in his hamlet must be a respectable person every where. At the congress of Baden in 1714, all the several plenipotentiaries dined one day in public, and many people assembled round the table out of curiosity. Marshal Villars discovered among them a very pretty young woman from Zurich, and went up to her to give her a kiss, when instantaneously a thick-headed crook-legged dapperling of a Zuricker, pressed forward through the crowd and cried out like a demoniac,

demoniac, "Hold, hold, Marshal, let her alone, for she is *my* sister, and her husband is *warden* of our company."

The smaller and more insulated the place or society is in which we live, the lower and more contracted are the opinions we form in consequence; and when we are ignorant of every thing beyond our narrow sphere of life, whereby to form a just estimate of things, we look upon our tenets as the only proper rule of judgment, being unacquainted with the existence, much less with the probable merits, of any other. The more abridged a man is in his knowledge, the higher does he value himself, and the more insolent does he behave towards others. He condemns every thought that does not flow from his own fruitful brain, and every action and fashion, of which he has not set the example. He persecutes as much as he can with impunity every man of genius, whom he supposes, on account of the superiority of his talents, necessarily inimical to his manner of thinking and projects; he styles an uniform coincidence with his ideas, good sense; blindness towards his failings, friendship; and in any case, not to further his views, is treachery, and a crime; he fancies his reputation is firmly established, when he is stared at and admired by a number of clowns; and like the commander of a ship, who rules over his little
wooden

wooden realm with despotic sway, he is almost convinced; that the axis of the globe must quake before him, like the table which he strikes in the vehemence of his rhetoric.

This defect is incurable in every man of note who inhabits a small town, when his mind is not more expanded than the place of his residence; for he who is the man of most consideration in a little circle, will naturally detest extensive society, where he is sure to lose his pre-eminence, he will particularly be hostile to men of commanding understandings, and will avoid their conversation, for his soul will shrink from their scrutiny. Men are infinitely more pleased with the company of such as out of complaisance or ignorance accede to their absurd propositions, than of those who insinuate that they are erroneous.

The half animated oyster, confined within its shell, knows as much of the world, as a man involved in this intellectual mist does of the real situation or value of things. Always surrounded by the same objects, he will never alter his creed; he will ever esteem his own belief as an incontrovertible argument in every dispute; he is in himself all in all, and those who hold other principles, are blinded by falsehood. Such men ever adhere to the axiom, that relative consequence is real consequence;

quence; in vain you may put a standard into their hands to measure themselves by, they indignantly cast it away, they have forsooth already measured themselves, and must, to be sure, be great and consequential men throughout the world, for they are of weight and importance on their own dunghill. This excessive self-esteem makes them look at all other persons and things through the wrong end of the perspective glass; and the value of all who are not of their stamp is imperceptible to their perverted vision. On this account the most unimportant trifles swell in their hands to matters of great moment; and thence also proceeds their opinion, that no one ever was, or ever will be capable of rivalling them in the greatness or usefulness of their exploits. It is the prevalence of this infatuation that solely occasions the big swollen gravity, which is the soul of administration in the petty jurisdiction of all countries. Every thing must bow down and vanish before the tremendous authority of a judge of this description; when he smooths his countenance into all-sufficiency, and with an elevation of shoulders, throws his straddling legs full length before him, clears his lungs with a loud and awful hem, then graciously declines his face from the contemplation of the ceiling, and slowly bending his eyes downward, casts them with ineffable disdain on the circle of bob-wigs and uncombed locks around him, all which seem unanimously to exclaim, “ the world
sure

sure must confess this man is great, for he is the greatest in our town-hall!"

These true and unexaggerated observations prove, that the generality of mankind are proud; that self-conceit is the fountain-head of pride; and that pride generates the most ridiculous arrogance; when stupidity and confined knowledge of things become by outward circumstances the companions of self-conceit.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

OF THE PRIDE OF WHOLE NATIONS.

WHOLE nations think just as the generality of individuals do of their own advantages. We might safely conclude from the thoughts and opinions of single persons, what their combined effects are in the community they belong to, did we not also directly know, that every nation must have the same manner of fashioning its ideas with the individuals who compose it. All histories are memorials of the partiality of nations for themselves; the most civilized and the most savage people shew, that they believe they possess certain advantages, which they disallow to others; either the religious tenets they hold, their customs, their government, or some other peculiarity, is a pleasing subject of contemplation to them. As individuals, so villages, cities, provinces, nations, are infected with this darling self-conceit, and their own particular vain glory; and every member of the community, by a very natural chain of ideas, takes part in the general vanity, and joins with his village or his nation in railing at other villages and nations of the world. About fifty years ago, the inhabitants of a certain small vil-

lage

lage in Rheinthal, a small district, and one of those called the dependances of Switzerland, being possessed by all the Swiss Cantons, urged a complaint to the judge, that the parson had on the preceding Sunday audaciously uttered these reprehensible words, "that hardly one hundred souls out of the whole of their illustrious community would be saved."

Every nation is exceedingly pleased with itself, and considers all other societies of men, more or less, as beings of an inferior nature. A foreigner and a barbarian were synonymous terms among the Greeks; and were employed as such among the Romans; and are still so with the majority of the French nation. It happened at the court of Zell, in the time of the late duke, that the duchess (who was of the French family of d'Olbreuse) with some French noblemen were the only company at his highness's table; one of the Frenchmen suddenly exclaimed, "It is very droll indeed!" "What is so droll?" said the duke. "That your highness is the only *foreigner* at table," was the answer. Even the Greenlanders pronounce the word *Stranger* with an air of contempt, and in some of the towns of the Swiss Cantons, the word *Ausburger* or alien has the same degrading signification, as is exemplified by the answer given a few years ago, by an honest fruiterer in one of those towns, to the intimation

timation that he received, that his daughter, a very pretty maiden, had captivated the heart of a certain German prince, "No, no," says he, "no, no, I know better than to let my daughter have to do with an *Ausburger*."

National contempt oftener arises from what strikes the senses than the understanding. At Vienna, at Paris, and at Rome, a Swiss and a brute were long esteemed equivalent denominations, and to speak honestly, I have myself felt abashed, when at Versailles I have compared the still and formal gait of the Swiss halberdiers, with the airy flippancy of the monkeys, who danced attendance at the levee. Most people ridicule foreign manners, because they differ from their own; and in this point, few are less blind and arrogant than the French courtiers, who, instead of seeing in Peter the Great, a monarch of genius, who travelled for the sake of improvement, and who had descended from his throne to attain the qualifications necessary to enable him to fill it again worthily, beheld in him no more than a foreigner, a brute, who being ignorant of French customs, and a stranger to their affectation and grimace, ought as soon as he came among them, to have studied their manners, and have taken a pattern of their undistinguished urbanity wherewith to civilize his Russian bears.

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The mutual contempt between nations too often appears even in members of society who ought to be far above such illiberal prejudices. There are few authors who hear with temper a comparison between the writers of their own nation and foreign literati; and let them be ever so unfair and virulent towards each other, they are at all times ready to unite in attacking a foreigner, who should dare to find fault with any one among them.

The arrogant Greeks owed all their advantages, nay, their civilization, to foreigners: the Phenicians taught them the use of letters, instructed them in the arts and sciences, gave them laws; the Egyptians lent them the mythology on which they built their religion; yet Greece, favoured Greece, was in their eyes, the mother of all nations. It is remarked, that the Greek historians seldom make use of foreign names, sometimes totally omitting them, but more commonly altering them with the most scrupulous attention to give them a Grecian turn and a more harmonious sound; and it is therefore not surprising, that in succeeding times, this vain-glorious people adopted the persuasion, that nearly all the other nations of the earth were colonies from Greece.

The modern Italians confidently place themselves upon a level with the ancient Romans, without reflecting

ing that the descendants of these conquerors of the world are the most insignificant among the slaves of caprice and superstition ; or that the cities, whose pristine fame they glory in, and even many of those whose names have been renowned in the middle and latter ages, are now nearly uninhabited, and their unfrequented streets overgrown with weeds. Many small towns in the Campania of Rome were the native places of Roman consuls, generals, and emperors, and the present squalid inhabitants of such places speak of them as their townsmen and relations. The peasant, who can point out the spot where such or such an eminent character was born, firmly believes, in common with all the inhabitants round the sacred barn or hog-stye, or whatever else the Roman villa has been metamorphosed into, that their countryman, their progenitor, was the greatest man history ever made mention of. A single senator of Rome, deciding without appeal on the petty squabbles and disputes of the lowest order of citizens, is the actual representative of that tribunal to which the impressive majesty of the ancient senate and of the Roman people is dwindled. He has four assessors called conservators, who are changed every quarter. These conservators, as well as the senator himself, are nominated by the pope, who does not even leave the Romans that remnant of liberty which many cities enjoy, even under absolute monarchies, the free election of their own m

gistrates ; yet, nevertheless, both the senator and these conservators idly conceive themselves the successors of that august body whose seats they at present occupy, and that they are entitled to all the respect due to a Roman senate, and to all its invaluable privileges, while the vicegerent of heaven himself must be highly honoured by seeing at his feet that assembly before whom so many kings and princes had bowed their necks. The Trastaverini, that is the wretched militia of the ward of Trastavera in modern Rome, the ancient *Regio Transstiberina*, absolutely call themselves descendants of the Trojans of remote antiquity, and look upon the inhabitants of the other quarters of Rome as a mob of spurious Latians ; and yet they value both, in the midst of their poverty and bigotry, as being citizens of ancient Rome, from whose former courage and inflexibility they are so far degenerated, that the very rare occurrence among them of the execution of a malefactor almost frightens them into fits. All the modern inhabitants of Rome of the lower class, console themselves with the remembrance of the noble actions of their imaginary progenitors, and this makes even misery in Rome assume the air of pride and disdain. In a tumult that had arisen there, in consequence of the high price of corn, it once happened that the son of a poor baker's widow of the Trastavera ward was killed ; the pope, who feared the worst consequences

quences from the popular effervescence encreased by this accident, immediately deputed a cardinal and several of the nobility to see the widow, and offer whatever she required as an atonement for the injury she had sustained ; to which the Roman matron indignantly replied, " I do not sell my blood." Towards the approach of a public festival, a whole family sometimes pinch themselves in every necessary, in order to have wherewithal to ride about in a coach. Such families as cannot, even with the utmost œconomy, attain the pleasure of hiring one, adopt another expedient to exhibit themselves : the mother dresses herself in the habit of a chambermaid, and in that character accompanies her daughter, tricked out in her holiday clothes, while the father follows in procession with the proper accoutrements of a lackey.

Englishmen themselves acknowledge, that they inherit from their ancestors a stupid prepossession against all other inhabitants of the globe. Whenever one of them is engaged in any quarrel with a foreigner, he is sure to begin his address with some reproachful nick-name, which he appropriates to the native country of the person he is contending with. Foreigners are on such an occasion respectively saluted with the appellation of *French puppy*, *Italian monkey*, *Dutch ox*, or *German hog*. As to the word French, the national antipathy

thy against their opposite neighbours is so great, that to call a foreigner, *dog*, is not insulting enough, but he must be called *French dog*, to convey the highest degree of detestation. The national prejudices of the English are also too conspicuous in their conduct towards the natives of their two sister kingdoms, that compose the British empire, who live under the same king and the same government, and fight with them for one common cause. Nothing is more frequently heard in England, than, "thou beggarly Scott;" "thou blood-thirsty impudent Irish lout:" and, in general, an Englishman well-stuffed with beef, pudding, and porter, heartily despises every other nation of Europe. The Yorkshire fox-hunter esteems himself co-equal with all the princes of the earth; for his fox-hounds are the best in the whole county. An Englishman to be sure, too, must solely, by being born a Briton, have an innate taste for works of genius, and be a thorough connoisseur in the fine arts; and although the pope has expressly prohibited the sale of any of the paintings or sculptures of famous artists to strangers, yet these proud islanders on their visits to Italy expend yearly as much at Rome in statues and paintings as they used to do before; that is to say, they purchase as much dawbed canvasses and broken marble, as the money they have set apart for the acquisition of curiosities will command.

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Let me likewise give the reader the statement of the parallel drawn by Englishmen of approved learning and talents, between them and other nations, in their own stile. They say, "The French are polite, witty, and easily elated, but they are a parcel of hungry slaves, and cannot call either their time, their purses, or their persons their own, for all is the property of their king. The Italians are without liberty, morals, or religion. The Spaniards are brave, devout, and jealous of their honour, but poor and oppressed; and for all their bragging, that the sun never rises or sets in the Spanish dominions, they never dare make their freedom, learning, arts, manufactures, commerce, or achievements, the subjects of their boasts. The Portuguese, too, are all ignorant and superstitious slaves. The Germans are always either in actual war, or recovering from its devastations. The Dutch lag behind in every virtue, are deeply sunk in avarice, and are only roused from their natural supineness, to take an active part in trade, by the lust of gain. Switzerland is scarcely perceptible in the map of the world; and to draw our attention, the virtues of the Swiss ought to shine forth with the lustre of a diamond; but the diamond, if there be any, is by no means of the first water, and indeed tolerably opaque." Thus it is, that all nations, when put in the balance by the steady hand of a prejudiced Englishman, are found too light; and hence proceeds the remarkable cold-

ness and indifference they all evince toward a foreigner on their first acquaintance.

The French in their own estimation are the only thinking beings in the universe. They vouchsafe sometimes to converse with strangers; but it is, as creatures of a superior nature may be conceived to converse with men, who of course derive the greatest emolument and importance from such condescension. Such among them are peculiarly disgusting, who with pretended compassion, and an hateful display of nice equity, deign to allow a few grains of genius or virtue to other nations; although it very plainly appears, that this favourable opinion is not given to their merits; but is a spontaneous effusion of the exuberant politeness in these most courteous people. These men surely will not have the effrontery to deny, that they look upon all nations who do not equal the French in power, or who are somewhat beneath them in smartness, or in a taste for the frivolous arts, that are the study and the glory of Frenchmen, as barbarians, and despise them accordingly. Their gestures, conversations, and writings, daily betray their firm persuasion, that there is nothing great, noble, or amiable out of their empire, and that nothing perfect can be produced any where else, but under the fostering patronage of their *grand Monarque*.

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The French think themselves entitled to give laws to every nation, because all Europe implicitly follow the dictates of their milliners, taylors, hair-dressers, and cooks. Where is the Frenchman who will deny, that his countrymen think themselves the first and greatest people of the globe? How ill can Mr. Lefranc, in one of the discourses he addresses to the king, brook the audacity of the English, who dare to put themselves on a level with the French; for Patin himself has said, "That the Britons were among men, what wolves are among the quadrupeds?" How many numberless times have not the French stiled their sovereign, the first monarch of the world? Esteeming themselves the first-born sons of nature, they will sometimes deign to look on their neighbours as their younger brethren, and will allow them to be laborious, tolerably good collectors, or epitomizers; nay, occasionally, men of penetration. But why is Newton despised in France for his useful discoveries, because he did not espy all things? Why is Raphael himself called so poor and spiritless, and his divine picture of the transfiguration weak and lifeless? Innumerable instances of that national pride, which allows no great men out of France, are too well known not to be the ridicule of other nations. The French repeatedly prefer their superficial trifler, Boileau, to the harmonious versification, the solid and ethic reasoning, and the glowing unfading tints, with which Pope has de-

lineated the nature, foibles, and frailties of mankind. And let us only recollect, that it is a truth in the history of the progress of genius, that at the same time that Italy possessed the most inimitable poets and actors, and that Shakespeare, the bright morning star of the drama, broke forth in England, France could boast of none but the most wretched rhymers.

Upon the whole, vanity and self-conceit are equally predominant in all nations. The Greenlander, who laps with his dog in the same platter, despises the invaders of his country, the Danes. The Cossacks and Calmucks possess the greatest contempt for their masters, the Russians. The Negroes too, though the most stupid among the inhabitants of the earth, are excessively vain. Ask the Caribbee Indians, who live at the mouth of the Oronoque, from what nation they derive their origin; they answer, "why, we only are men." In short, there is hardly any nation under the sun, in which instances of pride, vanity, and arrogance, do not occur. They all, more or less, resemble the Canadian, who thinks he compliments an European, when he says, "He is a man as well as I:" or the Spanish preacher, who, discoursing upon the temptation of Jesus by the devil, enthusiastically exclaimed, "But happily for mankind, and fortunately for the Son of God, the lofty tops of the Pyrennees hid the delightful country
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of Spain from the eyes of the Redeemer, or the temptation had assuredly been too strong for our blessed Lord!"

Each nation, too, fashions its ideas of beauty or deformity by the resemblance or difference it perceives between itself and others. The Indian fabulists recount, that there is in those regions a country, all the inhabitants of which are hump-backed. A well-shaped youth happened to visit this tract, whom the honest crookbacks no sooner saw, than they gathered round him to see the monstrous deformity of the stranger's figure, their astonishment at which was visible in every countenance, extending its effects even to the extremities of their hunches, and the ridicule it occasioned burst forth in loud fits of laughter and derision. As the youth's good luck would have it, there was a wise man among this gibbous fraternity, who perhaps had before seen such a *lusus naturæ* as straight-shouldered men; he addressed the multitude as follows: "My good friends, what are you about? let us not insult the unfortunate. Heaven created us well made and beautiful, and adorned our backs with graceful protuberances; let us then rather repair to the temple, and give thanks to the Eternal for these inestimable blessings."

Whoever, therefore, would not in his own country be esteemed a foreigner, or who would not incur
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the general contempt of the intellectually deformed society in which he lives, must hold the same opinions as are held around him, must fall in with all the reigning prejudices, and must, as much as possible, bow his back to the fashion of the national humour; for if he should have the humility to think meanly, however deservingly so, of his country or its manners, he will be reckoned an unnatural calumniator.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

OF PRIDE ARISING IN NATIONS FROM IMAGINARY
ADVANTAGES.

THE various appearances of national pride all converge to two distinct genera, each of them subdivisible into several species. The advantages on which national pride is founded, are either imaginary or real, which distinction forms the grand difference between the two original kinds of pride; both of them are discoverable in the most considerable nations, for every one has its prejudices, which are the foundation of its particular vanity: its pride, however, is often grounded on a true and just conception of its own advantages; and in this case it is materially different from that resulting from prejudices: and, on the other hand, the pride arising from imaginary advantages is ever, more than the other sort, sure to appear in an overbearing sense of pre-eminence and contempt for others.

Self-conceit often makes men think they perceive advantages where none exist, or attribute qualifications to themselves, in which they are evidently

deficient. Our vanity is never more pleased than when our imperfections are glossed over, except when they are even exalted into the very contrary advantages by the delusive power of adulation. Proceeding on this principle, a poet once ventured to compare the stature of a lady of high rank, who had no other personal defect than being very diminutive, to the towering cedar: the little creature, on hearing the author recite his verses, could not control the lively sensations his flattery excited, but sat smiling on her chair. "Go no further," said a bystander to the poet, whose simile of the cedar recurred every moment; "go no further, for fear the good lady in the heat of her happiness should start up, and at once discover her natural defect and thy abominable deception."

Self-conceit builds on imaginary advantages or perfections the most ridiculous pride; like that with which a Spaniard or a Portuguese struts, when he compares his nut-brown complexion with the swarthy hide of a Moor; or which puffs into consequence a burgher of Bern, when he can fill his belly to the utmost. The inhabitants of the Ladrões believe, that their language is the only one in the world, and therefore that all the other nations of the earth are dumb. An Indian tribe on the banks of the Ohio in North America have hair of an extraordinary length; they therefore suppose all people
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with short hair are slaves. The Turks, who are reproached for the inconsistency with which they distribute offices and places to such as cannot be supposed to have the proper qualification for filling them; when, for instance, they are accused with having put a toll-gatherer at the head of an army; reply with the greatest indignation, "That a Turk is fit for every thing:" nay, sultan Osman once made one of his gardeners viceroy of Cyprus, because he had seen him plant out cabbages in a particular clever manner. When the Russian general, Apraxin, was upbraided with having suffered himself to be surprized by Marshal Lehwald, he coolly rejoined, "The Russians never employ either scouts or spies." An inhabitant of the province of Maine in France, proud of the temperate genial warmth with which his native country is blessed, has lately produced a physical history of climates, according to the taste of the old schools, in which he praises the inhabitants of the warmer, and depreciates those of the colder countries; of course, giving the preference in every thing good and great to the happy temperature resulting from the middle situation in which he places his native land. To this blessed region belong Upper Germany, part of Spain, the civilized countries of Wallachia and Moldavia, and the humane and peaceful inhabitants of the frontiers of the Austrian and Turkish empires; together
with

with the Cossacks, Calmucks, Afghans, and other people equally celebrated for knowledge and sentiment.

Self-conceit towers to such an amazing height, and has withal so narrow a basis, that it is very easily overthrown, and its evident futility is often too great to require a refutation. Heartily welcome, therefore, for my part, are the Myrmidons who assisted at the siege of Troy, to the satisfaction of knowing that they were descended from industrious ants; and the kings of Madura, to the honour of deriving their pedigree, in a right line, from a jack ass, on which account they always treat every long-eared brayer as a brother, and never fail when it rains to hold an umbrella over him, which they would not on any account do to his driver, as that would be a derogation of their dignity, for he is not a branch of their highly illustrious house. I cannot but smile at the national vanity of many among the French, who even yet trumpet forth the conquest of Mahon, when the whole world knows that this reduction of a small garrison, left entirely to its own exertions, and destitute of succour, was followed by a war pregnant with disasters to France, which severely smarted in every quarter of the globe*.

* This sentence the French translator has omitted.

I read with the same sensations, the before-mentioned French author of the physical history of climates revile the northern nations. "They, to be sure, have invented the most senseless forms of government that ever existed, namely, the English, and its attendant, liberty; from them proceeds the practice of duelling; while, forsooth, murder and assassination are more manly, for they are more practised in the favoured warmer regions: in short, those who live beyond a certain degree of latitude deserve the lowest rank among men." This is certainly highly ridiculous. Nor does the vanity of the Italians more move my spleen, who call the Germans downright blockheads, because they do not know how to prepare any other poisons than can be counteracted by the physical art, or which appear in manifold symptoms; such as the inflammation of the throat, the stomach, or the intestines, or the discoloration and incrustation of the skin; while, on the contrary, the cunning Italian can kill with poisons infinitely more powerful, subtle, and irremediable. It is impossible to recount all the imaginary advantages from which national pride, in its widely extended field of existence, is or has been derived: I shall only touch upon such as are most prominent; and by particularizing them, reflect as much glory on the nation to which these appertain, as a French general does, when he drags
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along with him into the field two thousand * cooks, and esteems it due to his consequence and fame to have a hundred dishes served up at his table.

* The French translator has "twenty," and instead of a hundred dishes, has "plates for a hundred guests." We shall have many other occasions to remark the wilful errors into which this national Frenchman has fallen; hoping that we ourselves, in every respect, have done justice to the original from which it is translated.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

OF THE PRIDE ARISING FROM THE IMAGINARY ANTI-
QUITY OR NOBILITY OF A NATION.

THE vanity of mankind has ever filled the immense vacuity beyond the authentic memorials of the origin of every nation, with fabulous history; at pleasure removing their antiquity to the remotest ages, in order proportionally to increase its lustre. Whatever an itinerant bard sung, or an orator raved, became frequently an universal tradition, and in process of time almost an article of religion. The probability of these flattering inventions could no more be called in question, when revered ages had sanctioned the opinion. A prodigy of antient times becomes too easily, in the eyes of purblind posterity, an undeniable truth, while the remoteness of the age precludes a proper search by which to distinguish falsehood from probability, and this again from certainty; and we are ever more averse to attempt these disquisitions, if pride find its account in the well-invented fiction.

The superlatively intelligent and superlatively grandiloquous Athenians conceived they had sprung

up, like mushrooms, from the Attic soil, and therefore cherished the most sovereign contempt for colonies. The Arcadians rejected with contemptuous disdain the science of astrology, because they believed themselves antecedent to the moon. The Egyptians were persuaded they were the most ancient inhabitants of the earth: according to their chronology, their empire existed forty-eight thousand eight hundred and sixty-three years before the age of Alexander; it was first peopled by gods who were hatched from eggs, then by demi-gods, and lastly by men.

The Japanese in the same manner suppose themselves to be lineally descended from gods. They are much offended when their origin is deduced from the Chinese, or any other oriental nation; but they have, nevertheless, the modesty to fix the commencement of these gods, and do not entirely veil them in the darkness of eternity.

Kuni-Toko-Dat-Sii-No-Mikotto, the first deity who arose from Chaos, fixed his residence in Japan, which he created prior to all other countries: this divinity, with his six successors, form the dynasty of heavenly spirits who took Japan under their particular protection, the duration of which is stated to be an innumerable series of ages. The three first of these gods had no wives, but impregnated themselves,

themselves, and brought forth what they had begotten. The four last provided themselves with women, yet propagated one another in a supernatural way; till Imanagi-No-Mikotto learnt of the bird Ikatadakki, our by no means contemptible method of generation; but the line of heavenly intelligences in Japan was hereby broken and put an end to, for the race of the Imanagi lost its divine nature by this carnal innovation.

Imanagi was translated, like his predecessors, from earth to heaven; and his son Tenso-Dai-Dsin, who is the same with the sun, commenced the dynasty of the five demi-gods, or gods incarnate, who, according to the chronology of the Japanese, reigned in all, without interruption, for the space of two millions, three hundred, forty-two thousand, four hundred, and sixty-seven, years; from these it is pretended that the whole nation descends, without exception; and the great pre-eminence of their Dairo arises from his being reputed the offspring of the eldest son of the first demi-god. The history of this dynasty of god-men is preserved in the archives of the priest of the Sinto; and exceeds, in puerile tales and romantic fictions, all that ever the most extravagant imagination engendered. In many towns and villages in Japan, memorials of these heroes are shewn; and their armour is hung up in their temples for the edification and adoration of the multitude.

China is excessively vain of the numerous centuries its monarchy is supposed to have subsisted. The voluminous history of this empire begins, according to du Halde, with the reign of the emperor Fo-Hi, who must have lived about two thousand five hundred years before the birth of Christ, at a time when the Assyrians were possessed of a series of astronomical observations. Notwithstanding the obscurity of this origin, the Chinese chronology descends from the reign of Yao in an uninterrupted succession of twenty-two dynasties to our times: some of them even carry back the commencement of their empire to an æra far beyond the creation of the world. But this whole account, copied by father du Halde from Chinese superstition, and though, for well-known reasons, supported by Voltaire, has been wholly overthrown by a very learned Tartar, a man free from all Chinese prejudices, Nyen-Hy-Jao, viceroy of Canton, and with it its vast superstructure of vanity and pride.

The inhabitants of Indostan penetrate still deeper into the fabulous world. Bernier made many enquiries of the learned men at Benares, a city on the Ganges, which he calls the Athens of India, about their chronology; they immediately and readily counted millions of years on their fingers to him, in order to mark their remote origin; and the antiquity of their Sanscrit, or the language of the learned,

learned, in which their God revealed his will to them through Brama, was fixed at many thousands of years.

The history of the Malabars extends to an infinite time : they will tell you of Darma, of Schoren, of Pandyen, and of many other kings, who must have lived long before the beginning of the world according to our computation : but you must not ask them the names of princes who reigned only three hundred years ago, for of them they are totally ignorant.

The yet uncivilized inhabitants of Paraguay give to the moon the endearing appellation of mother ; and when their parent is eclipsed, they run out of their huts with the greatest activity, and making the most hideous lamentations, they shoot a vast number of arrows into the air in order to defend the moon from the dogs who attack her, and want to tear her in pieces, which they take to be the cause of the obscuration of that luminary, and the shooting continues till it resumes its wonted brightness.

The Swedes have a long table of kings, in an uninterrupted chain of succession from Noah down to his present Majesty. The Edda and Woluspo are, next to the holy Scriptures, esteemed the most valuable monuments of antiquity by every one who

is a true Swede. Rudbeck, more concerned for the imaginary honour of his country than for historic truth, gives the Swedish monarchy a duration of twenty centuries before the birth of Christ: whereas Rabenius expresses his doubts whether Sweden was even peopled so late as the beginning of the fifth century; and that, even according to Dalin's hypothesis, Sweden only emerged from the ocean about four hundred years before our æra. The Laplanders derive their origin immediately from a god, who produced at the same time both their ancestor, and the ancestor of the Swedes; but the latter in a violent thunder-storm crept under a tree for shelter, while the courageous progenitor of the Laplanders remained inflexible and intrepid, exposed to the whole force of the tempest under the scowling brow of heaven.

The pride which arises from the imaginary nobility of a nation, flows from the same source with that founded on antiquity, for we always think our nobility more antient the less we are acquainted with its real age.

Nobility is, in reality, great and honourable, when it is built on our own merit, or upon the exalted virtues and transcendent actions of our ancestors; but the pride of nobility is ridiculous and absurd, when one only glories in a title or a coat of arms,

and presumes so much on the deserts of one's forefathers, as to conceive that the acquisition of personal esteem can be dispensed with. A noble birth, when accompanied by a weak understanding, produces in the right honourable owner nought but arrogance; and self-conceit becomes noblemen who have the honour to be descended from heroes, and the misfortune to be dissimilar in every thing to the worthy founders of their race, as little as family pride does the man who boasts of the noble blood that runs in his veins, while he is without a pair of breeches.

In Spain, every farmer and every tradesman has his genealogical tables, which begin generally, as those of Welchmen do, at Noah's ark. This imaginary ancestry forbids a Spanish countryman to plough his own ground; labour is, in his opinion, only fit for slaves; and the man who works two hours during the day, is of greater consideration and more noble blood, than he who employs six out of the twenty-four in useful occupation: he therefore gets a foreigner to take off his hands the agricultural part, and at the same time the profits arising from it, while he lounges at home thrumming over a tinkling guitar. But when such an illustrious peasant debases himself so far as to hold the plough, he yet knows how to give an air of grandeur to this mean employment; he sticks a couple of cocks' feathers

in his hat, and has his cloak and sword lying beside him, so that as soon as he perceives a traveller or a stranger, he instantly abandons the plough, throws the cloak over his shoulders, claps on his toledo, strokes his mustachios, and struts over the field with the appearance of a cavalier taking the air. The common people in Spain think the French all beggars, because there is many a Frenchman who earns a livelihood there by manual labour: the Swiss will soon have the same reputation, for with heartfelt concern, even while now writing, I see whole droves of honest, sturdy, Roman Catholic Switzers, with their buxom wives and numerous children, pass by my windows in their way to Spain, to avoid, as they themselves say, starving at home.

The Florentine noblese are uncommonly reserved and haughty towards strangers, who cannot prove their nobility, and may, perchance, be mere tradesmen; yet it is an acknowledged fact, that there is a little window towards the street in every palace or large house in Florence, with an iron knocker and an empty flask hung over it, as a sign, that wine is to be sold there by the bottle. It is not thought inconsistent for a Florentine nobleman to sell a pound of figs, or half a yard of ribbon, or to take money for a bottle of sour wine; yet it would be a disparagement to his nobility, if he were to introduce a meritorious, but untitled Englishman, into

into a public company where every one, however insignificant otherwise, who is of any tolerable family, inherits, or assumes the title of prince, count, or marquis.

At Verona, the person who conducts strangers to visit what is worthy of remark in that city, is a decayed nobleman of one of the first families of the place. When one of my friends entered with this man into a coffee-house, he found his conductor was addressed, by his brother nobles, by the title of Excellence: such Eccellenza's abound in the public places of Naples, where they walk about in worn-out gold waistcoats, with well darned stockings.

In the mountains of Piedmont, and in the county of Nice, there are some representatives of very ancient and noble families, reduced to the condition of common peasants; but they still retain the ancient pride of their houses, and boast of the noble blood that runs in their veins. A gentleman, in travelling through these mountains, was obliged to pass the night in the cottage of one of these rusticated nobles, who called to his son in the evening, "*Chevalier, a tu donné à manger aux cochons?*"

The nobles of the nation of the Natches, in Louisiana, stile the common people *Miche Miche Quipi*, which mean, stinkards; they themselves are,
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in different ranks, suns, noblemen, and honourable gentlemen: the suns are such as are descended from a man and woman, who pretended to have immediately issued from the sun; this man and woman became lawgivers to the Natches, from the commonality of whom they ordained that their race should for ever be separated. In order, however, to prevent their blood being adulterated by any mixture with that of the lower ranks, and to provide against the slippery conduct of their wives, they enacted, that nobility should only descend in the female line. Their children, both male and female, were stiled suns, and respected as such, but with this distinction, that in the males this privilege appertained only to one man, and became extinct at his death; the females were all born suns, and their male offspring are suns equally with their mothers, but the issue of these are not suns, but noblemen; their grandsons, honourable gentlemen; and their great grandsons, stinkards.

National pride, founded on imaginary antiquity, is, therefore, a great folly; which, however, many enlightened nations give into, and which pleases them as much, as a genealogical parchment does a country gentleman, who, filled with ham and pease, plumes himself on his long line of ancestors.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

OF RELIGIOUS PRIDE.

TRUE and false religion has ever been, among all nations, in narrow minds, an object of a particular pride, which soon becomes a branch of national pride: a bigot not only accounts his religion the only true one, but hates and despises every other, and pronounces sentence of eternal damnation on all who do not think, in this respect, exactly as he does.

Religious pride consists in the prepossession we entertain of the infallibility of our religion, and the idea that it is the only one conducting to salvation; in consequence whereof the followers of every other doctrine are positively no other than steaks ready prepared for the devil's gridiron. A religion need not at all be true to lead its followers to this point, for falsities are embraced with no less obstinacy than truths. But let the religion on which you pride yourself proceed immediately from the gospel of Jesus and his Apostles, and be of course true; yet to condemn others who have not had the same opportunity of receiving instruction, or who have not the

the capacity to comprehend a system of religion which is diametrically opposite to all they have seen, heard, or been taught from their earliest youth, is, in my opinion, utter insanity.

Men ought not to pronounce so lightly on each other. The same God of love and charity will judge us all, and he will judge us according to the integrity and sincerity with which we shall have served him. If every one does not exactly take the nearest and best path, he is notwithstanding in a road that leads to the same end, which he will undoubtedly attain if he believes in revelation; whereby we are all taught to pass a virtuous and unspotted life, by which we become partakers of all the promises of religion. The hope of salvation is grounded on the moral character of a man, and not on his theology; not so much on his opinions and his knowledge, as on the worthiness, purity, and honesty of his life. In all religions, therefore, we may be really pious, if we habituate ourselves to the examination and purification of our hearts and conduct, and make the honour and service of that God whom we acknowledge, the chief motive of all our serious actions*.

* The French translator in a note condemns this whole passage, and declares, "That none can be saved but Catholics, as is proved in a multitude of excellent works."

That self-deception and prejudices, however, are no where so glaringly violent, as in religious matters, has been most justly a cause of universal complaint. Priests, of all religions, have ever vociferated to their followers over the whole world, "We only are in the right; it is our religion only that is the true one, and all others consist of nothing but the greatest absurdities, and the most abominable doctrines." Even in the church of love, gentleness, and long-suffering, every party and every sect anathematize the doctrine which differs but a hair's breadth from their own. One system refutes the theology maintained and asserted by another system, and each disproves what the other affirms. There is scarcely any error that is not defended by one sect or other as an undoubted truth. Each party glories in its proofs, and derides its antagonists most triumphantly; each writes and affirms as if it were infallible, though they write and affirm the most contrary tenets; as the force of their arguments is derived from the country in which they are adduced; for what in one place is accounted a divine truth, is twenty miles off esteemed a most palpable falsehood.

All this appears to me the less extraordinary, as, according to the testimony of unprejudiced church historians, the spirit of party, of prepossession, and the opinion entertained of the sanctity and infallibility of the particular doctrine they adhere to, often

so much dazzles divines of great erudition and penetration, that they overlook common sense in defending their opinions. It has often with the justest concern been observed, that disputes are continually entertained without foundation, and that the Bible is proved from a polemic system, instead of the system being proved from the Bible; that the Scriptures are often only known by the passages and quotations which have been adduced to confirm a certain profession of faith by the teachers of that profession, in their sermons and writings; and when they have said such and such words occur in such a particular part of the Bible, it has been implicitly believed, nay, the quotation has been read in exactly the same expressions, or the leaders of religious parties have distorted and mutilated the passages, taken words abstractedly, and without their connection, so that they have been wrested from their original meaning; and, when by torturing them, in every sense, with the most pitiful sophistry, they have at length adapted them to their own peculiar interpretation, immediately each party has set up a loud *te deum* for their imaginary victory.

And it is from such oracles, as from the purest springs, that most Christians seek to be informed of eternal truth; and thereby they only increase the bigotry and zeal which has been instilled into them, in their earliest youth, by their inconsiderate teachers:

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whatever they have been taught to look upon as holy, inviolable truths, always remain so; they find proofs where there are absolutely none, and hold the principles of their opponents to be futile and ungrounded, nay irreligious and profane, before they have ever examined them. By this unreasonableness of both sides their animosity increases, and combatants and controversies, errors, heresies, heretics, and heretic revilers, multiply *ad infinitum*.

All sects and religious parties have accordingly conceived themselves infallible; each entertains the miserable opinion, that among all the many religious communities, theirs alone possess the knowledge of divine truth in its purity, without considering that, in some points, others may be nearer the truth than themselves. They reciprocally condemn, abhor, and reproach each other with blindness, obstinacy, hardness of heart, or deceit; they all believe themselves in the straight road to Heaven, and that all others are wandering in the path that leads to hell and perdition; they all call upon the testimony of one omniscient God, which when it comes to be narrowly looked into, proves to be no other than the testimony of their own sect. Every man of confined understanding prides himself on his received opinions, and looks upon all who do not agree with him in religious principles, as impure and despicable; so that to revile another system of religion,

religion, always implies the praise of our own; for it ever is, in this respect, as with our watches; we all depend on the truth of the one we possess, which alone points out the exact time of the day, while all others go either too slow or too fast.

This conceit of the excellency of religious opinions is often carried so far, that all great men are held to belong to our own persuasion. The Turks are morally convinced that Adam, Noah, Moses, the Prophets, nay, Christ himself, were all good Mahometans; and according to the Alkoran, Abraham was neither a Jew nor a Christian, but a true believing Mussulman. In Voltaire's opinion, Fenelon is a deist. In that of the peasants in the neighbourhood of Naples, Virgil was a saint; and a little edifice near his grave, a chapel where he used to read mass.

On the other hand, a contempt for a different religion is often occasioned or increased by the obscurity and misconception of its rites and tenets. Tacitus says, that the Jews adore, in their holy of holies, the image of an ass; because an animal of that species had been their guide in the wilderness, when they had lost their way, and had brought them to fresh water when they were perishing with thirst. Plutarch relates, that the Jews pay divine honours to swine; because these creatures had taught them

them husbandry; that their feast of the tabernacles is celebrated in honour of Bacchus, and their sabbath instituted for the like purpose. The customs of the very best among men, the primitive Christians, either misunderstood, or wholly unknown, became handles for the most senseless contempt and the most cruel persecution: the Jews alleged they were guilty of the foulest crimes; the Heathens affirmed, that an ass, with eagle's talons, was the object of their adoration; that a new born infant, entirely covered over with consecrated flour, was presented, like some mystic symbol of initiation, to the knife of the proselyte, who, unknowingly, inflicted many a secret wound on the innocent victim of his error; that as soon as the cruel deed was perpetrated, the sectaries drank up the blood, greedily tore asunder the quivering members, and pledged themselves to eternal secrecy, by a mutual consciousness of guilt. It was as confidently averred, that this inhuman sacrifice was succeeded by a suitable entertainment, in which intemperance served as a provocative to brutal lust; till at the appointed moment the lights were extinguished, shame was banished, nature was forgotten, and, as accident might direct, the darkness of the night was polluted by the incestuous commerce of sisters and brothers, of mothers and of sons; it was asserted that they threatened to involve in a general conflagration the whole earth, and all the heavenly bodies,

bodies, by means of their infernal magic : in fine, that they were murderers, adulterers, committers of incest, and enemies of the gods, of the emperor, of chastity, and of human nature.

It too often happens, that the revilers of a religion, are not acquainted with it, because they hate it; and, *vice versa*, that they hate it, because they are unacquainted with it: they attribute to its professors doctrines which, perhaps, they abhor, and institutions of which they never once had an idea: they scatter the most contradictory and absurd calumnies against the followers of an opposite creed, as we have already proved by many instances; to which I shall add but one more. A Franconian catholic of quality believed that his son, a very intelligent young man, was infected with the principles of Protestantism, as he was particularly inquisitive and studious; as an antidote to this supposed venom, the right honourable, free, and imperial fool, hit upon the following precept, which he solemnly charged his son to observe, as he was setting out on his travels; "Take care, my son," says he, "to avoid the company of Protestant divines, for they are all sodomites."

A people, who conceive they alone profess the true religion, will not only believe themselves under the immediate protection, and objects of the peculiar

liar favour of the Supreme Being, but will express the most ill-natured abhorrence for the followers of another religion, whom they even do not treat with common humanity. The Israelites always looked upon themselves as the Lord's anointed people; and, in the time of our Saviour, they accounted the Samaritans unworthy of their regard or conversation; their Rabbins held it an unlawful and indecorous thing, either to request a favour of a Samaritan, or to accept of any civility from one of that sect. Even to this day the Jews refuse to receive any wine from Christians, for fear the errors and vices of Christianity should be infused together with the liquor into their Hebraic purity. According to the precepts of the Talmud, no Jew must salute a Christian without inwardly cursing him, nor wish him a good journey without a secret tacit addition, like that of Pharaoh to the Red Sea, or of Haman to the gallows.

The Mahometan religion is excellently adapted to instil into its followers the greatest arrogance. Mahomet, their holy prophet, is, according to the Turks, the man whom God and his angels daily conversed with; to whom the stars paid obeisance; whom the trees and stones advanced to greet; who split the moon with his finger; who made roasted shoulders of veal to speak; the apostle of the Lord, who in the twelfth year of his divine

mission was taken up into heaven, and was taught the secrets of Omnipotence from the mouth of Omnipotence itself; add to this, the promises made by Mahomet, to all his followers, of the future splendour of his empire in this world, and the voluptuousness and magnificence of it in the next: hence it naturally follows, that a Turk entertains a sovereign contempt for all other humbler systems of religion.

The Turks, far removed from connecting themselves with the followers of Ali, apply to them the most opprobrious epithets; they call themselves *Sunni*, or true believers; but these they stile *Schias*, which is as much as to say, a despicable and reprobate sect. A Turk very seldom will affirm a notorious falsehood; wherefore, whenever any proof is required of what he relates, his general answer is, "Dost thou think I am a Christian?" All who are not true believers are, in the eyes of the Turks, so many dogs, whose very approach would defile an orthodox Mussulman; on which account, no infidel is allowed to enter a certain tract of land situated between Mecca and Medina, which is so exceedingly holy, and the regulation which forbids its entrance to any but true believers so strictly observed, that should the ambassador or legate of any infidel prince, on his journey to Mecca, set his foot on this consecrated earth, the Xerif is obliged, by his office, to interdict him from advancing, and

to order him to retire, and if he is not scared away by these menaces, to use violence. No Christian is allowed to reside in the whole of the country of Hejaz in Arabia, because the holy cities of Mecca and Medina are situated there. Neither Jews nor Christians are allowed in Egypt to be present at the opening of the canals of the Nile, lest the water should be kept back by their uncleanness.

In the bosom of Mahometanism too, as well as in the Christian religion, the several sects accuse and revile each other, that they have falsified and perverted the doctrine of their prophet, by which the mutual hatred of the people is nurtured, and the idea of toleration exploded. The Persians annually celebrate a festival in honour of their prophet Ali, in which two oxen are exhibited; the one, which they take care to be the strongest, is called Ali, and the other, always very inferior in strength to his antagonist, Omar; these are made to fight, and as Ali always obtains the victory, the spectators from thence conclude that they alone are orthodox Mahometans, and the Turks hereticks. The Turks, on the other hand, maintain that the Persians are the identical faddle-asses on which the Jews are to canter away to hell at the day of judgment.

As the Mahometans are unjust towards the Christians, so the latter are equally unjust towards the former.

former. No Turk ever entertained the least doubt, or attempted to speak ill of the unity of the Godhead; and yet they have very often in Christendom been called idolaters and worshippers of the stars; while they are such strenuous advocates for one God, that misunderstanding one of our fundamental doctrines, they upbraid us with polytheism; and yet they have in many Christian books been stiled Pagans, and their empire Paganism.

The Arab, in the conviction that his caliph is infallible, laughs at the stupid credulity of the Tartar, who holds his Lama to be immortal. A feather, a horn, a shell, the claw of a lobster, a root, or any thing else that has been consecrated by a few unintelligible words, is an object of adoration to the negroes, and the solemn prototype on which they take their oaths: they find in the earth they tread on an immense number of gods, and ridicule the Europeans for their poverty in this respect. Those who inhabit mount Bata believe, that whoever devours a roasted cuckow before his death is a saint; and, firmly persuaded of the infallibility of this mode of sanctification, deride the Indians, who drag a cow to the bed of a dying person, and pinching her tail, are sure, if by that method they can make the creature void her urine in the face of the patient, he is immediately translated into the third heaven; they scoff at the superstition of the Tartarian princes who think

think their beatification secured, provided they can eat of the holy excrements of their Lama; and they ridicule the Bramins, who, for the better purification of their new converts, require them to eat cow dung for the space of six months; while these would, one and all, in their turn, if they were told the cuckow-method of salvation, as heartily despise and laugh at it.

In the kingdom of Tanjore there are Bramins, who, deriving their origin from their god Brama, hold themselves superior to all earthly power; they are so very holy, that the bare touch of one of an inferior cast, a Parea, would defile them; nay, the latter must not presume to worship the same deities. These Bramins can in no case be punished with death, and are in possession of so many, and such extraordinary privileges, that they rule without controul or opposition over the lower classes of the inhabitants of Malabar, who quietly submit to the mandates of these inflated and indolent priests.

In Japan, the devotees of the sect of Insja-Fuse, had the same ridiculous idea of their own immaculate sanctity, and retreated with abhorrence from any communication with other men. The priests of the Sinto, or primeval religion of Japan, are equally infected with the pride of this transcendent holiness, and avoid, with the utmost haughtiness,

both the laity and the clergy professing the Budso, or new religion of Japan, whom they take great care to hold no correspondence with, which would be the lowest degradation of their dignity ; while the natural reciprocal contempt of the Budso divines for those of the Sinto, is by no means inferior.

The Dairo, or pope of Japan, is respected almost as a god in his life-time : the earth is not worthy the touch of his feet, and the sun is not allowed the favour of shining on his head ; the holiness of his hair, his beard, and his nails, is so great, that to cut off or pare them is not permitted except during his sleep ; for the Japanese believe, that all that which the body of their Dairo then loses is only stolen from him, and that such a robbery is by no means so sacrilegious as to take them from him while awake, for that would argue in him a too near approach to mortality. In former times the Dairo was obliged to sit a few hours every morning on his throne, like a statue, without moving his hands, his feet, his head, his eyes, or any part of his body, in order that the empire might enjoy the most profound tranquillity ; pestilence, famine, or war, would, agreeable to the opinion then entertained, immediately have afflicted that unlucky province towards which the Dairo had cast a look. The first who was properly emperor of Japan, was stiled the man of sublime extraction, the prince of heaven, the son of
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of the gods; and these titles have remained to the Dairo, who on his death enjoys, in common with the Roman emperors, the honour of an apotheosis; while the Cubosoma, or worldly sovereign of Japan, who is the territorial lord, like the present kings of France, Spain, Portugal, and Naples, contents himself with the more solid honours of earthly power.

The court of his Japanese holiness is composed of highly illustrious personages, who though they are not above exercising themselves in the manufacture of straw-baskets, horse-shoes, or any other little handicraft, to keep themselves from starving; nevertheless, proud of their pedigree from the first demi-god of the second dynasty of Japan, they treat the rest of mankind as dogs; nay, the dignity, sanctity, and purity of every thing that relates to the Dairo is so great, that the meanest servant-boys who perform the lowest offices in the temple, and in the religious ceremonies of Japan, and whose station exactly answers to that of candle-snuffer in a play-house, are equally vain of their super-eminence over the rest of the world. As to the universal opinion entertained by the Japanese of the Christians, I shall only illustrate the low degree of estimation in which they are held, by the obligation they imposed on the Dutch, to cast all their dead into the sea, off the harbour of Nangasaki, for their carcases were deemed unworthy a burial in the soil
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of Japan, although those lucre-loving souls assured them they were not Christians, but only Hollanders.

Thus do mankind ridicule and despise, execrate and condemn each other, because each conceives himself to belong to the only religion which leads to salvation, or to be a being of exclusive and undefiled holiness. The total separation of our own, from every other religious society, is esteemed necessary and indispensable to sanctification; and we are, therefore, never able to be impartial or equitable towards others; this separation; the yet existing predominant opinion in every sect of the infallibility of its own tenets; the unhappy spirit of persecution of many respectable theologians; the untimely zeal, which incites us blindly to repel all attacks on the doctrines embraced by our relations and progenitors; and, above all, the great multitude of holy champions, who are continually on foot, armed at all points, ready to throw the gauntlet of defiance, and inconsiderately and unmercifully to lay about them, like the too zealous Peter, against every one who might shew the least design of attacking the principles of their church: all this compels mankind reciprocally to abhor and condemn their fellow-creatures; because one set chuses to jog on to heaven by a different road than the other, and which, alas! is carried to such extravagance, that, among other instances, a reformed clergyman, detected

tested preaching his articles of belief in France, would be hanged ; and a jesuit, if caught in Sweden, would be emasculated.

Thus do we, poor miserable worms ! in our little span of life, presume to hate and persecute our brother, only because we happen to differ from him in opinion respecting an unnecessary, and nearly imperceptible refinement, or a matter that is beyond human conception : thus do we, creatures of the dust ! arrogate the power of circumscribing the councils of the Almighty, and presumptuously dare to stamp our passions and prejudices, our priests and priestly pride, with the counterfeit image of the Lord of Heaven and of Earth.

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CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

OF NATIONAL PRIDE, AS ARISING FROM A SUPPOSED
LIBERTY, VALOUR, POWER, OR CONSIDERATION.

HERE and there we may find nations who, like the ancient Greeks, overvalue themselves on account of their real freedom; or like the modern inhabitants of Greece, treasure up the memory of the former liberty of their country, on which they equally pride themselves.

The most notorious slaves in Italy boast of their glorious freedom. This infatuating dream begets a most ludicrous elevation of mind, which is the derision of the substantial republican citizen, whose consolation does not, like that of these conceited slaves, consist in mere empty sounds or unmeaning words. A citizen of San Marino knows nothing that can be compared with ancient Rome, save the petty republic of which he is a member. The nobles of Genoa, who are almost all engaged in trade, out of mercantile jealousy, make use of the most interested and selfish policy, and every kind of artifice, to keep the coasts, which are under their dominion, in poverty and dependance, in order that the trade
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of the capital may not be injured; yet the poor devils at San Remo and Noli believe most implicitly that they are free.

Another effect of ideal liberty, is the laughable contempt and opposition which a conquered people have for the laws and customs of their conquerors, which, though ever so eligible in themselves, it would be disgraceful for them to adopt. The English have taken the trouble of making smooth, broad, and straight roads both in Ireland and in Minorca, yet they have never been able to persuade either the Irish or the Minorcans to use these infinitely more commodious roads in preference to their old, crooked, or miry lanes, in which, stupidly averse to innovation, they continue to plunge with an elevated mien and jaded body, proud of these still remaining vestiges of their imaginary independence.

A third effect, resulting from the idea of freedom, which is the chief glory of a certain great nation in Europe, is the neglect of ceremony, and the opinion that the dictates of good breeding need not be farther followed, than as they are consistent with our own convenience, or our own inclinations; in consequence of which latitude, it is no harm to throw one's self back in an elbow-chair, when tired of sitting upright; you may invite your friends to

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eat and drink with you at all hours, and at all seasons, whether to breakfast, dinner, or supper, or whether you have roast or boiled meat to give them: you may frankly say the wine is good for nothing, when it is really so; and, when a lady happens in a coach, with several gentlemen, to feel a certain pressing want of nature, she may, consistently with the freedom of her nation, send for a chamber-pot from the next house, and ease herself in the coach without blushing*.

The pride founded upon imaginary valour, appears in an excessive estimation of our own courage,

* In this passage, which alludes to the English, Mr. Zimmerman has fallen into a very great mistake, for, however well founded his assertions may be with respect to the general bluntness of our character, and the little ceremony with which men treat each other, both our regard for the fair sex, and their delicacy, is unimpeachable: nay, so far from any immodesty of the kind the author mentions being ever heard of in England, the very tale he exhibits has, in other words, been the subject of satire among us upon the ladies of France; and Englishmen generally turn, with disgust, from the manners of foreign females, when compared to the elegant nicety, and delicate sensibility of their fair countrywomen. The undeniable notoriety of this circumstance, added to the penetration and sound judgment which otherwise always accompany Mr. Zimmerman's observations, would almost induce one to suppose he had some other nation in view in this passage; but the other parts of it seem not so applicable to any other.

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and an unjust contempt for our enemies. A nation that thinks itself brave, when it does not possess any bravery, or not in such a superlative degree as it imagines, looks down with conceited vanity on its foes, which no disappointment, no defeat, no loss, no unequivocal proof of its weakness, can remove.

Tigranes was sunk in the deepest indolence and security, when Lucullus marched to attack him. It was firmly believed that the Roman general, as soon as he came within sight only of his formidable enemy, would be panic struck, and fly even beyond Asia. The Romans appeared: Tigranes expressed his vexation that all their generals did not come to face him at once; his army amounted to two hundred and sixty thousand men, the Roman legions to scarcely ten thousand; a handful of men, too insignificant and too contemptible to be worth the regard of the numerous host of Armenians. Tigranes observed to his courtiers, that they came in too great number for ambassadors, and by far too few for enemies: there was not one of his generals, who did not request his leave to go and catch this covey that had imprudently ventured itself within the fowler's reach. By break of day, the next morning, when the Armenians were intent on surrounding the Romans, they perceived a movement in the camp of Lucullus. Tigranes thought he was about to begin his flight; suddenly the
eagles

eagles of the first legion wheeled to the right, and the cohorts followed them. Are these people coming against us? said Tigranes, awakened at once from his long trance. They immediately fell upon the Armenians, and soon, as ordered by Lucullus, they engaged in close fight, which quickly disconcerted and routed this large host, who were only competent to combat at a distance: the cavalry fell back on the infantry, and put it into disorder, and the whole army was, in a short time, completely routed; the battle did not last longer than that of Rosbach, and this signal defeat of the Armenians cost the Romans no more than six killed, and about one hundred wounded.

An imaginary valour of another kind, is that of the Abyssinians. When father Lobo waited on a king of that country to pay his respects, just as he was about to open his mouth, about twenty sturdy fellows fell upon him and gave him a hearty drubbing; the father flew to the door, where he was most respectfully treated, and was told, that this beating was an immemorial custom, which had been adopted to shew to every stranger, that the Abyssinians were the most courageous people of the earth, and that therefore every other ought to be humbled before them.

The pride arising from imaginary power, consists in too high an estimate of our strength. Xerxes, for example, caused chains to be thrown into the sea in order to fetter it, and had three hundred stripes inflicted on its turbulent waves for having broken down one of his bridges. He wrote to mount Athos, "Haughty Athos, thou who liftest up thy head to the skies, presume not to oppose to my labourers rocks through which they cannot penetrate, or I will hew thee down, and hurl thee into the ocean." Oriental pride retains, in our days, the same character of hyperbolical inflation; so that to take their expressions according to their literal meaning, the Asiatic princes would supply on earth the place of the Divinity in every point. The king of Malacca styles himself lord of the winds, and of the eastern and western oceans. The Mogul assumes the title of conqueror of the world, and king of the earth; and the grandees of his court are no less than rulers of the thunder-storm, steersmen of the whirlwind, or exterminators of hosts.

The petty insignificant tribe of the Natches was, according to their own tradition, the most powerful nation of the continent of North America; its chief nobility consisted of five hundred Suns, under the control of one great Sun. The present sovereign of this little people has a particularity in his pride, which cannot fail to excite much merriment: every
morning

morning he stalks out of his hovel, bids the sun good morrow, offers him his pipe to smoke, and points out to him with his finger the course which he is to take that day.

In like manner a too exalted opinion entertained of the national consideration constitutes pride. It has been observed, that there is hardly a Frenchman who does not attribute to himself part of the honour of the Siam embassy, of which he is particularly vain. The French, in this respect, often render the national pride which is otherwise justly founded on the grandeur of their kings, or the conduct and fame of their ministers and generals, ridiculous, by applying to themselves the personal merit of those eminent characters. A French colonel, once passing through Bruffels as a traveller, and having a leisure day, took it into his head to go to the great assembly; he was told, that it was held at the palace of a prince; *tant mieux*, says he; "What is that to me?"—"But princes only frequent it, sir; and unless you are a prince"—"Oh, these princes are the most good-natured people in the world," interrupted the officer; "when the city was taken last year, I had a dozen of them dancing attendance in my antichamber, and they were all excessively complaisant."

The abbot of Muri in Switzerland is a prince of the holy Roman empire, and he has his four great officers of state; his hereditary marshals are the noble and illustrious the lords of Thurn; his hereditary chamberlains, the lords of Wittenbach; his hereditary cup-bearers, the noble family of the Rupplins; and his hereditary grand carvers, that of Niderost: while the salary of the chief of these officers, the hereditary marshal, is twenty florins * a year. Strangers are invited to court to dinner, which though served up in great state, is no better than a tradesman's ordinary. His serene highness has his own covered body-dishes set before him, which no one of the guests is to touch; he drinks of his own high and illustrious body-wine; while both the strangers and the domestics must be content with new wine of the last vintage.

When the Khan of Tartary, who has not so much as a house, and who subsists solely on rapine, has finished his repast of mare's-milk and horse-flesh in his tent, he causes an herald to proclaim, that all kings, princes, and potentates of the earth, now have his permission to go to dinner.

But I do not recollect a more glaring instance of pride, arising from an imaginary consideration, nor

* A florin is 20d.

do I think it can well be carried farther, than in a negro king on the coast of Guinea, whose memory has been perpetuated by the celebrated author of the Persian Letters. Some Frenchmen, who landed in his dominion to buy fresh provisions, were carried before the king, who was administering the weighty concerns of his realm under a tree; he sat on his throne, which was a log of wood, with the same majesty and consequence as if it had been the golden seat of the Great Mogul, glittering with jewels; close to him stood his regiment of body guards, consisting of three or four fellows armed with hedge-stakes; his canopy of state was an umbrella held over his head; both his majesty and his royal consort were embellished with the insignia of their regal power, a few copper rings and trinkets, and they shone forth above their subjects, in the jetty glossiness of their skins. This august monarch, understanding the native country of his visitors, asked with much seriousness, "Am not I much talked of in France?"

I could have added numberless other instances of folly appertaining to the kind of pride I have treated of in this chapter, in which I have not at all pleased myself; for it seems to me both too short, and too barren, instead of being of a proper length, and full of striking remarks; but I have just thought of the answer given by Vitellius to a very critical question.

tion of the Emperor Caligula, who was shameless enough, not only publicly to maintain that he was descended from the gods, but to confirm this idea, he asked Vitellius, "If he had not seen him in bed with the moon?" Vitellius, with downcast eyes, answered, "Most illustrious emperor, you gods are only visible to gods, the feeble sight of mortal man cannot reach you."

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

OF PRIDE, RESULTING FROM AN IGNORANCE OF FOREIGN
AFFAIRS.

THE utter ignorance of foreign affairs, is a soft cushion from which a nation, reposing in ease and self-complacency, casts an indolent look through the medium of self-conceit on every other; despises what it cannot comprehend, and shews its want of knowledge and judgment as ridiculouſly as the Paris bookſeller, who hearing ſomething of the king of Pruſſia's attachment to books, aſked with an appearance of great aſtoniſhment, "What! has the king of Pruſſia alſo a library?"

The Italians, though in our times they know better, were long perſuaded that all the inhabitants of the countries beyond the Alps were mere barbarians; ſince, after the taking of Conſtantinople by the Turks, the ſciences firſt ſettled themſelves in Italy, and thence ſpread abroad into other countries. An Italian writer ſaid of the Germans, that their brains did not lie in the head, as was the caſe with other people, but in their back and ſhoulders; and their univerſities might be compared to ſtables where Minerva kept her mules. Baillet, who quotes

this sentence, adds, that it is therefore not to be wondered at, that the wit and spirit which we admire in the productions of the modern Italians, as well as those of the ancient Romans and Greeks, are not to be found in German poetry. Martinelli, another Italian author, who some years ago lived in London, affirms, that Germany has not, to this day, produced either a poet or a physician. It is but a little while ago since I read in a pamphlet, published by one Count Roncalli, an Italian physician, that inoculation had not been adopted by any nation of learning. Did not the right honourable scribbler then know, that the practice is become general throughout Europe, and that, in our enlightened times, every European nation that is in its right senses, takes for itself the lead in literature, and that all unanimously assign to the English the second place, among whom inoculation is universally practised?

The Germans have by most people been abused, as the beasts of burden of the literary world, the cinder-sifters and hod-men, raking together and preparing the mortar and materials for the edifice of letters. I read a few years ago, in one of the best English reviews, that the German writers have, from time immemorial possessed the same privilege with theologists, that of writing many books, and saying little in them; that they are famous for scraping together matter wherewith to fill many
unwieldy

unwieldy folios, spinning out their works to a formidable length, and wearying the patience of their reader without informing his understanding; and finally, that every German head contained a confused medley of books, ever in a litter, and the more looked into the less understood. Full as injurious would it be in me to call all the English barbarians, only because, even in these days of knowledge, at the public disputations at Oxford on Ash-Wednesday, a young English pedant, dressed out like a masquerader at Shrove-tide, mounts the rostrum, and lifts the impenetrable shield of Aristotelian quirks and quibbles, against the leaden darts which his opponents, representing the sons of Scotus, Burgerdicius, and Smiglesius, aim at the doughty champion.

A minister of state in Persia knows as much of European affairs, as he does of what is transacted in the moon. Most of the Persians think our part of the world is a small island in the northern waters, which produces nothing that is good or beautiful; for why else, say they, do the Europeans fetch such things from us, if they were to be got in their own country?

The Chinese understand by the four quarters of the globe little more than their empire; they have the most unbounded contempt for all other countries, and they entertain a notion that all the heavenly

venly bodies watch over China alone, without any kind of concern for any other land. They take the earth to be a vast horizontal square; and they look upon China, which they say lies in the middle, as occupying not only the best, but the largest portion of it. Accordingly they stile their country Chong-que, or the kingdom of the middle, and Tien-Hia, or all under the heavens. A jesuit missionary, to flatter these opinions, in a map of the world which he made for the Chinese, placed China in the middle, an artifice well worthy of the invention of a jesuit. As to their own maps, in them the Chinese give their empire the greatest extent on earth, and scatter the rest of the world in the form of very small islands, here and there all round China. Their geographers give these islands or kingdoms the most ludicrous names, and tell the most ridiculous stories about them; one they call Sëao-ginque, or the region of the dwarfs, of whom they relate, that they are obliged to live as closely together as bees in a hive, for fear of being snatched away by the eagles and vultures; another is Chuen-sinque, or the kingdom whose inhabitants have a large hole in their breasts, into which they put a stick, and carry one another about on their backs; and a pack of the like nonsense. However, since the Chinese, by their communication with us, know a little more of Europe, they have advanced it in their maps to the size of one of the Canary islands.

All other nations must esteem it a very great honour, if they are admitted to be accounted the subjects of China; they are, themselves, exceedingly shy of sending any ambassadors abroad, because they look upon an embassy, a present, or even a letter from any foreign country, as a most positive proof of respectful submission, and an acknowledgment of the right of China to exact tribute of that nation; accordingly its name is immediately inscribed in a register kept for the purpose, and appears in the annals of China as a tributary kingdom, the number whereof is very considerable; as every man who brings a letter to China from any prince or state, is called an ambassador, and his sovereign a slave of China.

The emperor Yong-Tching said in a speech to the jesuits: "I am the absolute lord of the kingdom of the middle; all other states, great and small, send me tribute; it amuses me sometimes to instruct them; if they receive and attend to my lessons, well and good, if not, I turn them adrift."

It was in 1758 that the jesuits tried to bring the ministers of the Chinese empire to admit of an embassy from France, but they were refused it, as they had secretly given them to understand, "that his most christian majesty was not tributary to the emperor of China; that the presents, which the emperor might send to the king of France, would not be looked on as proceeding solely from the bounty of

the imperial donor, and that the king's letters were not to be accounted petitions, nor the emperor's answers, commands."

The Japanese are fools of the same stamp. Nippon, the name which they commonly give to their country, imports light of the sun, because, being unacquainted with any lands to the eastward, they suppose the sun rises to them the first; they are ignorant of the spheric form of the earth, and that every country lies east and west with respect to them. Another name of Japan, which occurs in their books, is Tenka; but this seems to be not so much a proper name, as a figurative appellation, which is adopted by the Japanese out of vanity: it means, the region that is under the heavens; whence, likewise, comes the title that is also given to the emperor of Japan, of Tenka-sama, or the monarch under the heavens; which is very applicable to the idea formerly entertained by this people, that theirs was the only inhabited country, themselves the only human beings, and all other lands the residence of devils and unclean spirits,

We thus see, that the less any nation is acquainted with foreign affairs, the more it exalts itself; and its vanity finds its account in this ignorance, on which it grounds the most foolish contempt for all other countries.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

OF PRIDE AS ARISING FROM IGNORANCE IN GENERAL.

As ignorance and a want of self-knowledge engender self-complacency and an unjust contempt for others ; so the pride that results from general ignorance in a nation, is the same with too high an estimation of its own knowledge, however contracted and defective this may be.

The French have been accused, that they think their laws are so excellent, that they ought to be followed by every other nation ; they would not be so vain of their laws, if the multitude knew that there is scarcely any knowledge of the law of nature or of nations to be met with in France, where we should the most expect to meet with it ; that in the numerous schools and universities with which that kingdom abounds, where so many things of no real worth are taught with the greatest assiduity and pendency, there is not one professorship for the law of nations ; and that of course the French are the only nation who seem to believe that this science is of no utility.

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They would not, I say, be so vain of their laws, if the opinion of one of their own great men was more commonly known among them; who maintains that their whole legislature, formed out of the confusion of the feudal system, is a monstrous and unwieldy structure, which resembles a most inconsistent heap of ruins; that the law, which ought to be the exact counterpart of universal order, is on the contrary exceedingly contradictory to it, and instead of uniting its subjects, divides them; making as it were, a hundred different states in the bosom of one kingdom.

The haughty English are equally blind in this respect, these self-sufficient Islanders look on their common law, which is the sole and best guide followed in the royal courts of justice, as the only rule of right, and such a wonder of perfection, that Chancellor Fortescue, in the work he published in 1469 in praise thereof, holds it almost a sin to doubt its all-sufficiency; nevertheless, this rule of law is said to be founded, for the most part, on maxims adopted long ago, and the consequences deducible from them have all a legal authority, although they are not unfrequently contradictory and inconsistent; and what is more, although England maintains a standing army of upwards of forty thousand lawyers, yet it may confidently be asserted, that there is no country on earth, where a more deplorable ignorance
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of their own laws prevails than there. Near three centuries ago, it required twenty years study to acquire a due knowledge of the laws of England; and yet, by the villanous manœuvres of the unworthy professors of the law, the numerous proposals made for reformation of the common law, and the commissioners several times appointed by parliament for the purpose of improving the system of jurisprudence, have all been frustrated and rendered of no avail: nay in 1659*, the lawyers obtained a promise, in return for a contribution of one hundred thousand pounds sterling, that they should remain in the undisturbed possession of all the juridical abuses; and in the same year, William Cole wrote a treatise, to prove that the lawyers in England were the greatest rogues and cheats in the kingdom.

Spain produces in its hot and parched climate some very keen and penetrating geniuses; but the

* This was one of the least iniquitous modes of extorting money, adopted in 1659 by the rump parliament (so called in derision, as being composed of the basest and most contemptible members of the long parliament) during the protectorate of Richard Cromwell; and as this assembly was never considered a legal one, it is unfair therefore to adduce this as an instance of folly in our government; and certainly more irrelevant to conclude from it, that our laws have ever since remained in exactly the same state; for very material alterations have been made in them since that period, and hardly a session of parliament passes without rescinding from or adding to them.

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ever predominating love of the marvellous, which is so remarkable in this nation, distorts and spoils nature, the only model for all that is sublime and beautiful. The sciences remain always in Spain, for very obvious reasons, in a very wretched situation; yet they entertain such lofty ideas of their own superiority in this respect, that it long was a prevalent opinion among the Spaniards, that God conversed with Moses on Mount Sinai in the Spanish language, and revealed to them long ago all the many secrets and hidden mysteries of nature, which yet are the objects of the diligent researches and inquiries among the most learned philosophers of the world. Conformably to this tradition, they give some of their colleges of learning the most inflated appellations: one is called the Olympian, and another the Radiant College, or Academy.

The judgment of a whole nation must not be arraigned on account of the enthusiastic exclamations of some hot-headed divines. Yet the innumerable panegyrics, which, from the introduction to Torrubia's Natural History of Spain, published in 1754, have something in them very aptly characteristic of the national character of the Spaniards, although I very readily make allowance for some exceptions: one of these encomiasts, father Hieronimus of Salamanca, exclaims: "Even if I had a hundred tongues, and if each of them, nay if every individual

individual part of my body, every joint, every vein, was endowed with the faculty of the most eloquent language ; yet how very unfit, how totally unable should I be to express the delight which the perusal of this Natural History afforded me." In the confidence that all Europe pays the most profound attention to him, the reverend father goes on; "Behold, says he, Torrubia, the crowned lion of Spain, the modern Geryon, a philosopher who has surprised nature in the fact, a wonder of literature, to whom nothing rises superior, save his own immortal Natural History. He is the favoured child of providence, who bestowed every advantage on him, adding as an enhancement to them all, the inestimable blessing of being born in Spain. Happy favoured Spain! thou faithful genius of our nation, thou art ever constant, ever enlightened, ever invincible, ever triumphant over ignorance and error!"

The Chinese are highly celebrated for learning, and it is said they are exceedingly vain of it; but as it appears to me, it is of their ignorance that they are vain; the most extravagant notions are formed of China, as the travellers who have given us an account of it are often very partial to the wonderful, yet their relations, at the same time, carry very much an air of probability. Look on the large and magnificent libraries of China, the astonishing number of their colleges, of their graduates, of their observ-

observatories, the extreme attention which they pay to the contemplation of the heavens; consider, that learning is the only road to honour and dignity; that talents and knowledge form the only rule of preferment; that by the fundamental laws of the empire, which have been most strictly observed for a long series of centuries, none but a man of learning can ever attain to the dignity of governor of a city or a province; and that all the courts of justice must likewise be filled with persons of literary abilities; add to this, that the customs and manners of the Chinese have remained invariable, amidst the greatest revolutions; that their conquerors even have adopted them; that the reign of the law has never been suspended or weakened; that their empire has seen the downfall of every other; and that amidst the ruins of the world, theirs only has remained erect and unshaken; and you will certainly be induced to believe that the Chinese excel all other nations in every kind of human knowledge; yet try it by the touchstone of candid and serious examination, and the enchantment will vanish, and the nation so much extolled above others will sink below the general level, and appear in a very mortifying point of view.

The Chinese study their own language most attentively, and well they may, for to understand it perfectly, it would employ the greatest part of their

lives. After they have attained a knowledge of the grammar, they apply themselves to History, Law, and Morality. Whoever wishes to be created doctor, and who thus strives to attain one of the chief dignities of the empire, must be thoroughly acquainted with the language; he must be able to write, which is by no means an easy matter; he must be able to prepare a discourse in the best style, on morality, or on the art of government; and in the Chinese academies, a chief part of education consists in the art of making a genteel bow, of giving or receiving a cup of tea with a suitable grace, how to walk, and how to carry a parasol with a becoming air. One of their books of instruction, on these important points alone, contains three thousand rules.

This is all very well, say the champions for Chinese superiority; yet it is only by possessing a thorough knowledge of their language that they can become acquainted with their own laws and customs, with the actions of their forefathers, and the history of their empire; but they do not attend to the circumstance, that many a Chinese student dies of old age before he has learned to read. Their nonsensical pedantry, with respect to external appearances, is held by some to be very important and praise-worthy; the reverence they shew, by bowing to the ground, or kneeling before each other, on saying good morrow or good night, is admired and interpreted as a proof

of the esteem they have both for themselves and others. It is alleged, that this knowledge of the exact measure of respect due to every rank and every ramification of rank, acts as a great restraint on personal pride; that it preserves a due distinction between the different orders, and prevents equality among mankind; that it bows the neck of the man who is but a hair's breadth lower in rank, in obedience to his superior. But these arguments are only worthy of such as are born and educated slaves, and certainly ought not to be adduced in honour of the Chinese; for mutual esteem exists in the heart, and not in a graceful bow or an unmeaning compliment.

The Chinese are in reality unfit for the more useful arts and sciences, notwithstanding they appear proficient in them; they know a little of every thing, but nothing in perfection. Almost all the arts have been known and practised in China for time immemorial, but they remain in the same state as they were at their commencement; and of some they are wholly ignorant.

Their constitution and government have been extolled above all others in the world; yet the people are every where the prey to rogues of quality, and are often in danger of starving, by the iniquitous administration of their protectors and parents, as the
governors

governors there are indiscriminately styled. Very good laws, it is true, are enacted in China, as well as in other countries, but they are not observed; for the great panacea, gold, makes amends for the worst infractions of them. To be sure, the Chinese government so far resembles the patriarchal authority, to which they pretend it is finally reducible, that their mandarins, like loving fathers, bestow many severe drubbings upon their children, whom, as to any other proofs of paternal love and care, they very generously leave to pine away in misery, for fear the population of the empire should become too great. Politics are so little known and understood there, that the Chinese have no conception of any other government than a despotic monarchy, and they can never be brought to comprehend the possibility of the existence of a republic; and their civil laws are often diametrically opposite to the natural and most important duties of life. In short, let their patriarchal form of government, which has been so much cried up, appear ever so mild and favourable to its subjects in theory or in practice, it is certain that there is no nation on earth more plundered, oppressed, and robbed by the great, than the Chinese.

Their system of morality has been exalted to the skies; yet it evidently aims at subjecting even the hearts of the people to the will of a despot, and therefore publicly makes morality subservient to policy. This error of the Chinese legislator has

rendered manly virtue an object of indifference to the people, while the care taken to enforce obedience and submission to one head, has likewise introduced a spirit of hypocrisy and dissimulation, very inconsistent with good morals. These inculcate and produce an artless sincerity, and an undeceiving candour, in both of which the Chinese are remarkably deficient; for there is no nation upon the face of the earth more given to low cunning and every kind of fraud; they are certainly most ostentatiously virtuous: the women do not only shun the company of men, on every visible occasion, but the greatest care is taken that they should not come together, even in the invisible world; for the body of a female is carefully deposited at a proper distance from that of a male in their burial places; but who is ignorant, that the more shew is made of virtue and chastity, the more scope is left for suspicion, and that where appearances pass current for honour and honesty, little of the realities is to be found?

Nor, finally, am I surpris'd, that the Chinese indulge in the most wanton excesses; that they thrust their children out of doors, without remorse; that they bribe their midwives to drown their girls as soon as born in a tub of water, when they suppose their maintenance would be too expensive; for how can they believe, in earnest, in the excellence of virtue, when almost all their learned
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men deny the immortality of the soul; maintain that matter and nature are immeasurable, infinite, and uncreated; that their operations and motions are uninterrupted, irresistible, and without beginning or end; and deduce from the continuance of their agency, the production both of souls and bodies, the duration of whose existence again, they suppose, is in proportion to the part every being can seize of the universal substance; who, in fact, are downright atheists?

They do not meddle much with natural philosophy, nor are they able to form a proper conception of any one operation of nature. Their astronomy is very ancient, they are said to have studied hard at it for four thousand years, and yet, before the arrival of the jesuits, they could not make a correct almanac. The court of mathematicians, consisting of a president, two assessors, and many subordinate mandarins, superintends all matters of astronomy, and publishes the imperial calendar, by which the people are acquainted what days and what hours are lucky or unlucky. Their most important business is to predict eclipses, the calculations of which they present to the emperor, who sends them to the court of customs, whence they are distributed through all the provinces of the empire, that the appropriate ceremonies, appointed in such cases, may every where be duly observed. These

ceremonies are of great consequence ; for they consist chiefly in beating of drums continually during the eclipse, while the people raise their voices in howlings and lamentations, in order, by this diabolical noise, to drive away the dragon, who is supposed to be about to devour the sun or the moon.

In medicine, it is pretended, the Chinese can perform wonders ; they are, perhaps, as good as our quacks, and indeed, not inferior to such of our European doctors, who attempt to persuade the public, they can put disease and death to flight with a single pill ; but they are entirely ignorant of anatomy, and have the most wretched ideas respecting the properties and utility of the several parts of the body ; they of course know nothing of the proximate causes of distempers, the knowledge of which, is the only true foundation to proceed upon in the cure of them. They are supposed to possess the most extraordinary knowledge of that part of medicine, relating to the pulse ; like our water-doctors and palmifiers, they secretly make the most exact enquiries respecting the situation and circumstances of the patient, before they venture to pronounce with certainty, what such or such a kind of pulsation denotes ; and if the evils they have predicted do not come to pass, they know how to help the patient to them, for the honour of their knowledge in the art of prognostication. The maxims of
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this art are very limited, regular, and systematic; if the pulse beats hard, the kidneys must be inflamed; if it is something like the pecking of a bird, the patient must die the next morning between ten and eleven o'clock; in fact, the whole of the art of medicine in China consists in this knack of lying with a good grace, from the state of the pulse, and in the knowledge of some simples which descend from father to son, and in the hands of such fools, naturally become, without exception, specifics for almost all disorders,

Of their art of war, some judgment may be formed from the circumstance that there is always a gowmsman, that is to say, a man of letters, who accompanies their armies, and to whom all their generals are subordinate. On a march, the man in the long robe is placed in the front, but when a battle is fought, he takes his stand some miles in the rear; provided only, that he may be near enough to communicate his orders to the army under his control, and at the same time so situated, as to lead the van of the run-aways, if his party be defeated.

The Chinese are praised for their inventive genius in the arts; and yet no Chinese artist can make a single firelock; for it is but a few years ago that they made use of match-locks, and did not know
what

what flints were. They have not yet been able to learn how to repair a watch when it is out of order; it is dead, they say, and barter it away for a living one. They imagine they have invented music, and have even brought it to perfection; what they have, is too bad to be called music, it is even said to be worse than the French*. As to their painting, it possesses no excellence but a brilliancy of colouring, and is otherwise formal, spiritless, and absurd; they caricature their own faces, and put themselves in the most grotesque postures, although they in fact look pretty well, except their bellies, which are too prominent. They have an utter dislike to European manners, dresses, and customs; and are so far averse to our architecture, that it was with the greatest difficulty the Chinese builders could be brought to erect the church, that the jesuits formerly had in the emperor's palace at Peking, according to the model sent from Europe. Although they cannot but look with astonishment at the size and structure of our ships, they think themselves affronted as well as scoffed at, when they are invited to imitate them. Their poetry is excessively phlegmatic and insipid, without any flights to please the imagination, or interest to affect the passions. They are, moreover, said to have invented the theatre; but in the Thespian art too, they have not got beyond the very

* The French translator has a note here: "On voit bien que c'est un Allemand qui parle," *We see plainly it is a German who speaks.*

first rudiments. And with all this ignorance, their contempt for other nations is so decided, that they will not adopt the most simple, and evidently the most useful inventions of the Europeans; nay, they are so averse even to their assistance, that at a fire in Canton, they chose rather to suffer the greatest part of the town to be burnt, than permit the English sailors of Commodore Anson's ship to extinguish the flames, which they were not able to do themselves, and were sorely offended at the alacrity of the tars on that occasion, because there was no formal permission given by the viceroy to stop the conflagration.

But the Chinese, it is pretended, understood all the necessary arts, and such as are of real utility, upwards of four thousand years ago; and notwithstanding we now boast so much of the progress we have made in those arts, we at that period could neither read nor write. It has, however, been omitted to be mentioned, what particular arts of such essential usefulness could flourish among the Chinese, when they were even unpractised in the primary simple occupations of hunting and fishing; when they could hardly provide themselves food; when they had neither clothes nor dwellings; for all these arts were not only totally unknown to them, according to their own acknowledgment, in the pretended reign of the emperor Fo-Hi, but they were

were mere savages near a thousand years afterwards, when the Egyptians taught them to write, and gave them laws and customs. To this again is replied, dispute as long as you please about the fourteen emperors who reigned before Fo-Hi, all you may say will end in the acknowledgment, that China was then very populous, and was governed by a regular code of laws. Now the annals of these very times, declared to be wholly fabulous by the viceroy Nien-Hy-Iao, say, that mankind then lived like brutes, wandering through the forests; that the women were in common; that no other thought was entertained then, except for present subsistence; that animals were eat with skin, hair, and all, and birds with their feathers, and their blood served for drink; that raw hides were the only clothing; and in short, that Fo-Hi first taught them both hunting and fishing. Yet, nevertheless, it is maintained, that the Chinese could write before they knew how to make bread, and that the history of these brilliant ages have been transmitted to us by the literati of those remote and savage times.

What, however, renders the Chinese most contemptible is, the prevalence of superstition amongst them, which usurps the place of religion in every breast. The memory of the reign of Tching-Tfong, the third emperor of the nineteenth dynasty, has in particular been stigmatized by the

the favour shewn under his government to every species of bigotry, and the encouragement of religious juggling. And though, as we have before mentioned, they are in general atheists, they are not the only people amongst whom superstition is found coupled with atheism.

Evil spirits are in their opinion agents in the most common occurrences. They have a kind of ballot or lottery, by which they discover whether they may begin a journey, whether they may buy or sell, whether they may marry their children fortunately or unfortunately; they take the greatest pains to find out by their arts of divination the most advantageous spot on which to erect a house, the quarter towards which they must make the opening of the door; the day most propitious for the building of a kiln; which hill or eminence to chuse for the most comfortable burying-place; and this last point is of such great consequence, that when a man excels in wit or learning, the merit is not his own, a sudden elevation to any honour or dignity is not attributed to desert, or success in trade, to industry or penetration, but all is ascribed to the proper choice of a place of burial for his forefathers.

The power of impostors over weak minds is no where so great as in China; no where are fortune-tellers

tellers and astrologers held in such estimation as there; the markets and streets swarm with people of this description, who make open profession of their business, and hang out a sign like other tradesmen; nothing is ever done in China without first consulting these conjurers, whose lying prognostications are imprinted with the stamp of eternal truth in the eyes of their admirers. A Chinese, who may have been persuaded by one of these magicians, that he is unable to beget children, will every time his wife is pregnant of a child, of his own procreation, think her an adultress; he will rather embitter the life of an honest woman, and fill his head with the most tormenting ideas of imaginary cuckoldom, than avoid by kindness the giving occasion to his wife to serve him in reality the trick he has been made to suspect.

The almanac which is published every year, under the inspection and with the approbation of the emperor, and of the court of mathematicians, contains, besides a few astronomical calculations, a specification of what days and hours are lucky or unlucky; the days on which phlebotomy is advisable, the minute most auspicious to beg any favour of the emperor, the hours when to pay honours to the deceased, when to make offerings, when to marry, when to build, when to invite friends, and in general,

general, when to attend to almost every public and private occupation; this almanac is in the hands of every body, and is the summary of all the knowledge of many families, and an oracle for all China.

In addition to these egregious faults, and to this deplorable ignorance, there is no nation on earth more addicted to pride and arrogance than the Chinese. In their opinion, they excel all mankind in ability and knowledge, which they possess in as great a degree as human nature is capable of; and, prepossessed in the extreme in favour of their manners and principles, they cannot conceive that any thing they do not practise can be right, nor any thing their learned men are ignorant of, can be true.

And thus the most defective knowledge is a source of pride, to a nation which perceives nothing wanting in itself, nor any thing good in others; which thinks itself only enlightened and wise, and all others both blind and stupid.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

REFLECTIONS ON THE BENEFITS AND EVILS OF NATIONAL PRIDE FOUNDED UPON IMAGINARY ADVANTAGES.

ROUND Cape Horn, and so through Terra Australis Incognita to the Devil, is the journey every philosopher wishes to the prejudices of all other men, while he remains firmly attached to his own; yet prejudices must, and ought so far to exist among mankind as they are useful.

There is certainly a degree of national pride arising only from prejudice, that is of great political utility. Self-conceit is productive of hope and fear in a nation; the latter preserves men from the commission of crimes, the former invites them to the care of self-interest and to diligence. From self-conceit proceeds likewise vanity, and from this last, the desire of rising above one's station; the love of ostentation, emulation, arts, fashions, good manners, and taste; vanity and pride are therefore in the hands of sound policy very useful follies, for they are born with us, die with us, never tire, and have often the appearance of virtues.

The love of our country is little more in many cases, than the love of an ass for his manger. But the intelligent and accomplished Lady Mary Wortley Montague, after a long course of travels through Asia, Africa, and the greatest part of Europe, was firmly of opinion that an honest English country gentleman was the happiest of men; for he does not trouble his head to know, nor indeed would he believe, that Greek wine is better than stout ale; he is convinced that the richest fruits of Africa have neither the fine yellow tints nor the fine flavour of his golden pippin; that Italian *becafico* are nothing like so nice as a piece of roast beef; in short, that there can be no perfect enjoyment out of Old England.

We always must contemplate with pleasure a nation which loves itself, exalts its own countrymen, prefers its own manufactures to those of foreigners, esteems its own writers, and by having the highest opinion of itself, and all that belongs to it, is as happy as possible, either in imagination or reality, for both are the same. Let, therefore, our philosophy call the prejudices which arise from education ever so destructive and mistaken, which make a Moor believe his country the finest in the world, and that God himself was at the trouble of creating Ethiopia, while the other parts of the globe were made by his deputed angels;
or

or those which induce a Laplander to seek for an earthly paradise among his Norwegian and primæval snows, or a Swiss, as the penetrating Doctor Smollet says in his Travels, to prefer the barren mountain of Soleure to the fertile plains of Lombardy; suffer others to behold their own country with partiality; suffer them, like the peasants round San Marino, to believe that they are the only good and honest men on earth; suffer them to take the little circle that forms their horizon for the rule of all possible extension, and let their governors be wisely anxious to give the greatest importance and extent to the trifling interests of the small tract, beyond which they think there is nothing worthy of a thought, at least, let the space be ever so unbounded on the other side of the hedge, they care not about it, but think there is a Deity who will attend to the whole; for content makes happy fathers, happy citizens, and happy subjects, with no better fare than black bread, hard cheese, and buttermilk.

This is all I can say in favour of that species of national pride, founded on imaginary advantages. It would be a good excuse for this pride, and an alleviation of the ill it causes, in consequence of its attendant contempt, if it could with any justice be said that contempt lessens hatred as much as it does

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envy, which is the painful and corroding sorrow pervading the mind on the perception of another's happiness or good fortune. Whoever envies a rich man for his wealth, finds his envy lessened, when he plainly perceives that this Croesus is a fool; whoever envies a man of learning for his science, is sure to find his envy diminish, if he can persuade himself, that his worldly knowledge rises infinitely superior to that of this man of letters. But hatred consists in wishing for the calamity of another: an enemy, for instance, is a subject of hatred in proportion as he awakens our fears; he may be inexpressibly contemptible, but his power may be great; and we shall never cease hating him till his power can have no influence either on our happiness or misery.

The mutual hatred of nations for each other, however, in nowise decreases by their mutual contempt; the Greeks were full as much animated by both passions against the Persians; the populace among Christians look on the Jews, without exception, as dead to every sentiment of virtue and benevolence, and deeply sunk in the most contemptible covetousness, usury, and villany. It is, therefore, almost an article of religion, and a meritorious work, to persecute the Jews on account of the abhorrence which is felt for them; and to hate them because they are contemned and despised. Con-

tempt

tempt and hatred for another nation, are no where united with more force and expression than in the English against the French. A foreigner, if not dressed like an Englishman, is in great danger of being assailed with dirt for being thought a Frenchman; but in a thousand instances the French return this contempt. We may form, without exception, very just conclusions of their other opinions respecting the English, from the French accounts of the warlike actions of their valiant neighbours; of which the Jumonville of M. Thomas is a remarkable instance. This is an heroic poem, in which the national hate and lust of revenge has inspired the author, one of the greatest genuines and most upright men of France, to take occasion, from the firing of three or four guns from a small fort and the death of about eight Frenchmen, to set up a lamentation as if it was a St. Bartholomew's massacre. The French hate the Spaniards in the same manner, because they despise them. In the campaign in Italy of 1746, the greatest exasperation broke out on numberless occasions between those nations, who were then allies, to the great detriment of the operations of war. At Hospitella, in the middle of the day, a Spanish regiment of cavalry attacked one of the French regiments, because they could not agree about their encampment, which was separated from one another by a high road.

But the hate of a nation for foreigners is very often to its extreme detriment universal. In England, they acknowledge that the unnatural antipathy of the English for all foreigners, is one of the greatest and most illiberal causes which prevents the settlement and population of the immense possessions of this nation in America, by the want whereof the growth of trade and prosperity is greatly impeded.

Much worse consequences flow from the contempt which arises from religious pride. Whoever imagines that no man can be truly estimable or virtuous, whose belief does not precisely agree with his own, whoever condemns and renounces those who do not think exactly as he does on every point of theology, becomes of course an enemy to the greatest part of mankind. The unavoidable consequence of a prepossession of the infallibility of one's church is intoleration; and this again produces a swarm of venomous prejudices and opinions, which, like the musquitos in hot countries, are continually pestering us by myriads on all sides, and cannot fail of stinging those who are not armed with the fly-flap of reason, or the imperforable veil of philosophy.

As long as the hope and expectation is entertained that the whole world will finally adhere
to

to one confession of faith, the furtherance of the grand work of conversion is supposed to be the indispensable and bounden duty of every individual: those who are thought to wander in darkness and error, are therefore not easily suffered to live in peace and quiet. The man, who imagines he is surrounded by men doomed to eternal damnation, is therefore a faint, and ever ready to fight the devil in his own domain; and the Gospel of the God of Peace and Love has therefore been continually debased and contaminated by persecuting and blood-thirsty priests, with their appropriate instruments, swords and bayonets, gibbets, stakes, racks, wheels, and chains*.

These opinions have at all times inflamed the minds of men; zealous churchmen have ever been the first promoters of heresies, and have augmented the number of heretics, exactly in proportion to the blindness of their zeal and their industry in discovering them. Let us take a retrospect of the time of the crusades; these cost Europe two millions of fighting men, monks and priests, with the mass-book in one hand and the bloody banner of war in the other, led the van; numerous armies of holy robbers followed them, decorated and consecrated to the service of the Lord by a white cross; they quitted their lawful occupations and respectable situations in the West, to become thieves and mur-

* This passage the French translator has thought fit to omit.

derers in the East; they sold their possessions in order to go forth, under the blessing of the Lamb of God, to plunder those of the infidels; they abandoned their wives, to deflower virgins and violate matrons, in honour of the Almighty; and, in the result, they sacrificed every consideration for the benefit of being cut to pieces, in a distant but an holy region, and sent to their long home, polluted with the blood of the innocent, and loaded with the execrations of the inoffensive inhabitants of the country they had made the scene of devastation and bloodshed: and yet their religion, the cause for which they fought, was directly opposite to the tenets of the Alkoran, against which these sanguinary and ruinous expeditions were set on foot. The commands of their God were founded on peace, on meekness, and on charity; those which Mahomet imposed on his followers as the will of the Omnipotent, taught that the sacrifice of themselves and their property in war, for the conquest and constraint of infidels, and the establishment and enlargement of the true religion, was the greatest merit; that those who die in battle for the sake of their faith, live hereafter in immortal happiness; that the blood shed in the cause of religion, if but a single drop, is pleasing to the Deity; and that to watch one night for the defence of the frontiers of the faithful, is more agreeable to Heaven than a rigid fast of two months.

The

The haughtiness of religious pride will not admit of any toleration; it irritates the minds of men by always attempting to force them to think as we do; and this ambition of domineering over the consciences of mankind is the true source of religious zeal. It has been observed, that, in common disputes, perverseness and obstinacy never reach that height which they do in the most trifling religious controversies, for in other things almost every one is aware that he may be deceived; but, on the contrary, we are always intimately persuaded of the truth of our system of faith, and are therefore very angry at those of another persuasion, who, instead of conforming to our opinions, are intent upon constraining us to alter them in compliance with their own. The pride of religion, and the spirit of persecution accompanying it, likewise produces, among the professors of the same belief, that cruel and suspicious spirit of dogmatism, that inquisitorial austerity which would preclude all necessity of thought, and require the most implicit conformity, in whatever regards their system of theology, and which would banish truth and knowledge, together with the liberty of disquisition from even our Protestant religion, if the bitterness of our zealous controversial writers was not sometimes curbed and kept under by a biting and severe sarcasm on their untimely and unqualified asperity.

Religious

Religious pride would have its own creed give the law to the belief of all men. It ascribes to the Supreme Being its own ravings and unreasonable opinion, and makes the maintenance of its theory appertain to the honour of the Godhead. If its principles or its voice fail, arrogance, envy, rancour, and an universal hatred for mankind, put on the mask of religion, and execute in the name of Lord the most diabolical revenge: hence came the presumption, the warmth and violence which were manifest in the sectaries of the Greek church, who thought themselves polluted by speaking to one of another communion, or by only abiding under the same roof; hence came the opinion among the subjects of the Byzantian emperors, that those princes who, in their eyes, were rebellious to their God, could not have been appointed their rulers by Providence, and were therefore not the anointed of the Lord; hence came the tyrannic sway and inflexible cruelty which so many servants of the God of Peace have extolled and enjoined in the worldly judges, whose aid they have called in to terminate their religious differences; and hence, even very recently, principles the most inimical to mankind have shone forth, with the full splendour of stupidity, which characterized the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, in the Pastoral Letters of the Apostle of Cracow.

Ever

Ever since the mild and invisible kingdom of another world has been changed into the most violent, as well as tangible and apparent despotism in this, Christianity, violated by the hands of its priests, has made men hard, austere, unmerciful, and outrageous; it has put fire and sword into their hands; it has led kings and princes to make a hell of this world, to murder and torture, in the name of the God of Mercy, the subjects they were bound to cherish and protect. But our Redeemer has not taught us a selfish and tyrannical doctrine; he has not taught us to be sanguinary and oppressive, nor to believe what the worthy fathers of the church, the beloved Jesuits, those Janissaries of the Holy See, as Pope Benedict the Fourteenth emphatically called them, would have us believe, namely, that as often as they vociferate this maxim, that no heretic should be spared, the sound ascends to the throne of God, and is a pleasing oblation in his ear. It was not from the love of the religion of Jesus that the Spaniards subjugated America, although under this pretext they depopulated a space of country as large as Europe, and put twelve or fifteen millions of the inhabitants to death, whose only crime was the being in possession of gold and silver, which the Spaniards coveted, and which they even offered to share with them; and although, with the most inconceivable gravity, the Spaniards entered into an engagement at Hispaniola to hang daily in cold blood, in honour

honour of our Lord and his twelve Apostles, thirteen of the charitable Indians who brought them their daily food.

Religious pride is the cause of that theological rage with which Christians of all sects zealously labour for the good of their church, defend its doctrines with clamour and scurrility, and burst out in triumph when erroneous or opposite opinions have been ably combated, or the embracers of them converted; and when they have given these notorious proofs of their attachment to their persuasion, they think themselves real and zealous Christians. But a great genius of our days, Dr. Resewitz, professor at Copenhagen, pertinently asks, whether they shew as much earnestness against the sins the gospel has prohibited to us, as they do in combating theological errors? Whether it is not often manifest that on other occasions, when disputation is out of the question, they are indifferent to the most material points of Christianity? Whether they do not quietly behold, or rather studiously and designedly close their eyes, when they are witnesses of very great iniquity, and when the doctrine of Christ is more disgraced by the manners of its followers, than by any speculative errors that can arise? Whether they do not follow the mandates of their own wicked lusts with the same warmth with which they are
moral 7 animated

animated in the pursuit and persecution of mistaken opinions?

In consequence of the prevalence of anathemas in Italy, whoever is guilty of an infraction of the laws of the church in the merest trifles, is reckoned a far greater delinquent than the man who has committed the most flagrant violations of the laws of nature and morality. A murderer, an adulterer, will more easily gain his pardon of the church, and will more readily be readmitted into society, than he who has sacrilegiously dared to eat a bit of pigeon on a Saturday without an express indulgence: the former is handled as gently and cautiously as a nun does her conscience, when the sins of incontinency rise up against her; but the latter is a monster, a man whose conversation must be avoided, for he is nearly esteemed an heretic; and of all the sins of the Italian confession, heresy is the most abhorred and damnable.

The contempt and hatred which prevail so much between the opposite persuasions of the Christian religion, are also wholly consequences of the prejudices occasioned by a bad education. The Christian youth are taught to condemn, what in their riper years they feel inclined to excuse; the poisonous seeds of hatred, discord, and abhorrence are sown in their tender bosoms; and they learn at school

School to detest as idolaters, or execrate as heretics, those who, at the age of reason, they are tempted to embrace as brethren and fellow Christians. The more we attain to a sound understanding of the real scope of the Christian religion, the more we must feel the great absurdity and narrowness of the prepossessions entertained by weak-minded Protestants against the members of the Roman church, or those, on the other hand, which foolish Catholics cherish against the Protestants. The common people among us are wont to be mightily astonished, when they hear of any generous deed of a Catholic towards a Protestant, or that the greatest esteem and friendship, together with the sincerest urbanity can exist between men of different religions. The inhabitants of Toulouse believed that it was an established law among the reformed, that such of them as abandoned their persuasion to embrace the Roman Catholic religion were to be strangled; and, prepossessed with this idea, the Parliament of Toulouse ordered the old and innocent Calas to be broke on the wheel, because he was an Huguenot, and his son in a fit of melancholy hung himself without ever thinking of a change of religion. We must, unfortunately, when our reason is come to maturity, be very retentive of prejudices learned often by rote, and adopted without consideration in our youth, if we do not see that it is possible to be true to our religion, without at the same time being

being surpris'd that others can likewise be true to theirs; that there is nothing so rational and conciliatory as a perfect liberty of opinion; that, in a world where error and not truth is the portion of the greatest part of its inhabitants, God will judge our hearts, and not our understandings; that we are all children of one common father, and coheirs of all his promises, if we believe only as much as we can, and live according to his commandments; and that virtue and piety, whether seen counting of beads and repeating the Ave Maria, or sitting down with a protestant to a dinner of flesh-meat in lent, are always equally lovely and amiable *.

Let us now cast a few glances at other national follies. Men might often enjoy greater freedom were it not their own fault, but they fetter themselves, and still, boasting of their liberty, are truly ridiculous. The constitution of a country or a city may be free, and remain so, and yet the minds of its inhabitants be in chains. Whoever in a republic acts solely on his own behalf, and speaks his mind freely only where he sees it can in no degree hurt either himself or his family, is very often against his will and his conscience, and contrary to his oath and duty, an abject slave. The patriot inhabitants of a republican city ought therefore not to glory too much in their liberty, when the majority of

* The French translator has omitted this whole passage.

them

them are ready, like so many wild cats, to fly in the face of a stranger, who should venture to affirm in public, that it is possible for a burgomaster's son to err in matters of literature.

The haughty presumption of sole or pre-eminent courage, power, and consideration, is the cause of the very astonishing perverseness of opinion prevalent in a nation with regard to all others, and an inexhaustible fountain of patriotic falsehoods for their historians. Few writers of history guard themselves sufficiently against conceit and partiality, shewing us the noble deeds of our countrymen, and the advantages gained by our own nation through a magnifying glass, and those which may have been obtained over us by others through a very contrary medium.

The pride which proceeds from an ignorance of foreign affairs, deprives a nation of many advantages which flow from an acquaintance with the inventions and knowledge of other nations. Armed with impenetrable prejudices against every useful innovation, it fixes its regard solely and listlessly on the soil it treads on, and thereby remains for ever enthralled by political superstition, which cleaves to the barren pride of ancestral worth, and condemns whatever is without precedent, however good in itself.

The pride that is founded upon ignorance, is the surest way to confirm our ignorance. Whenever we believe that we know all that is useful, there can be nothing else worth knowing; the arts and sciences always will remain *in statu quo* in every nation which fancies it is as far advanced in them as possible. This foolish perverseness is a great hinderance to the extension of knowledge in many countries, which are otherwise very capable of improvement. The French defended and maintained the opinions of Descartes, long after his vortices, his elements, his theory of light, his romance of the formation of mankind, and all his other theoretic dreams, were confuted. Their national pride kept them blind to the power of attraction and the division of the sun-beams, as well as to the circulation of the blood, and the utility of inoculation, for an equal length of time; and they certainly would not have attempted the defence of the system of Descartes after it had been exploded, if they were not addicted to the bad custom of exalting every thing that is French, above all the inventions and discoveries made elsewhere.

But we are at present upon the eve of a great revolution, at the period of a second demarcation between light and darkness. We may observe in Europe a second general insurrection in favour of good sense and sound judgment; the clouds of
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But we are at present upon the eve of a great revolution, at the period of a second demarcation between light and darkness. We may observe in Europe a second general insurrection in favour of good sense and sound judgment; the clouds of
K ignorance

ignorance and fear are dispelling; weary of our long continued slavery, we are loosening the chains of ancient prejudices, in order to resume the possession of our lost rights of common sense and freedom. The lights which are so generally spread abroad; the spirit of philosophical inquiry which so universally prevails, the great discoveries it has made of the defects and errors of hitherto generally received opinions, and in short, the storming of the seemingly impregnable fortresses of prejudice and ignorance, which have to this time kept us in subjection; all manifest a strength of thought, a hardiness of intellect, which, though it often may shoot out into a reprehensible audacity, and will take from many the little share of liberty they possess, and the whole temporal welfare of more, as well as now and then a head or two, though it often will give occasion for sophistry and fallacious subtilty to become the logic of the day; yet joined to manly policy, and a due deference to the laws, promises to make our age that of the greatest improvements, and to give the mortal stroke to barbarism and superstition. The useful part of knowledge is no more made a secret in the hands of a few pedants; the thinking part of every nation communicate their ideas to the public in the vernacular tongue, and the most abstracted truths are now rendered comprehensible, and brought home to the meanest capacities. All the great interests of mankind are considered and
animad-

animadverted upon in writings of sense and feeling, which touch the heart and enlighten the understanding; every thing is narrowly inspected and accurately defined; all is business and activity, and all seems to announce a general reformation in the practical as well as the theoretical part of life: this advances in some places with slow and unsuspected steps, in others it emerges at once, like the sun from behind a cloud, and dissipates every obstructing mist. Even in Vienna, and in all the Roman Catholic States of Germany, we see the spirit of philosophy boldly venturing forth; we see it surmount the strongest barriers of idleness and stupidity, and rising victorious in places where the throne of superstition was encompassed by the most hideous clouds of darkness, prejudice, and ignorance. Some years ago, a man of learning came from a foreign country to Switzerland, intending to settle in a land of liberty of opinion; he resided ten days at Zurich, and then left us to go even to Portugal.

Awake and read, is the best aphorism for the cure of prepossession against nations whom we do not sufficiently know; the more we converse or correspond with one another, the less will be our reciprocal contempt. Knowledge produces between nations who have the most rooted aversion for each other, a spirit of amity and love; lessens that mutual national hatred, which cramps the soul;

destroys the barriers of self-interest and jealousy, and, together with an extension of intellect, and a more manly elevation of mind, gives a greater degree of moderation and equity to our judgment of other nations. The learned are all members of the republic of letters, in which, notwithstanding the great inequality which is found in it, no tyrant is allowed nor any oligarchy permitted.

About forty years ago, a stranger, who might have had the impudence to let slip any mention of an English tragedy or comedy in good company at Paris, would have been hissed and hooted at. But now the most sensible Frenchmen allow, that to these bold Islanders we owe the present reigning and judicious system of morality and policy; that they first laboured for the advantage of the many and the interest of the nation; while in France nothing was thought of but wit and frivolity*: in a word, that the English possess as much genius, more energy, and only a little less taste than themselves.

Good English translations of some German writings would at once remove the greatest part of that contempt which the English writers entertain for

* The French translator has, instead of wit and frivolity, "*que des ouvrages d'esprit.*"

the Germans. The time will come, when France will not reproach the Swifs, that a poet among them is as rare an animal and as great a wonder as an Elephant at Paris. It is not unlikely that in England, even now, a Swifs may be supposed to be endowed with the capacity of thinking; but the opinion of our intellectual abilities is generally formed from those ages of devotion and strict attention to propriety, when the first public stews were established in Bern; and when at the same time the caterpillars, which in 1479 had committed great ravages in our Canton, were by the patriotic counsel of the Apostolical Doctor and City Recorder of Bern, Thuring Frikart, summoned by a formal notification, to appear before the Spiritual Court of the Bishop of Lausanne, who in conjunction with his ecclesiastical Counsellors, after a due attention and accurate investigation of the complaint and defence, the reply and rejoinder, anathematized these caterpillars in the name of the Holy Trinity.

Even in Spain, formerly and yet the seat of credulity and superstition, a beginning has been made to command respect, by a sound discussion of the most critical points of belief. Father Isla, a Spanish Jesuit, wrote a few years ago a novel under the title of the History of the highly famous preacher Gerundio of Campazas, surnamed Sotos (i. e. Dunderhead). The reverend brother Gerundio ap-

pears as an epitome of all the extravagances, follies, and holy absurdities, so usual in the Spanish pulpits. It met with the greatest success; for the whole edition of the first volume was sold at Madrid in the space of four and twenty hours, and the author afterwards fell into great penury, which is a sure proof that the nation thought well of his work.

The more sensible part of mankind seems from time to time to adhere less to those opinions which keep them asunder, than to those which draw them together. The toleration of opposite religions, becomes daily more advisable and more practised by princes; and the more money is spent at court, the greater complacency is used towards all improvements in philosophy and humanity; since they all serve to encrease the income of the chamberlain*. The laws in England are so mild with respect to catholics, that they are suffered to have their chapels, their schools, and their priests, together with the liberty of making proselytes, and likewise much influence in the parliamentary elections. The Elector of Mentz founded a short time ago a theological college of the Augsburgh confession in Erfurt. In Rome, strangers of all religions have for a long time been tolerated; for the sake of the

* This relates chiefly to Germany, where books are licensed, and patents are granted by the chamberlains.

money they spend, without being at all disturbed on account of their faith, or being ever required to join in any act of devotion of the Romish Church. The people, who in this respect think exactly as his Holiness, only say with a smile, these folks are so unfortunate as not to believe in God. In Nice, even where the believing populace is the most ignorant and stupid of any in the catholic countries, it is a fact, that the most scrupulous Piedmontese farmer pays dearer for the dung which he gets from the house of a protestant, where flesh is eaten every day, than for that of an honest catholic, who must put up with meagre diet one half of the year; and as to the manure yielded by the Reverend Fathers, the Minims, for that he will not give a farthing. Controversy is, in our times, quite an uncultivated field, since there now are protestants who have directly maintained, that all the most acute systems of polemical divinity are nothing but a collection of reveries, and catholics who can forgive a protestant, if otherwise an honest man, who does not hold as a geometrical truth that Saint Michael reads mass ever monday in heaven.

Over-weening national prejudices have likewise partly subsided, since nations have insisted less upon false points of honour. A very laughable circumstance in the history of my own country will illustrate this truth to the reader,

if he compares the notion of honour then entertained by the Swiss with that we now hold. In the year 1458, the Confederates were invited by the city of Constance to a shooting party; but unfortunately, near the conclusion of the diversion, a Lucerner and a burgher of Constance, being about to shoot for a wager, the Lucerner staked a small piece of money coined in Bern, which is called a *Plappert*; this the other in derision called a *Kubplappert* (that is, a piece of cow dung). This was taken so ill, that the Canton of Lucern immediately urged the whole Confederacy to join them in resenting the injury. The forces of the state affronted, the honour-loving Lucern, aided by those of Unterwald, opened the campaign by the invasion of Thurgaw. They seized on Weinfeld, because the proprietor of that place was a near relation of the aggressor, and laid a contribution on the inhabitants of two thousand florins. The other Confederates prepared likewise for war; the forces of the Canton of Bern were already on foot, and arms were not laid down till the city of Constance restored their pitiful honour to the Swiss by a penitentiary gift of three thousand Rhenish florins.

In our more enlightened days, nations will not so lightly attack each other from such mistaken notions of honour; at least, as long as interest is the

the band that holds them together. Yet Newton will often be called an almanac-maker, and Montesquieu a blockhead, while the French and English struggle with all their power for the mastery of the American trade.

The most inordinate pride must always accompany the most profound ignorance; for none but an empty Parisian would suppose that his fellow citizens were the only thinking beings on earth; and none but a Spanish Eulogist of Saint Roche, would exclaim from the pulpit, in a complaining tone, "How could gracious Heaven permit so exemplary, so great a Saint, to be born a Frenchman!"

the band that holds them together. Yet Newton will often be called an amanuensis, and Mon-aigne a blockhead, while the French and English struggle with all their power for the mastery of the American trade.

The well-instructed pride and civility no longer the mark of refinement; for none but an empty, shallow, and superficial man, his fellow citizens were the only thinking beings on earth; and none but a Spanish Hidalgo of Saint Roque would exclaim from the pulpit, in a condescending tone, "How could gracious Heaven permit to exemplify, to great a gain, to be born a Spaniard?"

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

OF PRIDE GROUNDED ON REAL ADVANTAGES.

THIS pride consists in a consciousness of the excellencies we in reality possess, and a due estimation of them in consequence.

I need not make use of ingenious arguments to prove, that the pride we are about to treat of is essentially different from presumption or arrogance. It is true, both individuals and nations may in one respect be proud, and in another presumptuous or vain; yet, pride is frequently seen unaccompanied by presumption or vanity, and these again, often exist independant and unconnected with pride. In the latter case, it is from ideal advantages that arrogance is formed, and such real advantages as might rationally be expected to produce pride, are contemned and despised; whereas, in the former, a value is only placed on what is really valuable. Arrogance is vain of little advantages; pride of great ones. Arrogance strives for the pre-eminence every where and in every thing; pride leaves

leaves fools to enjoy their own rank. Arrogance makes a man endeavour to be remarkable by his table, clothes, equipage, liveries, &c.; pride makes him trust solely to his own desert. Arrogance acts by mistaken notions of the point of honour; pride, by the principles of genuine honour. Arrogance is fond of shewing its lordliness to inferiors; pride prefers to jostle with superiors. Arrogance is offensive on account of its folly; pride, on account of its understanding and virtue. Arrogance can descend to every baseness; pride does not easily stoop to be mean. Arrogance often begets ostentation; pride, by a little turn of the scale, becomes vanity. Arrogance is in every shape folly; pride becomes folly when it gives way to self-conceit, when it courts esteem and honours, when it exacts as a tribute from the world that praise which must be a voluntary gift, or when it seeks for recompence immediately around itself, requiring it from every one near, and is impatient and peevish at the least delay.

In the pulpit, pride is declaimed against and rejected without exception, often indeed without reason, and consequently without effect; although, on the other hand, two of the best preachers, Spalding and Sterne, have inveighed against it with the most impressive energy. But my object, as may easily be seen, is not to depict
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men as they should be, but as they are; and my chief aim is to exhibit the different ramifications of pride as they appear in man; to examine his nature in order to develop its causes; to particularize and arrange the several appearances of pride as they occur; and to explain their respective effects. From this investigation it plainly appears, that there are two sorts of pride, and many subdivisions belonging to each sort; that therefore the moral philosopher must take care not to confound these two species as in general is done; and that the language which cannot express the consciousness of real worth, in contradistinction to the conceit of ideal advantages, or self-esteem opposed to self-conceit, must be barren indeed.

This consciousness is essentially inherent in the nature of man, although it never has fair play; since self-love ever prevents us from estimating our own advantages by the rule of equity.

In the minds of individuals, it is the sense of inward worth that Pythagoras held to be the greatest incentive to virtue; a sentinel which the author of nature has placed within us, to keep aloof all that is little, mean, and unworthy the greatness of our soul; and, what requires to be particularly attended to, it is a perpetual exhorter to root out our defects. No base, malignant, or criminal thoughts will arise in
us,

us, if we entertain an esteem for ourselves, if we submit all the inclinations of our soul to the tribunal of our judgment, and if we more fear our own condemnation than that of others. The sense of the beauty and dignity of human nature, to which all moral virtue finally tends, seems not able to subsist without this respect for ourselves. Impressed with this sense of his own worth, a man cannot avoid esteeming and valuing himself, but only inasmuch as he makes a part of the community or nation over whom this noble sentiment extends. The esteem for one's self is a curb to all crimes; a libertine clergyman is addressed, "Remember your ecclesiastical dignity;" a magistrate, who judges of the propriety of a complaint in proportion to the greatness of the sum of money which accompanies it, is reminded, "That he sits in the seat of justice." In the last war, when batteries upon batteries, when two, three, and four successive entrenchments were to be forced, the cry was general throughout the ranks of the assailants, "Remember ye are Prussians:" in like manner, the vicious should be called on, "Remember the high destination of man."

The consciousness of the real worth of one's nation, is the same with national pride founded on real advantages; and this pride is a political virtue of no small importance. The sense of the worth

worth of our ancestors, is a spur to emulation. Partaking in the fame of our nation for arts and sciences, we are awakened to the desire of encreasing it. The conviction that we live under a good government, endears our country to us and secures our fidelity. The just pride of a nation, therefore, arises chiefly from its domestic advantages, but not always from the estimation these are held in by other nations. This esteem is sought after by vain nations; and is but little valued by those who are free; the English are not vain, for they do not care what others think of them; when honour is their motive for action, they do not take this motive from the judgment of others; it suffices if they are estimable in their own eyes, or at most in those of their countrymen. Yet vanity is so far connected with this kind of pride, inasmuch as we believe our national fame exalts us individually in the eyes of foreigners.

The pride, therefore, that arises from real advantages, if kept within proper bounds, may be the germ of the greatest elevation of mind. A man, who is wholly diffident of himself, or who by a due self-esteem does not possess a noble confidence in his own strength, is unable to resist common occurrences, and therefore incapable of any great action; he who has not the capacity of appreciating his own qualities, will seldom become an object

object of general esteem. It is only the man who is conscious how far and wherefore he is estimable, and who never loses sight of the calm benevolence towards others which proceeds from modest worth, that can have a high sense of the dignity of human nature. The best founded pride is debased to the dust, if it endeavours to make contemptible what is not so: the best founded self-esteem is insufferable when it denies to others their due measure of respect. Envy, too, can never accompany a proper and noble pride, although it in nowise proceeds from contempt; and, notwithstanding it assiduously endeavours to fix contempt on its object, for it only betrays a fear of being surpassed. A noble mind always feels gratified by the consideration of the worth of others, which gives it a better sense of its own greatness, in proportion as that of others is more preceptible. Real merit is always disposed to emulation, never to envy or jealousy. None but men of very moderate understanding will turn away with disgust, from the contemplation of any thing that bears the stamp of perfection. A man of sense never despises an idiot, for he knows but too well how often he is like him; yet, he despises the fool who endeavours to be of consequence, and boasts when he is an idiot. The virtuous man hates vice, but does not hate the vicious whom he despises. Modesty is the most attractive embellishment of female beauty; but a woman of
exalted

exalted sentiments, who possesses the noble pride of conscious worth, which esteems itself, and has a just claim to be esteemed by others, will despise a heart that is insensible to her real value, and which loves her more for her personal charms than for her mental excellencies.

But I am now led to the contemplation of the noble self-esteem, which whole nations are possessed of; a prospect of greater extent, and requiring a more elevated tone, than the consideration of individual pride, already treated of.

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CHAPTER THE TWELFTH,

OF PRIDE WHICH IS PRODUCED IN A NATION BY THE
REMEMBRANCE OF THE HEROISM AND VALOUR
OF ITS ANCESTORS.

GLOWING representations and animated descriptions of the noble exploits and dangerous enterprises which have been achieved by great men for their country's dearest rights, inspire the most distant generations with a generous pride of ancestral worth, and secure the lasting duration of that heroism which had become hereditary, giving magnanimity even to the effeminate.

The remembrance of the valour which encircled the brows of our ancestors with never-fading laurels, is a perpetual memorial and an unceasing incitement to us, that we should do nothing unworthy of their name; that we should esteem ourselves able to maintain it in all its pristine lustre. If we would imitate the virtues of our progenitors, if we would approach near to their renown, if we would revive their great and glorious days, we must be mindful of our origin, and of the duties it imposes on us;

we must keep our ancestors in view, as our bright examples; their deeds of hardihood and virtue must be the favourite subjects of our sculptor's and our painter's art, an animating fire enlivening the ready eloquence of our orators, and the sublime imaginations of our poets: we must never look on their renown as an inheritance, which we may enjoy in indolence; never indulge in that impatient and jealous pride, which suggests that all must yield to a name of glory, and which is irritated at the preference present merit obtains over former worth. It is then that our fathers live again in their descendants: the spirits of the great and mighty slain beckon us to the battle; the moss-grown cenotaphs and ancient trophies seem to rise before us; the guardian Genii of our nation are seen supporting in the air the shades of the illustrious founders of our fame; and, enraptured by this pleasing vision, even the vanity and frivolity of vulgar minds yield to the thirst of glory: every heart and hand is united in the ardent pursuit of honour; and every soul blazes with true patriotism, and an undissembled admiration of our country's virtue.

The ancients emulously encouraged one another, by the remembrance of the heroic deeds of their ancestors,—to vigilance in peaceful times, and to intrepidity in the hour of danger.—The noble sentiments

ments of the Corinthians, on this subject, are thus expressed by Thucydides: "Your fathers have ascended to fame through rugged, steep, and untrodden paths; let their examples be ever present to you: do not lose by wealth and indolence, what labour and poverty has attained." All were exhorted not to remain inactively listening to the ancient stories, recounted by every nation, of their former advantages, for these are only honourable to those who strive to emulate them, and act only as a foil to the disgrace of those who recede from ancestral worth, since it is more unpardonable to depart from the great examples we have before us, and ought to follow, than to remain insignificant and inactive, without any.

Every thing among the Greeks conduced to plant in their hearts the most heroic courage, by the remembrance of their ancestors, whose principles and sentiments were the spur to the noblest actions. By the view alone of the statues of Harmodius and Aristogiton, the detestation of tyranny was renewed in the hearts of the Athenians, and their gratitude to these courageous champions of their liberty was daily and hourly augmented. They instituted public funeral rites, in honour of those who died for their country; and a pile was erected three days before the completion of the ceremonies, on which the remains of the slain were

publicly exposed to view: and the commonwealth took charge of the maintenance and education of the children of those heroes, till they attained the age of puberty. The lowest Greeks were exalted to a level with their greatest chiefs by a glorious death; their memory was renewed by the most solemn offerings to the latest posterity, and their images were placed next to those of the gods.

Animated with the sentiments these maxims inspired, the Greeks advanced to their enemies. They encouraged one another with the recital of the deeds that had rendered their name famous, before the signal for battle was given, and invoked the departed spirits of their great forefathers to witness their actions on that day, when, proud of the glory they inherited, and worthy of the name they had gained, they resolved either to conquer or die. This noble resolution banished fear from their hearts, and conducted them with erect and cheerful countenances, to the very face of death, in search of honourable danger. The battle of Marathon alone was for many ages afterwards productive of the noblest emulation of equalling their ancestors. On every great occasion they called to mind this signal victory: "Remember the innumerable host of Persians; remember our own invincible little troop," was shouted on every side. We few, we happy few, we band of brothers,
was

was re-echoed from rank to rank. The nervous eloquence of Demosthenes engraved these sentiments on the minds of the Athenians, excited their detestation of the artful king who attempted to undermine the state his arms could not subdue, inflamed every mind with the energetic love of liberty and his country, and stimulated every breast to great and heroic deeds. The Spartans took the field, animated by this spirit of unconquerable attachment to freedom and their country; their armies were small, but victorious. Even the present descendants of the Spartans are the most courageous among the modern Greeks, and, under the despotic sway of the Turks, enjoy some remains of their pristine liberty. It was in order to renew in the Greeks the memory of their glorious ancestors that Agesilaus, when he invaded Asia, embarked at Aulis, the port whence the fleets and armies of united Greece took their departure, to revenge the rape of Helen: and when Alexander landed on that continent, to undertake its conquest, his first care was to awaken in his Greeks the remembrance of their former victories over the Trojans. He repaired to Ilium, and visited the graves of Ajax, of Achilles, and of the other heroes who fell before the walls of Troy: he paid the customary honours to their manes; he celebrated with his attendants games and courses at the tomb of Achilles, sprinkled it with oil and crowned it with garlands.

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garlands. "Happy youth," he exclaimed at the monument of Achilles, "happy, that in thy life thou wert blessed with a faithful friend, and a Homer to immortalize thy valour." Such an avidity for glory, displayed with such masterly art, roused the noblest sentiments in every breast. Alexander sought to be like Achilles, his soldiers like Alexander: and this continual emulation warmed their imaginations and raised their souls far above every terrestrial thought.

"Remember ye are Romans," was the common exhortation of the generals of ancient Rome to their companions in arms: this short harangue sufficed to rouse them to perseverance and indefatigable ardour in the most difficult enterprizes, and to intrepidity and firmness in the most bloody engagements. Filled with the memory of the valour of their ancestors, and impressed with an enthusiastic persuasion of the future greatness of immortal Rome, as immutably decreed by the gods, and announced by ancient prophecies, they subjugated nations, and conquered the world by the powerful influence of their conviction of the superior privileges and advantages which were the birth-right of a Roman citizen.

The Arabians owe the liberty they still retain, to their courage: the Turks have not been able to subdue

subdue them, it is now many centuries; they are even daily extending their conquests. They have established themselves in many parts of Egypt, and neither pay tribute to the Ottoman Porte nor obey his commands; and it is the memory of their ancestors that feeds and nourishes this energy of soul. They hear, from their earliest youth, the deeds of their forefathers recited in their tents: Arabia resounds on every side with martial songs, commemorating those feats of glory; and among its inhabitants, the poet is equally renowned with the hero he celebrates. The poetic pictures of the valour and intrepidity which characterized the golden ages preceding that of Mahomet, are said to possess the same unadorned sublimity we so much admire in the best productions of the Grecian and Roman muse.

These seeds of heroism took still deeper root in the more stiff and rugged soil of northern regions. Those indigenous Scythian nations, who wandered from the banks of the Tanais to Scandinavia, in order to live in ease and comfort, who brought Sweden, Norway, Russia, and Denmark under the dominion of a Scythian family; who insensibly extended themselves through all Germany, and who successively overwhelmed with the horrors of war the flourishing provinces of Gaul, Spain, and, finally,

finally, the whole of the Empire of the West, upon which they poured down like the thickening clouds of a thunder-storm, impelled by the tempestuous blasts of their own northern winds : these, I say, had the same origin, the same laws, the same courage, the same love of liberty, the same attachment to the customs and religion of their forefathers, and the same contempt of death, founded upon the hope of future and eternal happiness.

The customs and institutions of these nations were calculated to animate their sons, by reminding them of the prowess and hardihood of their ancestors. These predominant qualities were held in the highest estimation among them, and the love of war was deeply rooted even in their religion. Their deified Odin, instead of a pure and abstracted notion of God, introduced an entirely sensual system ; he knew how to adapt the Wolupso, which was to form the religious code of the Scythians, to the genius of the nation ; his Heaven and his Hell were solely founded upon a scale of comparative valour ; his laws far exceed those of Sparta, for the forcible injunction of the greatest contempt of death ; the last gasp of their warriors on the field of battle was immediately connected with all those recompences which filled the whole of their imaginations, and suppressed the passion of fear, not by

cool reasoning, or barren logic; but by the irresistible impulse of other more violent and opposing passions.

Odin persuaded the Scandinavians that those who died like their fathers, with arms in their hands, would alone enjoy an happy immortality. To rush on the swords of the enemy, and immediately to enter into the fruition of the promised rewards, were, according to his doctrine, two occurrences which were immediately consecutive. He persuaded them, that their future felicity depended entirely on the shedding of their blood; and, in consequence, that a sick man must on his death-bed procure himself to be wounded, in order to appear bathed in his blood before his gods. Odin himself acted up to his doctrine. The faith that he had propagated during a long and prosperous life, he confirmed by a voluntary death. Apprehensive of the ignominious approach of disease and infirmity, he resolved to expire as became a warrior. In a solemn assembly of the Swedes and Goths, he wounded himself in nine mortal places, hastening away (as he asserted with his dying voice) to prepare the feast of heroes in the palace of the god of war. After his example, the Scandinavians sought the highest pitch of happiness and luxury in blood and death. "Our warriors," say their poets, "search out death with smiles, and embrace it

it with transport ; they are seen in the battle, with their hearts transfixed, falling, laughing, and dying." Lodbrog, a Northern chief, thus exults at the hour of his death : " What undescribable and hitherto unfelt emotions of joy arise in my soul ! I die ! I hear Odin's voice that calls me ; I see the gates of his palace open, the lovely wantons, having their most bewitching charms half revealed to view, trip lightly forth, and beckon me to the banquet ; their azure zones heighten the dazzling whiteness of their bosoms ; they approach, and offer me the most delicious nectar, in skulls still moist with the blood of my enemies."

All other virtues were held inferior to that of courage by the Goths, who indeed despised every thing else ; but most of all ostentation and magnificence. Their women even learnt the use of arms. A princess, who chastised the temerity of a lover by slaying him with her own hand, was a subject of admiration. A young man could scarcely hope to succeed in his courtship, if he had not given public and unequivocal proofs of his courage. The son of a king dared not refuse the combat, which their religion sanctioned, if proffered even by the meanest peasant ; since, conformably to their notions, victory must declare itself in favour of the man who fought for a just cause.

These

These opinions, these deeds, were transmitted to posterity by the first melodious warblings of the Scandinavian poets: these songs were recited to the boys, that their youthful hearts might early imbibe the knowledge of these heroic actions, which they would afterwards be called upon to emulate. They begat, in the souls of the auditors, those wonders I hope to see renewed by the immortal verses of the Tyrtæus of Brandenburg, and which I wish for, from the glowing numbers of his Swiss brother.

The ancient Germans caught the same spirit. Their youth sought honourable death, in the hope of being celebrated by their bards. The most valiant among them, upon his decease, was advanced to the rank of a god; his children and posterity enjoyed the privileges of princes; they received gifts, and a large tract of land was assigned them: these privileges and this property was theirs as long as they were not unworthy of the glory of their progenitor. The beauteous daughters of the Franks * bestowed their favours only on the brave warrior, and their judgment both of the merit and tenderness of his love was founded upon the proofs he had given of his valour; he must have taken prisoners, scaled some dangerous and well-defended

* A nation in Germania. The French translator has it, the lovely women of France, &c.

precipice,

precipice, driven the enemy from some strong entrenchment, ere he could hope to succeed with his mistress; for she would rather behold him a breathless corpse, than safely returned to her disgraced by flight. Hence the harsh din of arms resounded throughout all Germany, and the banners of renown waved over every tomb. Even now, every patriot German treads, with inward emotions of reverence, the ground where the solemn remains of his illustrious ancestors repose in silence; and approaches, with awe, the forest where their fame still hovers round the ancient oaks,

Could the nations of the North, educated in these opinions, avoid that noble esteem of themselves, which their laws, their religion, and their bards so forcibly inspired? If they have not inherited from their forefathers a fondness for softer and more civilized renown, yet they have inherited the noblest examples of manliness of soul, which have been deeply impressed on their ardently emulative minds.

The pride arising from the martial fame of their ancestors, has always been the greatest spur to courage and activity among the most valiant nations. The youthful warriors of the Huns were animated by a species of phrenzy, solely by listening

ing to the vocal melody, which revived and perpetuated the great achievements of their ancestors; a martial ardour flashed from their eyes; they became impatient for battle, and the tears of the old men expressed their generous despair, that they could no longer partake the dangers and glory of the field.

The Japanese were formerly a warlike nation, fond of military renown, and of attempting the most extended and hazardous enterprizes. Their most ancient families were distinguished by a noble and majestic countenance, and all despised death and danger. The pride arising from the glorious reputation of their ancestors was extended even to their children; their mode of education tended to imprint ideas of heroism and valour in their tender breasts; songs of war and victory were the first sounds that reached their ears. In their schools, they were exercised in transcribing the legends of their heroes, and the histories of their progenitors, who had voluntarily devoted themselves to a glorious death.

It was this same pride that in former ages impelled our Helvetians to trample upon the necks of their oppressors, after the longest struggles, and amid impending dangers. A handful of rustics gained them

them liberty. The memory of those rustics glowed in the hearts of the brave Bernians at Laupen; their little band resolved not to die unworthy their Helvetian fame; they advanced to battle; crowned with vine leaves, they chaunted the noble deeds of the founders of their liberty, and dispersed their proudest foes like chaff before the wind. The memory of those rustics occasioned the defeat of the Austrian army at Sembach: their numerous and well-appointed cavalry fled before the intrepidity of a few Helvetians; numbers and discipline were defeated by ardent impetuosity, and the most tremendous apparatus of war yielded to the attack of sickles and ploughshares, in the hands of the sons of freedom. The memory of those rustics filled the hearts of the twelve hundred brave Helvetians, who, not far from Bâle, attacked forty thousand French, committed a great slaughter among them, and disputed the victory with unconquerable intrepidity, till the few remaining of their hardy troop were consumed to ashes among the ruins of a church, into which they had retreated and which was set on fire, they having refused to surrender. The memory of those rustics inflamed the souls of our fathers, who, at Murten, drove the Burgundians before them, as the light sand of the desert before the fierce Typhon and Ecnephia. The memory of those rustics,

rustics, gained, by a thousand immortal actions, before their posterity was degenerated, the confidence of princes, the admiration of Europe, an established peace, and handed down to us for a lasting inheritance, only that Nostalgia* which death alone can deprive us of.

The pride, therefore, that arises in a nation from the glorious reputation and known valour of their ancestors, is an abundant source of inflexible greatness of soul, and the most certain preservative against the pernicious effects of pusillanimity.

* This is a disease almost peculiar to the Swiss. It is a vehement longing after one's native country when absent from home.

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CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

OF PRIDE ARISING IN A NATION, FROM THE REPUTATION ACQUIRED BY ARTS AND SCIENCES.

By the pride above described, I understand that noble self-esteem which a nation possesses from the opinion of its superior talents, either as derived from their progenitors, or from their own exertions.

This self-esteem is a natural consequence of the high opinion entertained of arts and sciences, and of their power over the human heart: it is in fact by their influence that the powers of the soul are unfolded, that the circle of its operations are enlarged, its comprehensive faculties encreased, and every spark of latent genius called into action. A man of an enlightened understanding perceives with ease the vulgar errors of mankind, the prejudiced and vain-glorious ideas of all ages; he alone is able to judge of the wisdom, propriety, truth, and beauty of any sentiment or action. Similar to a being looking down from the Empyrean on this world, he beholds with com-

posure, from his unclouded height, the mass of mankind yet wandering in darkness and error, their mistakes and deviations, and the gloomy tempests that rage in the deep glens below him. The sciences collectively teach the soul duly to appreciate its own greatness, and fill it with disgust for the sanguinary laurels of military fame. Darius was already vanquished, and Asia subjugated, when Alexander wrote to his preceptor Aristotle, that he had much rather be exalted above all mortals by superior knowledge, than by the magnitude of his power; and in Corinth, he had long before declared, that if he were not Alexander, he should choose to be Diogenes.

This noble sentiment is felt by a whole nation, when it has produced a number of eminent men. The memory of those worthies who lived for their country, is as dear to well informed minds as that of the heroes who died for their country. Every nation is proud of its learned men, its philosophers, and its artists, as soon as they have paid their tribute to envy by their death; for those nations who are most vain of their great men when dead, are often the most backward to acknowledge their worth while living. It is only for those who lie mouldering in their graves, and who can no more be objects of jealousy, to enjoy a reputation which envy cannot harm; and with these limitations we
may

may say that the fame of a nation in sciences, proceeds from the fame of some of its individuals, according to the measure of the genius and the ideas of all its members.

Those who have enlightened their country by their talents, who have strengthened it by their philosophy, and adorned it by their genius, are, if I may be allowed the expression, Atlases, who support the name and dignity of their nation, and transmit them unimpaired to future ages. Their noblest part lives and is active when they are no more; and their names and knowledge, snatched from oblivion by their writings, are legacies bequeathed to the whole world. We admire the impressions of their expanded souls, which appear in the memorials which they have left for our astonishment and instruction; in them still breathes their genius; in them still burns the consecrated fire of patriotism; thence it has darted into the breasts of the great men who have succeeded them; thence, even at this moment, perhaps, a spark flies off, which may infuse new life into a whole exanimate posterity; may awaken their regret for having lost the precious inheritance, and, by a contemplation of the sublime eminence whence they have fallen, inflame their hearts with a noble emulation of its grandeur.

The Greeks conceived, that for consolation in adversity, deliverance from danger, the extension of their fame, and the lustre of their actions, they were solely indebted to their sages. In fact, many of the Athenians who fell into slavery by Nicias's unfortunate expedition against Sicily, owed their preservation to Euripides, whose verses they recited to their masters; and in general their literati were so famous, that a King of Persia, when he admitted some Grecian ambassadors to an audience, first of all enquired of them, how the Poet Aristophanes did? Without the father of poetry, Achilles himself would have been buried in eternal oblivion. Raised to the throne by courage and probity, and filled with the animating spirit of Grecian knowledge, Ptolemy Philadelphus made his capital city of Alexandria the metropolitan seat of arts and sciences. He founded the museum, the most ancient and most sumptuous temple ever erected by any monarch, in honour of learning; he filled it with men of abilities, and made it an asylum for philosophers of all descriptions, whose doctrines were misunderstood, and whose persons were persecuted; in whose unfeigned tribute of grateful praise, he has found a surer road to everlasting renown, than his haughty nameless predecessors, who pretended to immortality, and braved both heaven and corroding time by the solid structure of their pyramids,

pyramids, which have outlived the memory of their builders.

Rome arose from conquest to literature, from the knowledge of the worth of valour to the knowledge of the worth of the arts and sciences. The arms of this mighty people had indeed subdued Greece, but Greece could prove to the Romans, that greatness of genius can exalt the slave above his master; and that supereminence is attainable at a distance from the seat of victory and the ruins of demolished thrones.

The fall of the republic seemed to fix the stability of the empire of the arts. The world submitted to the absolute sway of one, and, tired of war and slaughter, the tyrant Augustus became a protector of the muses. Virgil read his poetry to him in the imperial palace; the first minister of state was appointed to relieve him when he became tired of reading; overcome by his divine numbers, Octavia swooned at his feet, and Augustus was melted into tears. The Emperor chose Horace for his favourite, but Horace had the courage to decline that honour. Rome, even in chains, was rendered great and illustrious by its writers, whose renown became that of the empire and its pride.

The admiration so liberally bestowed on their fellow citizens, who had exalted themselves by the greatness of their genius, was the most fruitful nursery for great men, both among the Greeks and the Romans. Athens had erected the busts and statues of its meritorious children in the Ceramicius, and Greece was filled with the like monuments of desert. Their renown assailed on every side minds which burnt with impatience to deserve the same honours. The Roman youth, when they beheld the images of their illustrious ancestors, exposed in public on the celebration of certain solemn ceremonies, were so forcibly struck with veneration for their virtues, that the graves seemed to open and the shades of the dead to appear on earth, in order to teach them, in the language of the immortals, the way to every thing great, sublime, and praise-worthy.

A nation cannot be more powerfully impelled to the love of science and of virtue, than when it contemplates domestic examples of them, with a noble pride of heart. Every nation ought to respect and esteem those by whom it has been enlightened and improved; it ought to reverence their images; to celebrate their memories; and all hearts should glow with the desire of being equally great and illustrious. The pride which arises in consequence of the opinion of the superiority of our talents and

and knowledge above all other people, was accordingly peculiarly prevalent both among the Grecians and the Romans.

Athens, even under Pericles, astonished its neighbours by the master-pieces of its artists and sages. Pericles, who immortalized the memory of his heroes by Phidias's art, who raised the genius of Attica to its highest pitch of elevation by his unexampled eloquence, was the soul of Athens. It is impossible to peruse the travels of Pausanias through this beautiful country, without being penetrated with the most ardent admiration. We listen with rapture to the description of the many master-pieces he enumerates; every spot of Greece teemed with the most exquisite productions of architecture, sculpture, and painting, and the whole in a manly and genuine elegance of taste. Greece produced for a long series of ages great men of every description, who, stimulated by their creative genius, deviated from the beaten track, and struck out new and untried paths to immortality. All their productions bore the stamp of nature in its greatest beauty, and glowed in the colours of truth. Despising the common conveniences of life, they travelled over the remotest lands, to expand and invigorate the powers of their minds. And the vestiges which the Romans have left us of their greatness, and of their desire of eternal fame, in all the

the three continents of the ancient world, are not only monuments of their religious veneration for their great men, but at the same time as many memorials of their own pride.

Italy, England, and France, approach in modern times the nearest to Greece and Rome, by the just estimation of their respective merits in the arts and sciences.

The Italians are, with reason, proud of the reputation of their nation in the arts and sciences. The Italian cities had scarcely reared the standard of liberty, before the light which had previously illuminated Greece and Rome burst through the shades of the Gothic chaos ; the flame of these revolutions vivified the arts and sciences, and produced immortal master-pieces of every kind. By the liberal employ of the riches, an extensive commerce and flourishing manufactures had brought to Florence, and impelled by that desire of fame which patronizes the operations of genius, and gives birth to the noblest designs and actions, this city strove for the attainment of every species of renown. Europe beheld patriotism, sound policy, and military fame, regenerated together with the arts and sciences, the sources of which had so long been dried up during the barbarous ignorance of the middle ages. Florence was before and under the
Medici

Medici what Athens was in the zenith of its glory. Italy, priestly Italy, was of all the European states the first where the fine arts were cultivated, protected, encouraged, and rewarded. From that country were emitted the first sparks which announced and kindled the brightest flame of returning knowledge. A Franciscan monk, advanced to the papal throne, Sextus the Fifth, contributed more to the embellishment of Rome in his short pontificate of five years, than Augustus, the lord and master of the riches of the world, in a reign of forty. From Italy came those sciences which have since produced such abundant fruits in the rest of Europe; to her we are in particular indebted for the fine arts, and it is from her numerous inimitable productions, that we owe the good taste now so universally diffused among us.

The veneration of the Italians for great men essentially contributed to their formation. Florence is crowded with monuments erected to perpetuate their fame, both by the sovereigns and private individuals of the country. The house built by the celebrated Viviani very near Santa Maria Novella, exhibits a striking mark of his gratitude towards the famous Gallileo, whose disciple he always called himself; the front of the house is decorated with the statue in bronze of this renovator of one of the most sublime sciences; and on the pannels,
between

between the windows, are inscribed the dates and particular descriptions of those discoveries with which Gallileo enriched the magazine of knowledge.

The esteem of the Florentines for these monuments erected during the fine age of the arts is so great, that they hold it a kind of sacrilege even to clean, scrape, and polish those images, which, standing in the open air, generally undergo an ablation in the spring. The hundred and sixty public statues, which strike the eye of a stranger, and attract his notice as much as the finest ornaments of the most flourishing city of Greece did Pausanias, are exposed to all the injuries of the weather, and entirely left to the care of the populace, who respect them as sacred relics. This respect descends from parent to child, and is founded on a taste for the sublime and beautiful, which the habit of seeing such things admired and hearing them praised renders natural; and this habitual attachment to the fine arts is so inherent in the Italians, that the ladies of Rome and Florence can discourse with as much propriety on the subject, as ever a German professor did on the science he practises.

The Florentines bear a striking similitude to the ancient Athenians, in the veneration they profess for whatever has any relation to their country.

Florence

Florence is in their eyes with respect to the whole of Europe, what Athens in the famous panegyric of Isocrates is represented to be with respect to all the rest of Greece. They view in Florence every excellence of every kind and every age; and, in regarding other nations, owing to this self-esteem, they behold nothing but barbarity and ignorance; they fancy that they alone have invented, produced, and practised every thing that is useful or agreeable.

Among other incontestable instances of the gross ignorance of foreigners, the Florentines relate with great self-complacency the following story of a Russian nobleman. He was viewing the celebrated collection of Baron Stosch: "And this," said his conductor, "is the bust of my Lord."—"What, is the original so antique?" rejoined the Russian, in the tone of a connoisseur. But nothing can exceed the conduct of the confessor of Charles the Third of Spain, in the library of the Medici: this confessor, a reformed Franciscan or Cordelier, accompanied the young prince when he went to take possession of his Tuscan territories; being the only person in his suite who bore any appearance of scholarship in his dress, the librarian presuming his curiosity could be no better satisfied than by the view of that superb collection of books, one of the most brilliant memorials the munificence of princes had dedicated to

to literature, immediately waited on him with a respectful invitation to see the library of the Medici. He accepted the invitation, and appointed a day; the librarian had assembled all the most eminent literati of Florence, who being joined by the confessor, he proceeded with this splendid retinue towards the library. On coming to the door, he stopped short, cast a vacant look round the saloon, and turning to the superintendant, said, "Pray Mr. Librarian, have you got the book of the seven Trumpets here?" The librarian replied, that it was not in the collection, and the whole learned company were obliged to confess with some confusion, that they were unacquainted with such a book; upon which the confessor, turning his back upon the library, declared that the whole of it was not worth a single pipe of tobacco. It was afterwards discovered, that this book of the seven Trumpets was a collection of the most improbable devout stories, wrote in Spanish, by a Monk of the order of St. Francis, the translation whereof forms part of the contents of those books printed in France under the title of *Bibliothèque Bleue*.

But Italy, once the empress of the world, is now the scene of desolation and rapine, and dependant upon those nations who were formerly her slaves; once the protectress of all arts and sciences, she is now reproached with slumbering over her faded

laurels; she is now again reduced to a state of insignificance, from the height to which the founders of her modern fame, Gallileo and Columbus, had raised her; by the discovery of new worlds on earth by the latter, and in the heavens by the former; the seeds from which those truly great men sprung are yet in existence, but torpid and inactive, without a shoot, or without a single leaf of honour. The Italians have for near a century ceased to be like themselves. They have before their eyes master-pieces of art and models of good taste, examples of the talents of their ancestors; but these precious remains are an unprofitable heap to them, and neither kindle the fire of genius, nor incite the labouring hand of industry to emulation. We must not visit Italy for the sake of the Italians, but for the sake of the country they inhabit.

These reproaches, it is true, are carried rather too far, and are the more grating to the Italians, as there are few nations so sensible of the esteem of foreigners. Philosophy, mathematics, physics, natural history, the art of medicine, and the fine arts, are nearly as flourishing in Italy as in France or England. Most of the Italian universities make it their study to prevent the prostitution of the sublimest sciences, by the trite and dry application of them, to the injury of mankind, which has so long prevailed in the seminaries of monkish learning. Both the nobility

nobility and the higher orders of the clergy think it not beneath them to rival one another in every species of human knowledge; while at the same time, as well through the whole of Italy as at Rome, the common people are completely ignorant and unprincipled, and have no other opportunity for instruction, than the very seldom occurring executions of malefactors. The taste for solid knowledge encreases every day in Italy; many of their authors write with freedom, and their ideas are not invariably fettered to ancient prejudices. The modern Italian philosophers break the bands of hierarchy and despotism, with an almost unexampled boldness. We need only read the work of a noble Italian, on the reformation of Italy, the treatise on crimes and punishments of the immortal Beccaria, the Coffee-house, an Italian weekly publication, in comparison with which the English Spectator seems to be only written for women; the reflections of an Italian on the church in general, on the regular and secular clergy, and the head of the church; and we shall be ashamed of harbouring the thought that Italy is totally deprived of genius.

In all the sciences and almost in all the arts, the English are as eminent as men can be, and, as we may easily perceive, are too conscious of their excellence. By the honours they confer on their meritorious country-

countrymen, they give the most convincing proof how proud they are of their merit.

In no country of the world are rank, birth, and every thing that is not personal, held so essentially different and distinct from merit. In Germany, on the appearance of a stranger, the first question is, "whether he is a nobleman?" in Holland, "has he money?" but in England, "what sort of a man is he?" In the reign of Henry the Eighth, a lord complained to the king of an affront he had suffered from the painter Holbein: "Let Holbein alone," said the king, "for I can whenever I please make seven lords of seven plowmen, but I cannot make one Holbein of even seven lords." A minister of state, in England, is a kind of intermediate being, between an angel and the worst of the human species. The Earl of Chatham is deified by some, and ill-spoken of by others, and yet merit is no where else in the world so justly appreciated as in England. This people, often so turbulent and unruly under the pretence of liberty, forego hatred, enmity, sect, and party when they are called upon to reward great talents. Where the ashes of their kings repose, there repose likewise those of their heroes, of their poets; and of their men of genius of every description. The remains of an actress, which in France have no better receptacle than a dunghill, are interred in

England next to those of the greatest statesman. Newton received in this nation, fertile in great men, extraordinary honours when living, and after his decease he was carried in regal pomp to this silent repository, sacred to the memory of monarchs and departed genius. The honours so liberally bestowed upon great talents in England, have in every age induced the noblest among its peers to interweave the bays with their coronets; and the most abstruse disquisitions are as common in daily conversation there, as disputes concerning a new head-dress, or a fashionable ragout in France.

The English owe the greater degree of liberty they enjoy above other nations, to the superiority of their knowledge. Animated by a spirit of freedom, of which no adequate idea can be formed, even in most republics, they fasten upon the sciences as a tyger on its prey; they meditate on the great interests of nations, and of mankind, with the most daring expansion of thought; they are ever taken up with great objects, and ever doing great things. Ignorance and error shrink from the penetrating vision of their genius; arbitrary power trembles before their vigorous investigation of its principles, while the authority of the law alone stands immoveable and sacred. The greatest part of such nations as are free, think and act but by halves; while on the other hand, the English
soar

soar with a steady flight to the skies, because their wings are not clipped, neither are they called back by the lure of the falconer.

The merits of the French, with which they themselves are well acquainted; very often burst forth with transcendent splendour. We are too much accustomed to see them in a ridiculous point of view; whereas an eulogium upon them would be more easily composed than a satire.

The present men of genius among them are supereminently great. They seem at once adapted to every thing worthy the attention of man: they scan the heavens, and possess the greatest refinement of sensibility; they claim our admiration when they enlarge our ideas on the most abstruse sciences, and our tears when they charm us with an affecting narrative of misfortune; and all their writings possess the most inimitable elegance. Order, method, and energetic perspicuity are their own; every thing superfluous, low, or trivial is banished from their plan; every thought is placed in its most advantageous light. Even when they superficially and lightly approach the outworks of science, they do it with such penetration, that they seem at every step to pierce into the deepest sanctuaries of knowledge. They decide with dignity, and dispute with mildness; and above all other nations,

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they

they possess the invaluable art of being both philosophers and men of the world, studying by the midnight lamp, and at the same time avoiding pedantry.

The French have in particular given the sciences an attic elegance. Their drama, considered altogether, surpasses that of every other modern nation; and they have brought to greater perfection than any other people, the most useful and most agreeable of all arts, that of good manners and sociability; they have carried natural philosophy, politics, commerce, finances, and the imitative arts to their greatest height. The numerous institutions and rewards for learning of every kind in France give it a striking advantage, awakening diligence and emulation; and, to these, France owes the exalted degree of renown it has attained in astronomy, and in tactics: philosophy is advancing with rapid strides among them; all mankind at present think on every thing, and the French as much as any other nation. Did their great men not bow their heads so low to a sex, who highly prize whatever is trifling, and ridicule whatever is truly great, to a sex, to whom we will gladly resign the empire of the heart, provided they leave us that of the mind, still more might be expected and derived from them.

There is another sort of equitable self-esteem, which arises from the awakening of a people to a sense

sense of their own natural advantages; and though the benefits which accrue from it are often misunderstood and cried down, it nevertheless embraces, in my opinion, every thing that can be called great and noble. I mean that spirit of liberty which the writings of the English have created and cherished in the hearts of the French; and which instils into the soul of a Parisian philosopher, in his attic dwelling, on the seventh story, the just and necessary pride due to the true dignity and freedom of his character as a citizen of the world.* This spirit does honour to human nature,

* The French translator has here as follows: “ Je parle de l’esprit de liberté que les chef-d’œuvres de l’Angleterre communiquent aux François, & qui donne nécessairement aux philosophes de la France le juste orgueil qu’*autorise la dignité du gouvernement sous lequel ils vivent.*” “ I mean that spirit of liberty which the writings of the English communicate to the French, and which necessarily gives the philosophers of France that just pride which *the dignity of the government under which they live authorises.*”— And a little lower down: “ Les Anglois regardent les François comme un peuple d’esclaves, tandis qu’ils sont pour la plupart aux pieds du trône aussi libres *que les Anglois, qui se piquent le plus de jouir de cet avantage.*” “ The English look upon the French as a nation of slaves, while for the most part they are at the foot of the throne as free *as the English, who pique themselves the most upon the possession of this privilege.*” The next sentence which relates to some of the writers of the Encyclopædia, he omits wholly; and the following paragraph throughout is equally translated with the same prejudice, betraying either an evident fear of giving offence, or the grossest partiality, highly injurious to the province of translation.

and administers consolation and encouragement to depressed humanity, while employed in removing, with a tender but steady hand, the film of prejudice from the eyes of mankind. The English preposterously think the French are a nation of slaves; but it is ridiculous to despise them as slaves, for there are many Frenchmen, even at the foot of the throne, who have souls as free as the freest Englishman; and there are some of the writers of the *Encyclopædia* who are more determined republicans than most of the jurists either in Holland or in Switzerland, and they are publicly known to be such, and are yet respected.

Most of the parliaments of France examine and ascertain the true interests of the nation and of the king, with a noble and unshackled eloquence; they lay before the throne the blessings and the love of all ranks, in order to procure security, peace, and the hope of better days to the palaces of the great, and the cottages of the poor. Their hearts are not cast down by oppression; their souls are capable of the greatest and noblest sentiments; and they are ready, at the risk of their own ease, of their wealth, and of their places, undauntedly to utter the voice of reason and of truth. This species of liberty consists in the uncontrolled exercise of one's faculties; it does not owe its origin to a form of government, but to sound judgment and philosophy; and is so much

much more laudable than that species necessarily arising from the political constitution of a country, in proportion as it has greater difficulties to surmount. A nation, therefore, may be justly and greatly proud of its liberty of opinion, when it does think with freedom, and not because it may.

The merit of individuals in the arts and sciences, therefore, produces in a nation a very justifiable pride, which, as long as it is kept within proper limits, elevates the mind, banishes superstition and ancient prejudices by the aid of philosophy and sound judgment, and exalts the spirit of liberty the more the various principles and opinions of a nation are canvassed and investigated.

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 amined and investigated.

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

OF PRIDE PRODUCED IN A NATION BY ITS CONSTITUTION.

IN the same manner as we contemplate with awe, an august temple in its ruins, so do we reverence that frame and constitution of things, existing in our peculiar country, even until the last moments of liberty.

The pride that is produced in a nation by its frame of government, I define to be the sense of the high and pre-eminent value of its constitution. A wild, headstrong, lawless youth prefers a democratical government; a cunning and intriguing man, a monarchy; the self-interested, that government which insures the greatest personal profits to himself; a noble and philanthropic soul, that under which the greatest number of men are rendered happy and prosperous: but in general we may observe the most deeply rooted, and, in my opinion, the best founded pride, in those countries whose inhabitants are most subordinate to duty, and least so to each other; and where, for that reason, as much

much civil liberty may be found as is consistent with the existence of society.

It is extremely difficult for every government to inspire its subjects with a sense of its own peculiar excellence; but it is not difficult for subjects to love the constitution of their country; which always ought to be an object of respect and veneration. A man of sense may find happiness under every moderate government; one spark of inward content is sufficient to embellish all around him. We often see complaints urged against the best governments; but we ought to consider, that the beneficial fruits of laws, and of the administration of government, are in general invisible, and never immediately apparent; while, on the contrary, the smallest and most unavoidable evils are instantly perceptible, and are converted by exaggeration and misrepresentation into the most frightful phantoms to appal the brainless populace.

We may be happy under the shelter of civil liberty, both in republics and in monarchies; in the former, indeed, by right, in the latter by chance; and in fact, equally so in every country where wholesome laws are the rules by which men are governed, or where the will of a just and enlightened prince is the supreme law.

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH,

OF REPUBLICAN PRIDE,

IN all republics we may find this pride ; but I do not here allude to those in which republicans may in vain be looked for at mid-day with a candle and lanthorn.

I call a republican, the man in whom the love of freedom, of his country, and of the laws, together with the execration of despotism, are predominant. Others may give a very different definition ; but, if mine should be the true one, it cannot be denied that there may be great and genuine republican souls in monarchies, as well as abject and servile ones in republics.

Pride in republics, is the consciousness of the liberty, equality, and security we enjoy under a republican government. Liberty is that state of mankind in which our actions, if they are just, and founded upon rational principles, cannot be controlled by any external force. Our will to perform,

perform, however, must be subject to our reason, for we cannot will any thing without a motive. If a man, in this state of society, wills any thing that is bad, there is always a power withstanding him, which prevents the execution of his will, if he listens to its dictates; but by this power he is not deprived of his civil liberty; for freedom, in a state of society, only allows us to satisfy our real necessities in an irreprehensible manner; if in any state it allows of more, it degenerates into licentiousness: and this idea of liberty, is perfectly descriptive of the situation of a republican; he wills as long as his will is not repugnant to the laws.

Mules tread with a sure foot, along the brink of a precipice, and they are, therefore, in such places, left to their own guidance: but man is not so fortunately gifted; for, without the restraint of law, liberty could not exist in a state of society. The will is more frequently guided by the blindness of instinct, than by the sober light of reason; and the law itself is, therefore, often not sufficiently coercive to keep men within due bounds: on which account, it has been found necessary in all republics, to confide in a number of citizens who have deserved well of their country, or are esteemed worthy to serve it, the care of watching over the laws, of carrying them into execution, and of changing and new-modelling them,

them, as a change of circumstances and times may require. Liberty, therefore, does not consist in having no power on earth superior to ourselves, but in this superior power not existing in the arbitrary will of one. Where this power resides in the absolute will of many, there ought to be such provisions in the law, by which one will always be prevented from mastering or controlling the others: where there are such laws, the most eminent man is but the first subject of the law; and wherever no one is exempt from its sway, none can be the slave of another.

Those constitutions which are most free, have always required the strictest obedience, because freedom can only be supported by the maintenance of the laws. In order to accustom the people to submission to the law, in the most trifling and indifferent matters, the Ephori of Sparta, on their entrance into office, had it proclaimed, by the sound of a trumpet, that every Spartan should cut off his whiskers; for they were anxious to have all their laws observed with the same willingness and readiness, as that which permitted a young fellow to ask leave of an old man, who might have a youthful wife, to beget him a child.

Hence, republican liberty leaves man in the possession of his original rights, so far as he can enjoy them compatibly with the rights of society. The exemption

exemption from that miserable fate which makes man, sunk from his inherent dignity, submit to be a slave, not indeed because he wills, but because he must, strengthens the soul, expands the understanding, and enlarges the ideas, giving to every faculty, fire, vigour, and energy. Pure liberty is only found in the noble bosom that abhors all chains, whether the golden ones of kings, or the iron ones of republics, which do not admit even a superficial gilding. Every free soul at court fights after black bread and liberty. Here its all-vivifying energy produces a certain natural artless eloquence, on which depends the most important civil and political concerns; as it is the most proper instrument, sometimes to appease the multitude, sometimes to rouse, often to convince, but oftener to persuade. There its mild and benevolent power extends over philosophy, for those who entirely disrobe truth, must of necessity approach the nearest to it.

Equality is held to be the exclusive advantage of those republics, where every member of the commonwealth can arise to the first dignities of the state; where their election depends upon the people in general; and where those dignities are not in any case hereditary. But the system of absolute moral equality among men is false and absurd, because society can only esteem a man according to the probable proportion of his ability to contribute towards

towards the public good, and because even the possible proportion of that ability does not at all keep pace with the number of men; for there is always a much greater number of citizens than of statesmen, or men of parts. A single citizen, who has saved his country, is worth a hundred thousand others, and he ought to have as much sway as that hundred thousand. By a situation of legal equality, therefore, I understand, in general, that situation in which every member of the state is equally secured from every species of violence, and therefore naturally proud of his equality in point of personal liberty, and his superiority in that respect to the subject of a monarchical form of government.

This equality is observable in all free countries, where the little do not stand in awe of the great, but both yield obedience to the laws whose subjects they are; where a man is not accounted a criminal, because he may have incurred the anger of a grandee, and where the poor are looked upon as making part of mankind. The founders of the ancient republics thought absolute equality so indispensably necessary, that they divided the land they possessed in equal shares to every citizen: a potent measure, but which in these times would be chimerical and impracticable, to augment the love and fidelity of every member of the commonwealth,

wealth, towards his country. In former times, the acquisition of too great personal consideration was looked upon as a crime against the state; because, wherever any one was exalted above the law, all others must be dependent on him. The punishment of the Ostracism was introduced by the Athenians, solely with the view of securing the republic from the predominancy of great men over the lower class. Proceeding on the same principle, the Venetians once condemned one of their magistrates to death, because he had, of a sudden, appeased a very dangerous sedition; for, they said, "he who can so easily pacify such an insurrection, is able to raise one at any time." For the same reason, in some modern republics, no man can with impunity be noble, wealthy, just, or eminent for his talents. Instead of striving with a competitor worthy of rivalry, a great man finds a competitor in every fool: and for this reason, a peasant of the canton of Appenzel once shrewdly remarked to my friend, the worthy Dr. Hirzell, "that the inhabitants of a certain republican city had cut off the head of one of their fellow-citizens, because it was the only head among them."

In some modern republics, the legal inequality of rank and consideration is concealed as much as possible under the appearance of equality; the chief men treat each other as if they were all of the same rank,

rank, equally wealthy, and all upon a level with respect to understanding and virtue. In republics, superior merit, unscreened by the reverence which in monarchies is attached to the privileged orders, is always the prey of envy, wherefore the chiefs treat the subjects of their republic, collectively, with affability, courtesy, and love; they seem all to affect those beneficent virtues, which proceed from an enlightened understanding and are the true cause of the preference given to rule over happy and free men rather than over a herd of slaves. The Carnival was merely instituted at Venice with a view of hiding the great inequality of conditions in that republic, for a few months in the year, under masks of the same kind; and even Cosmo de Medicis exercised his power in Florence, over a people who esteemed liberty as Heaven's best gift, without any exterior mark to distinguish him from the other citizens, and as he himself used to say, in an old great coat.

The self-esteem of a republican, which has the justest foundation, is that arising from the sense of personal security. This advantage is seldom found in democracies, where a state of uncurbed freedom is generally a feverish paroxysm, in which the body politic cannot long remain. This security did not exist in the Grecian states, where every thing submitted to the caprice of an haughty, blind, and

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passionate multitude, pushing all their passions to excess, and condemning in rage to-morrow, what they approved with rapture to-day. This advantage was, above all, wanting at Athens, where the power of the mob was unlimited, and the authority of the magistrates an empty name; where the commands of the council were eluded, and its decisions annulled, when they happened not to coincide with the opinions of an insolent populace, whose assemblies were often nothing but a solemn invitation to the perpetration of iniquity.

On the contrary, in republics of a mixed constitution, we may with justice look for security, and especially in those aristocratical states which, by the stability of their laws and the splendor of their government, most resemble a limited monarchy; and which, for that very reason, are preferable to all other republican constitutions. Under such an administration, every individual is sure of justice; and the summary mode of doing one's self right by the stiletto, or a pocket pistol, is solely in vogue on the other side the Alps, where justice is either too slow or too expensive. Each preserves his own property, and thinks himself happy because he cultivates his field for himself, and pays nothing for that liberty which is elsewhere obtained, only by submitting to the most exorbitant exactions. Lord and master of himself and his property, he

has to account to no one for his income, or his expenditure; and is amenable to no authority but that of the law, for what he does, or what he neglects; and to talk of the absolute will of one, excites his derision. A nobler pride, therefore, cannot arise in the breast of a republican, than when he considers the abject situation of the subjects of despotism, depending entirely on the blind will of one.

Despotism in a state, is like malignity in bodily diseases; sometimes it is the chief ailment, at others, only an adventitious symptom. But whenever one individual obtains the power, he generally acquires at the same time the will of becoming a tyrant, for most men are too fond of fashioning law after their own will. The desire of commanding over our equals, is the reigning passion of the human soul; and the rage of superiority resides in every heart, but mostly where it is accompanied by a weak head. That republic, however, will soon be enslaved by a tyrant, where men are base enough to shew a cringing submission to the opinions or consideration of one man, whatever pre-eminent advantages he may enjoy above the rest of the community. There are instances of this in many petty cities, pretending to be free, in which the whole little body of the state, notwithstanding their boasted independence, follow, like a flock of sheep,

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the opinions and will of one alone ; and where this sort of tyranny is looked upon as a family right, nay an inheritance, which may pass down unimpaired even in the female line : But we need not be very quick-sighted, to perceive what actuates those spirits in places of the above description, who are implacable and sworn enemies of all the patriots of Europe; and who maintain, with brazen foreheads, that whoever stands up in favour even of constitutional liberty in a free country is literally a rebel.

But I do not mean, at present, to treat of any other kind of despotism, than that surrounded by guards, which sits on the thrones of kings, on the seats of princes, or, at least, in their neighbourhood; under whose iron sceptre, all who unfortunately live within its reach, must bow, and whose principles and actions they are forced to approve, however repugnant or inimical to the happiness, or even to the existence of a whole nation.

In such countries, it is the tyrant alone who is allowed to have a will ; and he does all he wills, even while he wills nought but what injures the rights of man. Whatever he covets, must be conformable to divine and human laws ; and he but seldom desires what is not prohibited. Cambyfes, the successor of Cyrus, wished to marry his own sister, and inquired of his sages, whether there was

no law by which such a marriage could be allowed? These lawyers, not less ingenious and subtle than those of modern times, replied, "There is no law that permits the marriage of a brother with his sister, but there is one that says, whatever a king thinks shall be law."

This is the sole rule of despots; as well of him who sits on a throne, as of him who fills the intermediate space between the monarch and the subject; or even of those tyrants in miniature, a despotic nobility, possessing power of life and death over the peasantry attached to the soil like cattle. Unacquainted with the feelings of humanity, a tyrant looks down on his subjects as beasts of the field, sent into the world to be miserable, and to live and die under his yoke, as animals which he feeds because they are adapted to hard labour; which he has care taken of when they are sick, because they are useful when in health; which he fattens, that he may consume their fat; and which he in the end flays, to make their hides serve to harness others under the same yoke.

It is in consequence of this, that the subjects of a despotic government make so beggarly an appearance; their dwellings are on this account cramped, their furniture mean, their whole appearance penurious and squalid, and both themselves and their

cattle the living images of famine; not even a dog is to be found in tolerable plight; the gardens, the groves, the bushes are destitute of their feathered songsters; all is solitary and forlorn; the poor birds fly far away to happier climes, to avoid the eager pursuit of the half-starved peasants, whom stern necessity often renders expert fowlers. The fields lie uninclosed, and are tilled with reluctance and sorrow. No cheering prospect of meadows or of cultivated fields relieve the eye; no barns, no cow-houses, no hillocks of rich manuring dung, no horses for the plough, which, on the contrary, is dragged o'er the half-furrowed fields by a lean ass, a lame cow, and an old goat, yoked together; and to complete the picture of misery, behold in the back ground, the husbandman either driven to despair and suicide, or to rage and murder, by the oppression and cruelty of this arbitrary government.

How shall the prince, reposing in the lap of luxury and ease, perceive the distresses, the wants, and the universal despondency of his famished and desolate provinces? He acquires his revenue with tranquillity and composure, as long as any thing is offered. Every thing that surrounds him conspires to shut his eyes and ears to the tears and groans of his people; and the most reasonable complaints urged against his counsellors are punished as offences against majesty itself. His agents do not cease tell-
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ing him, he may and can do whatever he pleases, in order that he may allow them to do what they please; they continually assure him his people are happy, even at the moment they are busy in squeezing the last drop of sweat and blood out of them: and if they sometimes take the ability of the nation into consideration, their view is only to calculate how many moments it can live under their gripe, without entirely giving up the ghost.

The above is a true picture of Morocco, since the Cheriffs have brought it under their yoke; the religion, the laws, the ancient customs, the prejudices imbibed by the Moors, all contribute to render the power of the monarch absolute and unlimited; and the subjects, a despicable herd, a flock of timorous sheep, without activity or will. His power extends not only over their lives and property, but likewise over their consciences; of which, as representative of their holy prophet Mahomet, he is the spiritual director. The people are educated from their infancy in the notion, that to die by the command of the emperor, confers an undoubted right to the joys of Paradise; and the honour to be dispatched by the emperor's own hand, a diploma for a more exalted degree of beatitude. This explains the otherwise unaccountable instances we see in Morocco of cruelty, oppression, and tyranny on one side; and of slavery, submission, and misery

on the other. The emperor is both legislator and judge, and, when he is in the humour, the executioner too, of his people; the sole heir of their possessions, of which he grants to the nearest relations as much as he thinks fit. Yet he allows a shadow of authority, in matters of religion, to the Mufti; and he graciously permits his meanest subject to institute a suit at law against himself, in which the plaintiff is not only sure to be nonsuited, but also to be involved in the most unavoidable perdition.

Muley Ismael, emperor of Morocco, killed with his own hand, during the time he reigned, forty thousand of his subjects: yet he was in a very particular manner attached to justice. One of his officers complained to him that his wife, when in ill-humour, had a custom of pulling him by his beard; and the emperor was so provoked at the impudence of this woman, that, in order to prevent her from again offending the majesty of his officer's countenance, he caused the hairs of his beard to be plucked out, one by one, by the roots. He once saw another of his officers on the road, driving a flock of sheep before him: "Whose sheep are these?" interrogated the emperor; the officer replied with the deepest reverence, "O Ismael, son of Elcheriff, of the seed of Hassan, they are mine." "Thine, villain?" said the servant of the
Lord,

Lord, as the emperor is styled, "thine? I thought I was the only proprietor in my dominions:" and immediately, thrusting his lance through the heart of the unfortunate sheep-driver, divided his flock among his guards. The only good deed that Muley Ismael seems to have done in his life, was the deliverance of his empire from numerous bands of robbers; but even this only good action bore the stamp of his sanguinary character. He ordered the massacre of all the inhabitants, men, women, and children, of a wide extent of country, round every place where a robbery had been committed. When he gave audience to foreign ministers, he was usually on horseback, in an open court; round him stood his several officers barefooted, trembling, bowed to the ground, and, at every word he uttered, they repeated in chorus, "Great is the wisdom of our Lord, and the voice of our Lord is as the voice of an Angel from Heaven." But their Lord never dismissed an ambassador till he had given him ocular demonstration of his readiness and dexterity in murdering some of his subjects; and this entertainment generally concluded the ceremonies of audience.

Though all tyrants, it is true, do not act exactly like Muley Ismael, yet they go upon the same principle, that their will is the only law. I shall spare myself the chagrin of citing examples of christian princes,

princes, whose pleasure seems rather to consist in procreating their species, than in exterminating it ; but who, in every other instance, are as lawless transgressors against humanity, but have not the candour to declare, what John Galeas Duke of Milan said, “ that he extirpated the robbers that infested his territories, only in order to be the only one of that vocation.”

But Asia is the quarter of the globe where tyranny is ever wakeful and ever predominant, deeply fixing the eternal principles of destruction, under the pretence of momentary advantage ; granting but the wretched consolation of tears and lamentations to the nations it devours, that the great and their instruments may live in plenty and security, who repay with interest, to the defenceless people, those lashes they receive from their lord. Property in land has been set aside in Turkey, Persia, and the Mogul empire : the governor of a province says, “ Why should not I be a wolf, for I am master of the sheep-fold ? ” The countryman says, “ Wherefore shall I labour for a tyrant, who will to-morrow plunder me of what I have to-day earned by the sweat of my brow ? ” When the Turkish bashaws travel, they are not content with eating the peasants out of house and home, consuming whatever is consumable ; but, when with their numerous attendants their bellies are well filled, they are uncon-

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scientious enough to exact a contribution in money, which they call tooth-money, or an acknowledgment for the use of their teeth, which they have worn down by granting the farmer the honour of devouring his victuals. Hence the dreadful pictures travellers give us of the present situation of the Asiatic states; hence they say, that the formerly so happy Mosopotamia, blessed Palestine, and the admired plains of Antioch, are now almost as miserable and as barren as the modern Campania of Rome; which is naked and desolate, destitute of inhabitants, without inclosures, without corn-fields, without a tree, without a bush, without houses, nay nearly without even a bramble.

The power of the emperor of China is, in that civilized and praise-worthy country, absolute and unlimited; he represents a sort of deity; and the veneration shewn towards him approaches near to adoration; his discourses are listened to as oracles, and his decisions are followed as if they came immediately from the highest Heaven. In Persia, the commands of the king are punctually executed, although his majesty might happen to be drunk when he issued them. In Japan, it would be thought a derogation to the imperial dignity, if the emperor was to inflict any punishment less than death.

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The vicissitude of fortune is no where so great as under despotic governments. Persian princes of the blood royal were compelled to become school-masters and ushers; and Kouli Khan left many of his ministers no other resource for their daily bread. The great men at court are hourly deprived of their places at Constantinople; and the longest life of those who are the most fortunate there, is nothing but a life of uncertainty, suspicion, and fear. Under the last dynasty in China, princes of the imperial blood were actually seen in the condition of porters, and only distinguished from others of the same vocation by their belts and cords being of yellow silk, which colour is exclusively permitted to the Imperial family.

A cane, in China, supplies the place of the law. The courts of justice of this great empire cause their paternal corrections, as they are called, to be administered in twenty hard blows, which people of rank must submit to as well as the lower orders. The smallest oversight in words or gestures is punished with the bastinado; and when the offender is sufficiently cudgelled, he falls on his knees before the judge, bows his forehead thrice to the ground, and gives thanks for the care taken for his instruction and amendment.

The power of the emperor of China rests, like that of all other tyrants, upon the dastardy of his subjects;

subjects ; their abjectness is so great, that slavery is not even thought disgraceful. An opulent Tartar or Chinese mandarin has many slaves in his service, he himself is the slave of another greater court lord, and this last again the slave of the emperor. The Chinese in chains have lost every thing, even the wish of breaking them.

Despotism is said to have no where been so mild and moderate as in the kingdom of Tanjour, on the coast of Coromandel. Raguola Naicher, who occupied this throne in the last century, was so just and equitable that his memory is still revered ; he took but two thirds of the fruits of the earth from his subjects, and in the night he caused search to be made after such as might stand in need of relief.

A true republican must therefore necessarily be justly proud of a government under which he enjoys liberty and security, when he considers, that in the moral as well as the physical world there are large and small pismires, between whom there exists such an inveterate and inborn hatred, that the great never rest till they have exterminated the little ones.

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CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

OF PRIDE IN MONARCHIES.

I HAVE somewhere read, that men are seldom fit to govern themselves, and that their vanity submits with less reluctance to the dominion of one, than the equality of many.

These are not the opinions entertained in republics on this head; but in this Chapter I shall depart a good deal from my own ideas, and offer in lieu of them, the observations and opinions of subjects of monarchical states, in order to explain more clearly how that form of government can elevate the heart.

By pride in monarchical states, I understand, the elevation of mind felt by a whole nation, when it finds itself peculiarly happy in the person of its sovereign; the power of doing good without limitation, the power of doing evil without the will, promises a golden age to the people as long as the will of the monarch is directed by great and good views.

views. The glory of that empire, which in Europe most looks up to its king, will always be superior to that of any other empire on earth, as long as its king is what he ought to be.

The subjects of a monarchy are, in our times, by no means all abject creatures, unless by their absurd cowardice they make themselves so. We now see benevolent monarchs filling European thrones, friends to the pacific virtues, to the arts and sciences; fathers of their people, crowned citizens; and ministers at their sides, who equally deserve a crown. The ancients had no idea of the temperate system of our monarchies; their governments were either entirely republican, or entirely despotic. They did not know that the time would come when those barbarous ages would be no more, when a tyrant assumed an absolute control over our thoughts and actions; and that the subject of a monarchy could be as much a citizen, as the citizen of the freest republican state is a subject. They did not know that the time would come when the same might be said of limited monarchies, which they boasted of in their republics, that not man but law was the sovereign. They did not know that order, system, and perseverance could exist under the shade of monarchical power; that property might be secured, and that we may sit down in the circle of our duties at ease, and duly attend

attend to them; while all the arts flourish around us, every thing excites to emulation; and the sovereign may live in the midst of his people like a father among his children.

It is a discovery of the present age, that a certain spirit of freedom can exist under a kingly government. The spirit of liberty of a Montesquieu, a d'Alembert, an Helvetius, a Mably, a Chalotais, a Thomas, a Marmontel, and so many other Frenchmen of the first rank in literature, is the greatest satire on the notion entertained by some respecting republics; and it tends to prove that monarchy produces sometimes as great effects, and contributes as much to universal felicity as republicanism itself. All depends immediately upon the king in person, or upon his prime minister. We always see that their manners have as much influence on liberty as the laws; that they can turn men into beasts, and beasts into men; that they will have subjects when they love free souls, and slaves when they prefer base and sordid minds. The Duke of Choiseul's name and memory will be cherished by the latest posterity; for he has required some of the best heads in France to examine the principles of his administration, and to judge of its effects on the happiness or misery of that great kingdom; and he has promised to avail himself of the lights they may furnish him for the improvement or alteration of his system.

system. This frankness, so nobly courted in an entire monarchical government, would in many a republic be thought a crime against the state; while, on the contrary, it has already produced such edicts at Versailles as must greatly conduce to the augmentation of the power and consideration of France; if this system can be persevered in, and the attacks of self-interest, the most inimical motive that can exist to this kind of improvement, can be parried with skill and firmness.

All the faculties of the mind and of the heart rise into action under a wise monarch. In republics, a phlegmatic indifferent man is a good citizen, and such are held the best for the interest of the state: a man, whose talents are superior to those of the multitude, is dangerous; he would be a better citizen if he were more a fool; his actions and motives are narrowly pried into by suspicion as well as jealousy, and the noblest mind, therefore, often shrouds itself in obscurity and lives in a painful inactivity. But under the auspices of an intelligent monarch, a wide field is opened for the exercise of the powers of the mind; where talents run the race of emulation, and merit obtains the prize; where the character is stamped with greatness; where genius unfolds itself; where wisdom and virtue break through the croud, and dare advance with unabashed countenances. Where virtue is honoured, there it resides. Riches are despised,

despised, when compared to the most insignificant trifles which are bestowed as pledges of the gratitude and esteem of an enlightened monarch. He is the magnet which attracts the greatest talents and most elevated virtues, the hand that fashions them, the breath that animates them, and the centre of their activity. The most comprehensive faculties lie motionless and becalmed, if not called into action by the sovereign.

A monarch does not shine forth a conspicuous object to posterity, elevated as it were upon the shoulders of his people, if he leaves them undistinguished beneath him. They together ascend to the same height, with the only difference, that the prince stands at the head of a happy people, and the greatness of his name is written on every forehead. The glory of the monarch extends over his nation, and all those great men who, by their deserts participate in this glory, though they glitter likewise for themselves, yet their lustre is also reflected on the enlightened monarch who knew how to employ their talents. A king, therefore, who understands the true art of government, concentrates the whole worth of his nation in himself, and his glory is inseparable from that of his people.

It has been observed, that the art of governing with honour requires but one talent, and but one virtue, respectively dependant on each other; this

virtue is that of philanthropy, and the proper application of it is the talent required. When a king is seriously and heartily inclined to do good, and employs with scrupulous discernment the most infallible means in his power to accomplish this glorious purpose, the honour that arises to him from his efforts only returns to its own source. A king, who unites every part of his territories by the bands of confidence and love into one body, of which he is the soul, who encourages population and industry, who promotes agriculture and trade, who awakens and rewards the arts, who calls talents into action and gives protection to virtue: such a king accumulates in the lap of peace an immense treasure of glory, without its costing his subjects a single tear or the world one drop of blood; an harvest which is reaped by the hand which sowed it, and enjoyed by those who assist in collecting it.

This ever-existing intimate connection between the glory of a monarch and that of his subjects, is the chief foundation of noble pride in monarchical states; every subject appropriates to himself a part of the glory of his sovereign, and in the same manner, the sovereign is irradiated by that which his subjects acquire.

The spirit of rapine in a monarch cannot, it is true, induce any one of his subjects, who is in his

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right senses, to boast of it. The man who is in the service of his king and his country, may carry arms in a good or in a bad cause; he may have received the sword from the hand of justice or from that of ambition; he cares not why or wherefore; he is neither looked to as the author, the justifier, or the guarantee of the plan he carries into execution; his personal honour is secured to him, and he is the more respected in proportion to the energy with which he executes his duty. An extraordinary strength of mind, and talents of the first rate, may make him feel the misery which they occasion in the world, and may suppress the emotions of pride; but when the genius of war animates a royal breast, and far superior to the surprizing disclosure of natural powers, far superior to the effects of a spirit of contention, it is founded on justice, then every feeling mind exalts itself with the king, and is justly proud of a monarch who, broiling in the mid-day sun, and covered with dust and blood, performs wonders at the head of his subjects.

Of such a king, his subjects will with justice be proud; who has passed the days of his youth in solitude; who has shook hands with misfortune, in the years of pleasure; and in the season of tranquil enjoyment has learned to be a king, a philosopher, a legislator, a hero, and a man.

Under such a king, the genius of a nation will take a new flight; the arts and sciences will rise into just estimation; philosophy will no more be pedantry; and even courtiers will become philosophers, when the king despises that frivolousness which, among the great, constitutes what they call high life; and which is excusable in those shallow harmless kings, who, seated on the throne, are tired with doing nothing. Liberty of opinion will present an undaunted front; persecuted virtue will find an asylum; and oppressed innocence, a shield; the spirit of persecution will recoil through its own subterraneous passages to the dungeons of despair, and the injured will be revenged, when, by an inestimable piece of good fortune, philosophy, united to sovereign power, assists in chasing from the throne those vices which are destructive of the rights of man. Every path to fame will be open to the people, when the monarch treads each path before them; and no nobler incentive to literary exertions can exist, than when the royal pen flows with genius and wit; when the history it traces is truth, and the poetry it produces is pregnant with thought and spirit. Favourites will become sincere, and politicians honest, if he tears the mask of flattery from the face of falsehood, and that of policy from cunning. Innocence will never murmur against its judges, and justice and equity will cease bleeding at every pore, if the monarch shews his indignation
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against the spirit of litigation, and forces it back to the hell it came from; leaving its encouragers and protectors, the lawyers and their dependants, to get their bread by honest means or starve,

The subjects of such a king will cherish the most justifiable pride, when he extends his regard as well to the humblest among them as to his choicest friends; when he adopts every measure requisite to ensure the meanest peasant as much real happiness as the highest peer; when his presence fills the court with the awe of majesty, and the cottage of the labourer with cheerfulness and content.

The soul of such a monarch will animate his army; when in war, he shares with his soldiers the fatigues of a march, the inclemencies of the season, and the want of all conveniencies, and often of the necessaries of life; when he smiles with complacency on their bands as they pass in review before him; when he mixes in the middle of them, cordially presses their rough hands, and inspires their souls with the same heroic hilarity he himself feels at the sight of them; when he goes into their tents and converses with ease and familiarity, gaily with the merry, tenderly with the unhappy; enquiring with sympathy after their wounds, and sharing the smart of them; striving to conquer the impatience of suffering, and supporting the heroism of their souls

even in death; when within sight of the enemy, by a penetrating and quick glance of all that is necessary to the success of a comprehensive and well combined plan, he regulates the present by his experience of the past; always can seize the fleeting, the decisive moment of advantage, and pressing forward at the head of his troops, carrying the banner of death before him, in the very heat of the battle, surrounded by innumerable and imminent dangers, and fighting in the thickest throngs of the enemy, can with an unshaken presence of mind, observe at one glance both danger and deliverance.

The subjects of such a king will with joy, in the middle of numerous and impending perils, look forward to the day on which his glory will be firmly established; when they behold the most powerful and warlike nations, and who are the best appointed to strive for the empire of the world, rise up against him; their country attacked on all sides, nearly over-run by its enemies, and shaken to its very foundations; their monarch, long unacquainted with rest and ease, in order to procure these comforts to his subjects, watching many a tedious night, while protected and secured by his plans and precautions, they lie in soft and undisturbed repose; when they see him, ever more sudden than danger, more vigilant than artifice, impetuous and irresistible as the whirlwind of heaven, flying with his succour

our from one province to another, and delivering innocence from destruction and rapine, wherever they appear; when, by his unheard-of exploits, he extorts admiration as well from his noble-minded enemies as from his most zealous friends, and attracts the eyes of the whole world; when he is quick, vigorous, eager, and impressive, often making powerful and decisive exertions, sometimes striking short of his aim, sometimes receiving injury from the recoil of his blow; not following circumstances, but bending them to his purpose; not removing obstacles, but over-leaping them; and ever greatest where he has to redress a fault; when, vanquished, sometimes by nature, sometimes by numbers, sometimes by heroes he has formed and taught to conquer, he ever knows how to pluck deliverance from danger, and redemption from the brink of a precipice; when every misfortune is but the never failing forerunner of a great and surprising effort of courage and prudence; when his losses lead him to new victories, and resembling nothing but himself, great and unexampled both in prosperity and calamity, he now triumphs over his enemies, and now over his misfortunes.

Every patriotic soul will more than ever glow for him, when, over the widely extended graves of the victors and the vanquished, the wearied world shall re-echo with the joyful sound of peace, and the monarch, greater even than in war, shall, on the festive day of his

his return to his royal city, steal away from the loud acclamations and heart-felt exultations and blessings of the multitude, to visit in solitude a neighbouring field of battle, and calling the adjacent peasantry around him, shall enquire with solicitude and earnestness after their present situation, the number of cattle they now have, and the losses they have sustained by the operations of war; and alleviating, by every means in his power, the distresses they have undergone, shall at night, disdaining the offensive pomp of a triumphal entry, return to his palace by an unfrequented and unsuspected passage.

The noblest pride can thus exist in monarchies, when the sovereign and his administration are what they ought to be.

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CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

REFLECTIONS ON SOME ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES OF NATIONAL PRIDE, AS FOUNDED UPON REAL EXCELLENCIES.

I AM aware that many pointed, farcistical remarks, occurring in this treatise, will have called down upon my head the bitterest execrations of wounded pride, which will have invoked heaven and earth, fire and water, hell and the devil, and all their concomitants and dependants, to revenge its ideal wrong; and I must still humbly solicit my pardon, for the wholesome but galling truths which may now and then be found in this my last chapter.

An elevation of heart, reposing on a real and solid foundation, is certainly of great utility in some cases, and is even sanctioned and approved of by religion. Although we cannot boast of our merits before God, yet religion inspiring us with the sense of the greatness of our destination, and the means by which it may be attained, exalts our whole soul; while Divine Providence and mercy infuse into us a steady

steady confidence and renovated powers, to appreciate and depend upon our own exertions, never leaving us to sink under the weaknesses of human nature. Humility of heart can very well exist with perseverance, resolution, elevation of soul, and, in general, with every consequence of a cheerful consciousness of our good qualities and perfections; provided we never lose sight of our dependance on God, and the consideration that he is the mediate or immediate source of every good. A certain degree of self-satisfaction too often, indeed, appears through the veil of humility; but real humility does not require of us to deny the good we really possess, or to prize it at a lower rate than it in fact deserves; so that religion, far from condemning a noble elevation of heart, is rather a stable foundation for it, since it does not require the knowledge of ourselves, only for the purpose of subduing our vain-glory, but for that of making us sensible of the faculties and advantages we have received from the Creator, and exciting us to employ them in a manner suitable to his glory and our own happiness.

A confidence in these faculties and advantages, and the firm belief in eternal truth and justice arising therefrom, produces a strength and constancy of soul which repels the ruling abuses and prejudices of a country; a courage to withstand an
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universal hatred, and out of respect for truth, to set at nought the opinions of the many.

This confidence in one's own resources begets that aspiring sentiment of superiority, without which a man cannot attempt any noble deed; deprived of this confidence, the bravest man sinks into a state of dulness and inactivity, by which his soul is fettered and debased as in a narrow prison, where it should seem to be endowed with power only to endure, where the heavy load of calamity wholly presses down the heart, where every duty is a burden, the least labour dreaded, and every future prospect gloomy and cheerless. Every path to fame and honour is inaccessible to him, and his spirit lies motionless and dejected, like the hardy polar navigator, who finds himself hemmed in and surrounded on every side by a vast continent of ice. He arrives at nothing, for he aspires to nothing; and he aspires not, because he is diffident of his faculties. For this reason, we often see people of much lower merit, the foremost in the road to fortune, only because their character is more enterprising and undaunted.

It is from this same degrading and too low opinion of ourselves, that one man becomes the slave of another. I see, with heartfelt sorrow, men of merit fall into the extremest self-contempt, with regard to great men, on whom, perhaps, sometimes their fortune

tune depends; but who do not even require this abasement.

I have often heard a language held which is called humility, but is in fact, abjectness of mind; which, for the sake of a livelihood hardly earned, or for an ill-requited service, sets a great man in the place of a deity, and would only be worthy of an Algerine slave, crouching before his Dey. Such language penetrates my very soul, as it debases human nature itself; besides, more true respect is ever shewn to greatness, when we speak our sentiments freely and nobly. Whoever falls into the fault, either in reality or in appearance, to esteem himself less than he ought to do, becomes the slave of every one who chuses to make him so. The fear of losing his daily bread deprives his soul of all its energy, swells every guinea to a mountain's size, and stamps every expression with the character of the most cringing servitude, unless a man be unconquerably attached to his native liberty. With those who are so miserably dependant on the smiles of the great for temporary sustenance, the opinion of their own meanness swallows up all ideas of the innate dignity of human nature, of nobility of sentiment, of self-confidence, and of their competence to judge for themselves concerning what is right or wrong; they, at last, in reality, turn the heads of those otherwise good-natured nobles, by ever crouching before them

them as before the throne of a tyrant, and by looking up to them with the same fearful and sorrowful countenance as a friar does to his abbot under whose tremendous censure he has fallen.

From this same too humiliating opinion of themselves, men become the slaves of their passions and unfaithful to the purposes of their creation. More confidence in their own powers would prove to them, that it is possible to be virtuous amidst temptation, and that they may rise from the fascinating couch of luxury and pleasure triumphant over both. Were the Ascetics endowed with this confidence, they need not use such exertions to destroy the match at which love takes fire.

We become unfaithful to the purposes of our creation when we do not possess those solid principles which hardens us against suffering. Every man of understanding is of no use to society, if, in a joyless retirement of the world, he has not learned to bear with all that can wound the finer sentiments; dissipate or oppose the softness of humanity, and pierce the tenderness of heart arising from it. He ceases to exert his faculties, when he daily sees people around him, who do not know that their understanding and taste may be improved and sharpened, by a thousand things whose names they are even ignorant of; and, who of course
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heartily hate the commanding influence of understanding and taste. He snatches at momentary joys, and unnerves all the powers of his soul, to be admitted into their society. He opposes the opinions of no man, let them be ever so absurd. He pretends not to correct any prejudice or error, determined, as Tristram Shandy very justly says to his mule, "never to argue a point with any one of that family as long as he lives."

Except within the ever-cheering bounds of religion, it is impossible to find a more powerful support under misfortune than in a reasonable self-esteem. Let a worthy man, when persecuted and disgraced, only ask himself, who are they who are always planning my destruction, who openly despise me, abuse, calumniate, and scoff at me? Are they not, to a man, fools and blockheads? and such people can be as little friends to enlightened minds, as thieves are to honesty: hence it is an honour to be an object of their abuse. Every man of sense should adhere to these sentiments; he should be conscious that he is above meddling with this insect tribe. But if he has repelled their attacks, and sees that slander now only dares whisper its malice, and dart its venom behind his back, he will smile at its vain efforts, and think these people are heavily laden with spite, and must discharge it at all events, or sink under it.

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A reliance on good fortune, or that extraordinary concurrence of events we do not foresee, supports a man in imminent danger, elevates his soul, and lessens that dread which he otherwise would feel in his mind, when about to execute some great achievement, he sees and weighs the difficulties and dangers he has to encounter. This reliance on his good fortune produced that noble presumption which Cæsar, when yet but young, shewed during his imprisonment in the island of Pharmacusa among the pirates of Cilicia; who were then, by reason of their large ships and numerous fleets, masters of the sea, and, at the same time, men of the most sanguinary character. Cæsar sent all his attendants to the adjacent towns to collect money for his ransom, and stayed, accompanied only by his physician and two servants, with these barbarians, whom he treated with great contempt; often, when he went to rest, he ordered them to be silent, and not to disturb his sleep. The Cilicians required twenty talents for his ransom, and Cæsar laughing at them, as if they did not know what a valuable prisoner they had, promised them fifty: he continued perfectly easy and intrepid for near six weeks, jesting and diverting himself with these rude outlaws; he composed discourses and poems, which he read to them, and called such as were not affected by them barbarians and ideots: he went so far, as often to assure them, with a laugh-

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ing countenance, that he would have them all hanged; and, in fact, he had hardly regained his freedom, before, taking some ships which he found in the harbour of Melitum, he directly attacked these pirates close to Pharmacusa, took the greatest part of them prisoners, and condemned them to be crucified. This same reliance on his good fortune caused in this same Cæsar the memorable instance of intrepidity he shewed a few days before the battle of Pharsalia; when, disguised in the habit of a slave, he went in a little bark to meet the fleet of Anthony, which was not come up: a violent tempest arose, and threatened immediately to overwhelm them in the waves, when Cæsar, taking the trembling and desponding pilot by the hand, said, "Courage man! you carry Cæsar and his fortunes." Columbus conjectured that a new world might be discovered, and persevering in his good fortune, he discovered America.

One man thinks himself born to misfortune, another to happiness; just as a gamester plays very badly the remainder of an evening, because he had begun by playing unluckily: the first, always deterred by fear and irresolution, never risks any thing, and will, therefore, certainly always remain in poverty, and at the same time his irresolution will make him an object of contempt and pity to others. The latter is fortunate, because he ventures as
much

much as may be without temerity, and a bright day-break of good fortune immediately kindles in his breast a higher degree of hope, which we call confidence, and procures him the esteem and respect of others. Confidence in one's self produces the power even of resisting time; an emulation of one's self, to surpass, by new deeds, our former ones, and to eclipse, by greater merits, those which are already acknowledged to belong to us; persevering in our career of fortune, till we overtake the fickle goddess. But the greatest minds are those who, convinced of the vicissitude of human affairs, are never over-bearing in prosperity, nor cast down in adversity.

Hence it appears, that a noble self-esteem actually gives us the power to exalt ourselves above the weakness of human nature, to exert our talents in praise-worthy enterprises, never to yield to the spirit of slavery, never to be slaves of vice, to obey the dictates of our conscience, to smile under misfortune, and to rely upon seeing better days.

It is of infinite consequence that this exaltation of human nature, this confidence in our powers, should be imprinted in the bosom in the earliest period of life. Young minds must be animated with the love of what is good, noble, and great: virtue must be depicted to them in striking ex-

amples to make them love virtue ; we must inspire them with a high opinion of their faculties, that they may venture to become virtuous and good ; always teach them by representation, impress them with the value of great deeds, by speaking pictures, and encourage them to imitate what they see exhibited by sensible objects. Lavater's national songs, and Solomon Hirzel's historical views of the Swiss confederacy, are put into the hands of our Helvetian youth ; these present them with a picture of those times, when nobleness of soul was prized above every thing ; when virtuous manners found universal esteem, and heroic virtues, universal renown. In youth, we are capable of catching that bright flame which glowed in the heroes of former times, and of indulging the noble wish of gathering laurels in the very places where our worthy ancestors reaped a glorious harvest of them. The representation of noble achievements, and the history of virtuous actions, have an electrical effect upon the pliant stem of youth ; they inspire the soul with admiration, and render the young men emulous of these examples.

Great historical events, expressively delineated and conveyed to the heart in glowing colours, the lives of famous men, such as those by Plutarch, and Casper Hirzel, and the Poems of Gesner, imprinted with the noble and indelible marks of nature,

nature, have, therefore, astonishing effects on the minds of youth. I heard my son once, in his fifth year, ask his mother, who pressed him to her maternal bosom, while she explained to him Plutarch's lives, "Will my life, too, be written?" Every child, nobly born, however poor his parents may be, will desire to be great; when his heart is completely touched with the genius or virtues of great men, the same virtues will germinate in his young mind, and he will burn with impatience to fill, with regard to posterity, the same post of honour which those eminent men have filled before him with such distinguished splendour. This desire of emulation will frequently burst into tears, which every father ought to reward by the fondest embraces.

Themistocles was very young when the Greeks vanquished the Persians at Marathon, and hearing Miltiades, to whom they owed that victory continually extolled, he became quite silent and pensive, and avoided all juvenile diversions; his friends asked him the reason of this change, and this noble youth answered, "the trophies of Miltiades will not let me sleep." Thucydides, the historian, burst into tears when he heard, in his early youth, Herodotus publicly read his history amidst the universal applause of all Greece in the city of Olympia. Zeno exhorted those who looked upon the serious and contemplative countenance of Pericles, as a

proof of his insufferable arrogance, to be animated with the same pride, in order to be inflamed with the same love of the great and good, and that they might be insensibly accustomed to the imitation of his virtues. Demosthenes was, when a boy, so struck with the renown which Callistrates acquired by pleading, that, captivated by the sublime power of eloquence, he immediately embraced the principles of Zeno, and retired into solitude, abandoning every other study for that of rhetoric, to which he entirely devoted himself. Homer was the author of much heroism among the Greeks, as well as the father of poetry; it is well known how eagerly Alexander read his sublime productions. When Cæsar was reading the history of that conqueror, during his residence in Spain, he shed tears, because Alexander was at the same age so great, and Cæsar yet so insignificant; not indeed, virtuous tears, but those of ambition, which was the ruling passion of this future destroyer of Roman liberty; as plainly appeared, when in passing through a paltry insignificant village, he said, "I would rather be the first man here, than the second in Rome."

These impressions on the minds of youth, constantly repeated, strengthen the soul, multiply its springs, make every thing seem attainable to them, and strongly excite that noble desire of fame which always is productive of great actions when it is accompanied

accompanied by virtue; while, on the other hand, an utter insensibility towards the instances of nobleness of soul or superior merit, which we meet with in history, is the surest presage that the youth on whom they make no impression, will never be capable of any thing great. The Spartans understood perfectly how to raise in their children this noble thirst of honour; a reproach was the most poignant punishment they could inflict; and a commendation was a rapturous reward; whoever shewed himself indifferent and unmoved by either the one or the other, was despised at Sparta as a mean, little mind, unadapted to the exercise of any virtue. It is on this principle that, very lately, a French minister of state, the Duke of Choiseul, has commanded a man of learning, who possesses the feelings of a citizen and the penetration of a statesman, to make a collection of the fine sayings and actions of French officers and soldiers, for the use of the military school at Paris; and certainly this will be the best book that can be put into the hands of a young French soldier.

All these reflections, taken collectively, lead to the conclusion of the great consequence to a nation, of a noble self-esteem, and of the important advantage resulting from it, owing to the close connection between a proper national pride, and the love of one's country.

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When the example of one single man, taken out of a whole series of historical relations, is sufficient to animate our hearts with such noble sentiments, how much more must the accumulated examples of whole nations work upon our minds? Great actions, in war or in the internal government of a commonwealth, fill our bosoms with admiration of them and of our country, penetrating us with the inmost veneration for those men who were sensible of the pleasure of dying for their country; who did not withdraw from serving it, though their expectations were defeated, though their disgust was ever so much awakened, their feelings hurt, and their whole lives embittered by the sharpest stings of envy and malice, which they magnanimously bore for the honour of virtue and of their country's rights. It is for such men, that the reverence of a nation must be excited, in order to beget in it a due respect for itself, which alone is able to render it celebrated.

The pride arising from the merits of such men gives a nation a just claim to immortality, when these great examples descending to posterity, unadulterated by tradition, are admired and emulated. Hence came that great and noble energy of soul and thought, with which the whole nation was animated, both among the Grecians and the Romans. The love of their country was interwoven
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in their religion, in their constitution, and in their manners; "Their Country" was the soul of society, the universal topic of conversation, the word of battle, the sound to rally by, the shout of victory in their bloody wars; it was the music that charmed them in private life, the sinew of their actions; it inflamed their poets, their orators, and their senators; it resounded from the stage, in the forum, in all their public assemblies; it was brought home to the inmost souls of their posterity, by the public monuments erected to its honour. But in modern times, we often see whole nations devoid of this vivifying sentiment; the love of their country has been transferred to the inhabitants of more than one monarchy, and in more than one republic it seems to be considered as an improper prejudice.

While whole nations placed their honour in liberty, and this in nothing but a noble manner of thinking, the love of their country was the dearest sentiment of their souls. Stronger than self-love, full of softness, loveliness, and harmony; the love of their country included all that could touch the heart and elevate the soul; it deprived death of its sting, and luxury of its votaries: the generous flame burned in every bosom, every heart glowed for its country. Hardened to suffering, insensible to their own inconvenience, and proportionably more zealous for the happiness of all, they were desirous of
nothing

nothing but what might tend to serve their country; preferring even its honour to that of their own individual progenitors and the general good to private advantage; they thought themselves sufficiently happy and honoured, if the republic was happy and honoured. They laid aside their private animosities and jealousies, and laboured to promote the glory and interest of their greatest competitors, when the public good seemed to require it. If injured by their country, they readily forgot its poignant ingratitude, and served it even while smarting under its sting; they submitted to its caprices, as a dutiful child submits to the splenetic humour of its parent. Under every kind of hardship they remained steadily and warmly attached to their country, and endeavoured to conceal their own sufferings from themselves, by fixing all their attention upon the public welfare. They broke asunder, before the altar of their country, the bands of affection, love, and tenderness, towards parents, children, wives, and relations; they tore themselves away from every thing that could keep them back in effeminate indolence; they were deaf to the voice of relationship and love, and only listened to that of their country; they heard in the most fearful sounds of war and arms, nothing but the thanks of their country on their return; they never enquired after the number of their enemies, but where they were. Each advanced with intrepidity to the post of honour,

honour, which perhaps had been the grave of his gallant ancestors at some former period; each pressed forward to assist in forming a rampart for their defenceless fellow citizens, contented if, by his fall, he could give occasion to another to advance to the same glorious death on the same spot; for, it was not the slain who were lamented, but those who ingloriously survived.

Hipperides, the orator, bit his own tongue off when on the rack, in order to prevent the greatness of the torture, in which he died, from forcing him to betray his country to Antipater.

Pedaretes had not the good fortune to be chosen among the three hundred men who enjoyed in Sparta a distinguished rank: and he went home perfectly contented, saying, "I am uncommonly happy that Sparta possesses three hundred men of greater merit than myself."

Before the battle of Marathon, the Athenians elected ten generals, who were invested, each in his turn, with the supreme command. The day approaching when it belonged to Aristides to assume it, he generously yielded his authority to the approved valour and experience of Miltiades. The other generals followed the illustrious example, sacrificing the dictates of private ambition to the
interest

interest and glory of their country; and the commander in chief thus enjoyed an opportunity of exerting, uncontrolled, the utmost vigour of his genius.

Cimon, when banished by the Ostracism from Athens, joined the army of the Athenians when they were about joining battle with the Lacedemonians, who had always been his friends, and with whom he was accused of carrying on a secret and traiterous correspondence. But his enemies of the popular faction procured an order of the council, forbidding him to be present at the battle; he retired accordingly, but conjured his friends, who were likewise suspected of favouring the enemy, to prove his and their innocence by deeds; and they, placing Cimon's armour in the middle of their little batallion, fought and died in his stead for their country.

The oath which every young Athenian was obliged to take, on the completion of his twentieth year, when he was admitted among the number of citizens, was in the following form: "I will never disgrace myself in war; I will never seek to save my life, by an ignominious flight; I will fight for my country to the last drop of my blood, in the ranks of my fellow citizens, or alone if circumstances require it; I will devote all the days of my
life

life to the service of my country; and Agraules, Mars, and Jupiter bear witness of my sincerity."

Thrasylbulus, who, after the Peloponesian war, delivered his country from the power of the thirty tyrants, animated his fellow-citizens and fellow-soldiers with these words: "Let us fight like men, who can only by victory recover our properties, our families, and our country; let every individual among us conduct himself in such a manner as, without presumption, to think he owes those great advantages, together with the honour of victory, to his own arm and his own courage: he that outlives this day, and sees old age; he that can behold the completion of his renown and his deliverance, will be happy; but he who shall be liberated from his bands by death, will be no less happy, for no monument is so glorious as the memorial of having died for one's country."

The Lacedemonians were often unfortunate in their second war with the Messenians: the courage of this warlike people began to sink, and the republic thought itself near destruction. The Delphian oracle proposed the humiliating expedient to the Lacedemonians, to request a man from the Athenians to assist them in this dangerous crisis, and who might support them by his counsel and talents. Athens sent them, in derision, the poet Tyrteus:
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the Lacedemonians, however, received him as the sacred messenger of the divinity; yet they were again defeated three times successively, and prepared to return to Sparta. Tyrteus opposed this dishonourable determination with all his power, and laboured incessantly by his songs, filled with the most ardent glow of patriotism, to rekindle the depressed courage of the Spartan troops; he soon succeeded in regenerating in every heart the love of its country and the contempt of death; their valour resumed its activity: they attacked the victorious Messenians with an enthusiastic prowess, and were victorious in their turn.

Epaminondas lay stretched on the ground, and mortally wounded in the breast by a spear; but he was only uneasy for the fate of his arms and the event of the battle. As soon as his shield was shewn him, and he was assured that the Thebans had gained the victory, he turned himself with a quiet and cheerful countenance to the bystanders and said, "My friends, do not look on this day as the last of my life, but as the first of my happiness and of the completion of my glory; I leave my country victorious, the proud Spartans humbled, and Greece emancipated from servitude;" then drawing the steel out of his wound, he expired without a groan.

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After the unfortunate battle of Leuctra, the Spartan mothers, whose sons had died on the field of battle, joyfully went to the temple, crowned with garlands of flowers, to thank the gods for having given them such noble children; while, on the contrary, those mothers whose sons had saved themselves by flight, concealed themselves in the inmost recesses of their houses, deeply sunk in grief, and keeping a death-like silence; being ashamed to have borne children who fled from their enemies.

The Spartan matron, who was told the death of her son in the service of his country, nobly and stoically replied, "It was for that end he was born."

"O traveller, inform the Lacedemonians, that we lie here, pursuant to the laws of our country," was the truly laconic epitaph of those who fell at the battle of Thermopylæ.

For liberty and their country, those watch-words of every people not yet in chains, the Privernates maintained a long and obstinate war against the Romans; they were at length so weakened, that, forced to fly on all sides, they were at last obliged to shut themselves up in their city, which was besieged and taken by the consul Plautius. As this was the second revolt of the Privernates from the dominion of Rome, they were deemed worthy

worthy of exemplary punishment; but Plautius interceded with the senate for the innocent multitude, and particularly for the prisoners taken in the war, whom he brought to the door of the senate-house; he did not, however, immediately draw the conscript fathers over to his sentiments: they were divided in opinion. One of the Privernates, by an haughty answer, endangered all his fellow-captives. Being asked by a senator "What punishment he thought the Privernates deserved?"—"The same," said he, "which is due to men, who think themselves worthy of liberty, and who persevere in every possible measure to preserve it." So daring an answer exasperated some of the assembly; which Plautius perceiving, endeavoured to prevent the ill effects of it, by putting a milder question to the prisoner, and which would naturally draw a softer answer from him: "Suppose," said the consul, "we should grant you pardon and peace; in what manner may we expect you will behave yourselves for the future?" The prisoner answered, "If the conditions of the peace you may impose on us are just and humane, and if we need not blush to have accepted them, we shall maintain it faithfully and inviolably; but if it be a disgraceful peace, you must not hope that the necessity which to-day compels us to subscribe to it, will to-morrow oblige us to observe it." These words made different impressions upon the judges; some construed them

them as menaces, and an indication of a disposition to a new revolt ; but the greater and wiser part applauded the magnanimity of the sentiments they expressed. Those especially of the senators, who had filled the curule chair, adhered to the opinion of Plautius, who loudly declared, and repeated it often, “ that a people, whose only desire was liberty, and whose only fear was that of losing it, were worthy to be made Roman citizens.” Accordingly, the senate passed a decree in favour of the prisoners, and Privernum became a Municipium.

Examples of this nature shine in history as patterns to posterity. They awaken in every noble mind an irrefragable sense of the duties we owe to our country ; and the preservation of the history of these examples is nothing more than the propagation of that national pride founded on real advantages.

By the propagation, therefore, of a laudable national pride, the love of its country is introduced into every heart. All breasts are accessible to this pride, and they are all hurried away by the magic of these examples, to the invincible attachment it generates. The continual retrospect of former times, and the continual contemplation of futurity, are reciprocally the causes and effects of this pride, and of this love. An honest patriot will sooner
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die than commit any deed for which his children must blush when he is laid in his grave; while nothing seems more noble or sublime to him than the thought that his posterity will rejoice in his virtues and be respected on his account.

When, therefore, by the revival of these sentiments the principles and maxims of a nation take a new turn, the actions of its citizens will likewise be ennobled and will rise to the level of their acquired sensations. The man who hopes to attain any post of honour in the commonwealth, without daring to think on any subject with manliness, freedom, liberality, and penetration, will, instead of succeeding in his views, be an object of derision and contempt. Integrity will ever keep in mind the public welfare, and contribute its utmost to the promotion of it, notwithstanding mean and little minds may call it improvidence and indiscretion, whose views are directed wholly towards the benefit of their families. Inequality of condition will lose its vexatious nature, when there exists but one political virtue, and when all are united under the noble appellation of citizen. The attachment to their country will no longer depend merely upon the uncertainty of greater happiness in another; for many will willingly live content with the bare necessities, rather than quit their country in pursuit of the luxuries of other climes. Every one will obey his superior
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more from inclination than duty, more from affection than obligation. The government will no more be the soul of many bodies, but rather the soul of one body.

These advantages will be more discernible when I consider them in another point of view, and prove how very impatient the cultivation of a noble pride is to a nation palsied by the decay of its virtue.

The noble pride of a nation is diminished or annihilated when the advantages gained by the virtues of their fathers are lost through the vices of their descendants. Times are altered, is a common saying, and the conclusion to be formed from it is neither difficult nor subtle. Times, to be sure, would be much altered, with regard to a nation who depended on muscular strength of body, if they were to be collected to fight but one battle now the art of slaughter is brought to such perfection; yet no one doubts the indispensable necessity of the modern art of war. But it is not only the knowledge of the management of arms that is necessary to a free-born nation; it must likewise have an intellectual knowledge, and be endowed with principles and sentiments, and these are not instilled by the blows of a cane or the sound of a drum.

In this respect, the change of times makes the resumption of ancient maxims but too needful. Though courage and zeal in the service of the state are very often out of fashion, yet they are never useless, always denoting vigour. When, therefore, a nation seems to lose its spirit, because its soil is no more dyed with the blood of its sons; when the noble flame, formerly kindled by the love of liberty, is smothered by an almost universal lethargy; when indolence is chosen for the last intrenchment; when nursed in luxury and terror, the mind loses the whole of its pith and strength; when enormous expences make avarice and the thirst of gold a necessary evil; when cowardice raises into consideration, and valour depresses into misfortune; when men, not thinking they stand any more in need of prowess, fall into every kind of profligacy; when even the crimes which require a certain strength and elevation of mind are not to be met with; when selfishness is no more thought a vice, and the timid prudence of a moment no more a fault in politics; when ambition, instead of endeavouring to excel its rivals, seeks only to blacken them by calumny: then, I say, the revival of national pride would be a measure of no little efficacy to rekindle the fire of ancient virtue, and reproduce the powers of youth and manhood in the decay of age, when the nation seems to be near the last struggles of dissolution.

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All expectation of the revival of a noble pride, however, seems to be vain, when, in a free nation, there are too many people in whose eyes Phocion was a fool; too many who look down upon a hero with a haughty pity; who do not believe that there ever existed any great men; who think fame an empty bubble, because it has always proved impossible for them to do any thing worthy of it; who contract their brows into the appearance of a frown, which visibly betrays their timorous emotions, when the word freedom is pronounced by an adventurous innovator in their presence; who would exclude from the press the most sublime monuments of the honour of their formerly simple and unsophisticated nation, in which the heroic deeds of their fathers are depicted in the most lively colours, by which the love of virtue, of concord, of liberty, of religion, of their country, and of the laws would, like a stream of fire, rush into every heart, and awaken in it at the same time an utter aversion to the poison of foreign manners, to prodigality, to effeminacy, and to avarice; adducing in their support, this shameful and pitiful maxim, "That it is dangerous to pull down an old house over your shoulders."

Thomas Abbt, a man of real genius, whom I cannot name without expressing my reverence for his memory, says very pertinently, that the exam-

ples of patriots appear with such lustre in the annals of republics, since it is their interest to procure the rewards due to their greatest worthies from posterity, because their contemporaries were too poor to afford them. The duties of remembrance, of gratitude, and of emulation, are, therefore, imposed on us with respect to our ancestors, and we can never fulfil these, if we look with indifference on what is great and good in their manners and actions; if we turn away our eyes in disgust from their contemplation, without deigning to be proud of them. It was only the memory of their great men, that preserved among the Greeks, the thirst of honour, disinterestedness, and devotion to the public good.

The fate of this so necessary national pride depends upon that of the love of one's country. There are many accidental occurrences by which this last is sometimes carried to a genial warmth, whence the state receives the most excellent fruits; sometimes to an immoderate heat, which entirely parches it up; sometimes, in a people no longer susceptible of the love of liberty, it will be so much refrigerated that its fruits cannot ripen. The chilling hand of death stretched its baleful influence over the liberty of the Athenians, when, in the days of their lethargy and weakness, they erected altars to the honour of the harlots of Demetrius, and decreed, by a public edict, that all the commands of
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king Demetrius should at Athens, be held sacred before the gods, and just before men.

But emergencies sometimes arise, when the man who thought to plough his field in quietness and ease, must grasp a sword instead of his instruments of husbandry; when we are no more to confine our thoughts and cares to what regards ourselves; when bullies, coxcombs, and idlers are called to other business, than to loiter about from one company of females to another, boasting of their amours, their inconstancies, and their idle pursuits; when those, who know only how to command, must learn to obey; when it is not thought a misfortune to have fellow-citizens of genius and talents; when we wish to hear the words liberty and my country repeated with ardour by every mouth; when those are no more declaimed against as ridiculous enthusiasts who, in callous times, have incessantly reminded their nation of its pristine glory, of the time when its inhabitants were poor, virtuous, bold, and free; when fields were cultivated by the victorious hands of the defenders of their country, and their ploughshares encircled with laurels. There are times, I say, when those, whom nature has gifted with energy and elevation of soul, and minds capable of the sublimest virtues, are no longer watched as suspected and dangerous subjects; when those who,

in the career of youth, for want of the apprehensions and timidity, miscalled moderation and prudence, which are too often the consequence of experience, and have perhaps been impelled by an ardent principle of patriotic virtue beyond the bounds of real prudence; who have awakened the fear of their fellow-citizens, when they thought they beheld impending or distant dangers threaten their country; and who have wanted only an occasion to shed their willing blood in its behalf; are esteemed truly patriots; when the empty applause of a few titled fools will not be procured at the expence of turning into ridicule the noble enthusiasm and virtuous principles of a whole nation; when hosts of foreign enemies assail it on all sides, whose attack seems to threaten inevitable ruin.

A nation will therefore never lose its honour as long as its virtue remains unpolluted, and its virtue will never be tainted, as long as patriotism gives a free and lofty flight to every sentiment of the heart.

Finally, national pride, founded on real advantages, has likewise its defective side. A celebrated northern philosopher has made this important remark, verified by daily experience, "That there are never any laudable sentiments, any glorious talents or faculties in human nature, which do not
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at the same time, by infinite gradation, degenerate into the very opposite imperfections." Hence, it is evident, that the extremes of reasonable and ridiculous pride often naturally run into each other.

The defects of great minds flow from their pride, when this degenerates into vanity. Dazzled by the flattery of their admirers, these demi-gods shut their ears as much to truth as the weakest princes; intoxicated with the sense of their real advantages, they do not comprehend that these are not every where current for them. Whoever always seeks applause, will always be liable to meet with mortification in the extreme, and, in fact, will seldom escape it. He will, at last, nearly look upon himself as the only being of consequence in the world, and all its other inhabitants either as his admirers or his enviers; but one of the ancients says exceedingly well: "If thou wilt not be just and righteous without the ostentation of thy justice and righteousness, thou wilt often be so with shame and derision." The secret of the most subtle vanity is, on the other hand, nothing else than the art of making one's self prized, without either appearing to be vain or self-conceited. Cicero was ignorant of this art, or he would not have attracted the hatred of the Romans as he did, by the ever-recurring praise of himself and his actions; it was the text of all his orations, and never failed to offend

offend his hearers, because he seemed to esteem his services every thing, and those of other men as nothing.

Pride is always misplaced when it cannot command respect. It is very evident, that a man who is constantly and habitually proud, cannot possibly be so, on account of real advantages, since he disgusts all mankind by his pride, makes himself despicable and ridiculous in every respect, and blinks through the spectacles of self-conceit, until all around him are exasperated to hatred and to goading sarcasm; and the contempt which is thus returned is generally much stronger than that occasioning it. Astonished at his superiority over the rest of the world, such a man endeavours to impress others with the same respect he entertains for himself, and of which he is so full; he accustoms himself to awe freeborn men beneath his frowns, in the persons of his grooms and footmen; he thinks that all beneath him, all on a level with him, nay his acknowledged superiors, may be called the populace; but an author, the best acquainted with man, the comic writer Sterne, says, "In sober truth, 'tis but a scurvy kind of a trick, (*quoties voluit fortuna joculari*,) when fortune, in one of her merry moods, takes a poor devil, with this passion in his head, and mounts him up at once as high as she can get him, for it is sure to make him play such fantastic tricks

tricks as to become the very fool of the comedy ; and was he not a general benefactor to mankind in making it merry, I know not how spleen could be pacified during the representation."

Nothing upon earth is perfect ; virtue even has its vulnerable points, the sun its spots, and a conscientious prude, who has passed the ordeal of grace, may fall. We must not always judge of men who are thought great, by their writings or their words, we must also view their every action ; we must study them in their lives, in their families, and in their houses, if we would rightly know them. The old and rigid Cato had a concubine as well as the philosophical emperor Marcus Antoninus, and many a modern philosopher whom I know. The greatest men are always connected with the rest of mankind by some foible or other ; and yet there are few of them who are so candid as Antigonus, who, on Hermodotus saluting him as a deity and the child of the sun, told him very judiciously " to ask the servant who emptied his close-stool his opinion upon this subject."

The greatest talents assume a hateful appearance, when they are accompanied by arrogance or break out in contempt of others. Contempt in an arrogant man consists in the affection with which he shews, without reserve, his sense of the real or
imaginary

imaginary inferiority of another. Contempt in a proud man consists in the sense of the real inferiority of another, which he exposes when it ought to be exposed, and conceals where it ought to be concealed. This sense is inseparable from the noblest minds, and is ever just in itself, for it is impossible that any one can mistake a cat for an elephant, or a gnat for a mountain, but it is exceedingly offensive when it discovers defects where they ought not to be observed.

A well-founded and noble self-esteem degenerates sometimes into temerity and presumption. Fancifulness is called a devout presumption, which by an excess of pride and self-confidence left to itself, pretends to approach the divine nature, and to exalt itself by an astonishing flight above the usual and prescribed order of things. It is greatly to be regretted, that sometimes the moral writers, as they are called, abandon themselves to this giddy presumption, when they do not sufficiently weigh against each other our duties and our means of discharging them; when, in their reveries, they do not recollect that they desire impossibilities, and that they rob virtue of its charms, by substituting their rhapsodies and chimæras in the place of virtue, while they endeavour to deceive the public into an acquiescence with their eccentric ideas.

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The well-founded pride of whole nations, likewise, has its blind side. No nation can be with justice unboundedly proud; great virtues are accompanied with great faults, every good with its attendant evils, and every advantage with its inconveniences. It is no crime to expose this fact to a nation with rational sincerity. My dear friend, Mr. Iselin, who well deserves attention, says, in the preface to his beautiful but very short History of Helvetian Virtue, "That every nation should promise a reward to those who shall display, in the most obvious light, the defects of its constitution and manners, and the vices and faults of its progenitors, as well as their virtues."

People are often also proud of advantages, which, though real, they do not owe to themselves. The warmth or temperateness of a climate, the density or rarefaction of the air, the nature of the soil, of the water and the winds, together with the manner of living, and the customs, have all such a visible influence upon the faculties of whole nations, that they ought not to ascribe them solely to their own individual exertions. A worthy man may be proud of his virtues, for they are his own, but why should we pride ourselves upon our understanding, when the finest intellects are liable to be deranged by the most trivial physical accidents. Independant of external circumstances; a little extraneous air in the
bowels,

bowels, or an indigestible lump in the stomach, and lo, the divine light of the soul is extinguished!

We but too seldom calculate how little of our own honour really belongs to ourselves. There are few men so honest as Antiochus Soter, who wept for spite on account of his victory over the Galatians, conceiving that he was not indebted for it to his own prowess or conduct, but to the dreadful havoc made by his elephants, and he, for that reason, caused trophies to be erected on the field of battle, not dedicated to himself, but to these powerful four-footed auxiliaries.

Yet there are many detestable vices which arise from a national pride not altogether ignoble. The Canadian savage is extremely proud; he feels the full worth of freedom, and is impatient of control, even in his infancy; restless under the least constraint of education, he refuses to submit even to parental authority; but a generous forgiveness of offences is wholly unknown to him as a virtue; he despises it as a miserable weakness: intrepidity is his greatest merit, and the enjoyment of revenge his sweetest luxury.

The love of our country, too, requires sometimes a curb as well as a spur. It has been very shrewdly remarked, that the law-givers of ancient republics have

have fought more eagerly to inspire the people with this noble sentiment, and to extend and strengthen it in their hearts, than to set the bounds which reason prescribes so as to render them perceptible to the multitude, and to make them comprehend why it is necessary that the love of their country ought to be circumscribed and governed by reason.

In their most exalted days, the Greeks held the love of their country as the first civil virtue. We certainly owe a higher degree of that affection we ought to bear towards all mankind, to our parents, our wives, and our children, than to strangers; and a greater measure of the good will, which human nature in general requires at our hands, to our own country, which is the proper seat of our activity, the station appointed to us by Providence for the exercise of every social duty. But this limitation, this contraction of our philanthropy, often makes us narrow-minded, selfish, and unjust, nay, sometimes iniquitously barbarous towards all other nations. As the love of mankind, like that of beauty, seldom can be made to attach so forcibly to the absent, as to those who are present, so we always esteem the Europeans more than the Africans, the Asiatics, or the Americans, our own countrymen more than foreigners, and our fellow-citizens more than our fellow-subjects; but by thus gradually receding from universal philanthropy, we are insensibly led to

to hate all that is not immediately connected with us by the bands of interest or consanguinity, and sometimes even snap these asunder: a convincing proof of a misanthropic disposition not unfrequent in human nature. I know an European city, the government whereof possesses an extensive and beautiful tract of land, which is happy under its sway; but, unfortunately, the exclusive predilection in favour of their fellow-citizens is so violent a passion in all the weak heads of this city, that they deprive the inhabitants of all the towns in their territory of emulation, excluding them from the enjoyment of all rewards or marks of honour, and in the fits of their madness, would willingly drown them all, if it was in their power.

The more we cleave to the particular and individual interest of our own country, the less philanthropic we most assuredly become. Such patriots act in general most repugantly towards foreigners, because they are so, and of course are nothing in their estimation. The Jews of the old testament, were so much attached to their country, that they neglected the duties of humanity towards strangers. The Greeks despised all foreigners as barbarians, and thought them destined to be their slaves, because nature had given them less genius and understanding. The virtuous Spartans were unjust and fraudulent towards strangers. A Japanese, who
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should chance to shew the least esteem or friendship for a Dutchman, would be pointed at as an enemy of his country, since he was not attached to it in exclusion of the rest of mankind. They think it contrary to the interests of Japan, to the commands of the emperor, to the will of the gods, and to the dictates of their conscience, to feel the least inclination towards a foreigner. This is in general the policy that may be said to actuate the mercantile powers of Europe, who, considered in this point of view, seem wholly to be animated with the meanest self-love; for they not only overlook the depredations of the piratical states of Barbary upon the subjects and property of those nations, who, both by every principle of religion and policy are the eternal enemies of the crescent, but even form disgraceful alliances with these freebooters, and submit to the grossest affronts and injuries from them, seeming even to authorise what humanity shudders to think of, for the sake of the pitiful advantage arising from the monopoly of the trade of the Mediterranean.

But in our times, we have less to fear the evil effects of patriotism. I am acquainted with men who are anxious to promote both the general and particular welfare of their country, and aspire to this laudable pursuit at every step; who divide their duties into tasks, and perform first those which are the most universally benevolent, and produce the most general

ral good to their country ; whose courage is not daunted when their friends weakly abandon them, either from the bare view of the power of their antagonists, or of the menacing authoritative frowns of the slanderers of their principles ; who depart not for a moment, from the line of their duties, either from interested or erroneous motives ; who feel that their souls are like lambent flames, which, tending in their own essence upwards, can never sink to the bottom ; whom no refusal can intimidate, no opposition drive from their stedfast and noble purpose ; who never draw back ; in whom the love of ease never renders the rational, but too often useless combat, against the ignorance and depravity of mankind, a burden ; who, in a word, love their country with a filial affection, forgive its injuries, and excuse its errors, and would rather endure death, in a thousand shapes, than once give room to think, that their zeal for their country would ever abate on account of the disregard it may shew to their personal merit. But the number of anti-patriots seems in our days to have increased, and much more so, that of the hypocrites, who boast of their oaths and dearest duties, solely because these are sometimes the only paths to honours, dignity, and riches ; while avarice and self-interest are the sole motives of all their actions. Many a one exclaims that he loves his country, who loves nothing but himself ; many a one thunders forth his patriotism on all
public

public occasions, while the cunning villain secretly stretches out his itching palm to receive his yearly wages in foreign gold. When here and there the torch of patriotism is uplifted, the sparks generally fall on the fingers of the patriots, and this sentiment seems sometimes to actuate every breast, while it is, in fact, only the fashionable whim of the day; and our young fellows now travel to become patriots, as they formerly did to become orators and cognoscenti.

Well-founded national pride has thus both considerable advantages, as well as evils proceeding from these very advantages. Virtues and vices are often called into action by the same motives; it is the task of the philosopher to discover these motives, and that of the legislator to make a proper use of the discovery.

Pride is therefore the source of so many beneficial talents, and of so many virtues, that we ought not to endeavour to destroy it, but to make it subservient to good purposes. Man would be a senseless block, if he were forbidden every thing that could lead him astray. We must inevitably banish good sense from a whole nation, if, more attentive to particular than to general imperfections, we were to attempt to command sentiments, rather than to inspire them; and we should act against

our own feelings, if, instead of adapting faults to the good of the whole, instead of conducting mankind by their passions, and of employing their foibles, even to lead them to good, we were to smother principles and sentiments, which are able to animate a whole nation, and to excite it to the noblest actions.

F I N I S.

I N D E X.

A

	Page
<i>ABBOT</i> , Thomas, his saying respecting republics	245
and the rewards of virtue - - -	81
<i>Abyssinians</i> , their high idea of their own valour -	151
<i>Agessilaus</i> , embarked at Aulis when he went against Asia - - - - -	209
<i>Alembert</i> , d', the freedom of his writings - -	151
<i>Alexander</i> the Great, visited Ilium when he invaded Asia - - - - -	ibid.
— the veneration he expressed for Achilles	164
— what he wrote to Aristotle - - -	ibid.
— his saying respecting Diogenes - - -	230
— the eagerness with which he read Homer	120
<i>Alkoran</i> , precepts of - - - - -	107
<i>Anson</i> , sailors of his ship, extinguished a fire at Canton - - - - -	251
<i>Antigonus</i> , his sensible reply to an egregious flatterer	203
<i>Antioch</i> , plains of, their desolate state - - -	254
<i>Antiochus Soter</i> , anecdote of - - - - -	122
<i>Apostle of Cracow</i> , his pastoral letters - - -	192
<i>Appenzel</i> , shrewd remark of a peasant of that canton - - - - -	45
<i>Apraxin</i> , Russian general, anecdote of - - -	70
<i>Arabians</i> , convinced of the infallibility of their caliph	

I N D E X.

	Page
<i>Arabians</i> , have not yet been subdued by the Turks	152
— their martial poetry	153
<i>Arcadians</i> , rejected astrology	50
<i>Aristides</i> , his noble disinterestedness at the battle of Marathon	235
<i>Aristocracies</i> , preferable to the other republican forms of government	194
<i>Aristogiton</i> and <i>Harmodius</i> , their statues highly honoured at Athens	149
<i>Aristophanes</i> , the esteem he was held in by a king of Persia	166
<i>Armenians</i> , victory over them by Lucullus	80
<i>Arrogance</i> and <i>Pride</i> , essentially different	139
<i>Athenians</i> , their vanity	49
— their veneration for their great men	149
— their civic oath	236
— their degeneracy in the time of Demetrius Poliorcetes	247
<i>Athens</i> , famous under Pericles for the arts	169
— personal security not to be met with there	194
<i>Augustus</i> , a protector of the Muses	167
<i>Ausburger</i> , or alien, its degrading signification in Switzerland	30
<i>Austrians</i> , their defeat at Sombach	160

B

<i>Baden</i> , Congress of, incident which happened there	24
<i>Baillet</i> , quotes a scurrilous saying respecting the Germans	87
<i>Baker's</i> widow in Rome, anecdote of	35
<i>Basle</i> , bravery of twelve hundred Swiss near	160
<i>Bata</i> , inhabitants of Mount, their superstition	70
<i>Beccaria</i> , cited as an example of Italian learning	176
<i>Benedict</i>	

I N D E X.

	Page
<i>Benedict XIV.</i> his saying of the Jesuits	123
<i>Bern</i> , public stews established there in 1479	133
— caterpillars which ravaged that canton anathematized	ibid.
<i>Bernier</i> , his inquiries concerning the chronology of the Hindoos	52
<i>Boileau</i> , preferred by the French to Pope	39
<i>Bramins</i> , require their new converts to eat cow-dung	71
— their great holiness in Tanjore	72
<i>Budso</i> , the new religion of Japan	ibid.
<i>Burgundians</i> , their defeat at Murten	160

C

<i>Cesar</i> , his bold behaviour while with the Pharamacusan pirates	225
— his memorable saying to the pilot of his boat on the river Anicus	226
— his emotions on reading the history of Alexander	230
— his famous saying respecting the inhabitants of a small village	230
<i>Calas</i> , John, case of	126
<i>Caligula</i> , answer given to a very critical question of his by Vitellius	86
<i>Callistrates</i> , the effect of his renown on Demosthenes	230
<i>Cambyfes</i> , subtle reply of his sages about the lawfulness of his incestuous marriage	196
<i>Campania</i> of Rome, vanity of the peasants in	33
— its present deplorable situation	203
<i>Canadian</i> compliment to an European	40
— savages are greatly proud	254
— their unrelenting ferocity	ibid.
<i>Caribbee</i> Indians, think themselves the only men	40

I N D E X.

	Page
<i>Carnival</i> , why instituted at Venice - - -	193
<i>Cato</i> , had a concubine - - -	251
<i>Ceramicus</i> , of Athens, filled with the busts, of de- ferving citizens - - -	168
<i>Chalotais</i> , the freedom of his writings - - -	209
<i>Charles III.</i> of Spain, story of his confessor at Florence	173
<i>China</i> , princes of the imperial blood in the condition of porters - - -	204
— the despotism prevailing there - - -	ibid.
<i>Chinese</i> , are vain of their antiquity - - -	52
— account of their antiquity refuted by Nyen- Hy-Iao - - -	52
— their defective and preposterous geography	89
— their presumption respecting embassies to them	91
— why they have been supposed to excel in learn- ing - - -	97
— their language very difficult - - -	98
— their ceremonious pedantry - - -	99
— their ignorance of the arts and sciences	100
— their constitution and government very de- fective - - -	ibid.
— their morality, defeats its aim - - -	101
— their ostentatious virtue - - -	102
— most of them are atheists - - -	103
— their defective knowledge of astronomy	ibid.
— their real ignorance in medicine - - -	104
— their art of war, despicable - - -	105
— their artists, unskilfulness of - - -	ibid.
— their music, almost as bad as the French	106
— their painting, its defects - - -	ibid.
— poetry, good for nothing - - -	ibid.
— drama, not beyond the first rudiments	ibid.
— their savage state in the reign of Fo-Hi	107

Chinese

I N D E X.

	Page
<i>Chinese</i> , their foolish superstition - - -	108—110
— almanac, what it contains - - -	110
— the emperor absolute - - -	203
— their abject slavery - - -	205
<i>Choiseul</i> , Duke of, his plan for correction of the abuses of government - - -	209
— collection made by his order for the military school at Paris - - -	231
<i>Chong-que</i> , a name of China - - -	90
<i>Cicero</i> , his offensive egotism - - -	249
<i>Simon</i> , his patriotism, and valour of his friends	236
<i>Coffee-house</i> , an Italian publication extolled above the Spectator - - -	176
<i>Cole</i> , William, wrote a treatise against lawyers	95
<i>Columbus</i> , one of the founders of the modern fame of Italy - - -	175
— his discovery of America, owing to his con- fidence in his good fortune - - -	226
<i>Constance</i> , ridiculous dispute between the Swiss con- federacy and that city - - -	136
<i>Contempt</i> , its nature defined - - -	251
<i>Corinthians</i> , their noble sentiments as expressed by Thucydides - - -	149
<i>Cosmo de Medicis</i> , his own saying respecting his government - - -	193
<i>Cossacks</i> and <i>Calmucks</i> , despise the Russians - -	40
<i>Crusades</i> , view of the - - -	119
<i>Cubosama</i> , the territorial lord of Japan - -	73

D

<i>Dairo</i> , of Japan, his pre-eminence - - -	51
— respect paid to him, &c. - - -	72
— his titles - - -	ibid.

Dairo,

I N D E X.

	Page
<i>Dairo</i> , is deified after his death - -	73
— his court and dependants, vanity of -	ibid.
<i>Dalin's</i> hypothesis concerning Sweden -	54
<i>Democracies</i> , seldom admit of personal security	193
<i>Demosthenes</i> , influence of his eloquence on the Athe- nians - - - -	151
— origin of his study of rhetoric -	230
<i>Descartes's</i> opinions maintained by the French long after they were exploded - - -	129
<i>Despotism</i> , how produced - - -	195
— described - - - -	196
— its effects - - - -	197
— most prevalent in Asia - -	202
<i>Doge</i> of Genoa, anecdote of one at Versailles	2
<i>Du Halde's</i> Chinese history - - -	52
<i>Dutch</i> , opinion of the English concerning them	37
— obliged by the Japanese to throw their dead into the sea - - - -	73
— their equivocation in Japan respecting their religion - - - -	74

E

<i>Edda</i> and <i>Wolupfo</i> , greatly revered by the Swedes	53
<i>Egyptian</i> chronology - - -	50
<i>Encyclopædia</i> , many of the writers determined repub- licans - - - -	182
<i>England</i> , maintains forty thousand lawyers -	94
<i>English</i> , the worthiest nation of the globe -	4
— lover, story of one - - -	9
— their prepossession against foreigners	35
— against the Scotch and Irish - -	36
— much duped at Rome - - -	ibid.
— their opinions of other nations - - -	37

English,

I N D E X.

	Page
<i>English</i> , the bluntness of their character	78
— supposed indecorum among them	79
— animadverted on in a note	ibid.
— are universally assigned the second place in literature by Europeans	88
— think their common law a wonder of perfection	94
— and French greatly hate and condemn each other	117
— their drama formerly despised in France	132
— are not vain	143
— their merits in the arts and sciences considered	176
— their liberal encouragement of merit	178
— their freedom of disquisition	ibid.
— their writings have infused a spirit of liberty into the French	182
— preposterously think the French a nation of slaves	ibid.
<i>Epaminondas</i> , death of	238
<i>Ephori</i> , of Sparta, their capricious decrees	189
<i>Equality</i> , defined	190
<i>Euripides</i> , his verses recited by the captive Greeks	166

F

<i>Flattery</i> , instance of gross	44
<i>Florence</i> , wine sold there by the bottle at all the palaces	56
— its flourishing state under the Medici	170
— the great number of monuments erected there in memory of great men	171
— esteem in which they are held	172
<i>Florentine</i> noblesse, their inconsistent pride	56
<i>Fo-Hi</i> , his reign begins the Chinese history	52
<i>Folly</i> ,	

I N D E X.

	Page
<i>Folly</i> , the queen of the world - - -	7
<i>Fortescue</i> , Chancellor, his opinion respecting the common law of England - - -	94
<i>Franconian</i> catholic, anecdote of one - - -	66
<i>Franks</i> , their young women only favoured the brave -	157
<i>French</i> , many individuals among them highly respect- ed by the author - - -	4
— their courtiers despised Peter the Great -	31
— opinion of the English concerning them -	37
— their intolerable self-conceit - - -	38
— they still foolishly boast of the capture of Mahon - - -	46
— culinary vanity of their generals - - -	47
— are all vain of the Siam embassy - - -	83
— they even think their laws are superior to others -	93
— instance of the hatred existing between them and the Spaniards - - -	117
— their literary merits considered - - -	179
— eulogium on their present literati - - -	ibid.
— their drama surpasses that of every other modern nation - - -	180
— their institutions and rewards for learning -	ibid.
— their too great submission to the caprices of the female sex - - -	ibid.
— republicanism of some of them - - -	182
— the freedom of their parliaments - - -	ibid.
— spirit of liberty of several of their writers -	209
— colonel, anecdote of one at Brussels - - -	83
— translator, his omissions and errors, his national pride, and religious prejudices 46. 48. 60. 106. 119. 127. 132. 157. 181	

Galeas,

I N D E X.

G

	Page
<i>Galeas</i> , John, Duke of Milan, his candid avowal	202
<i>Gallileo</i> , highly honoured at Florence	171
— founder of the modern fame of Italy	175
<i>Genoa</i> , Doge of, at Versailles, story of one	2
<i>Genoese</i> nobles, keep their coasts in poverty and dependence	77
<i>Germans</i> , personal pride among them	5
— reproached for want of national pride	ibid.
— their character	ibid.
— opinion of the English concerning them	37
— saying of an Italian writer respecting them	87
— opinions respecting their literary merit	88
— their hereditary courage	157, 158
<i>Gerundio of Campazas</i> , title of a Spanish novel	133
<i>Gesner's</i> Poems, recommended	228
<i>Goddeſs of Love</i> , how painted by some nations	24
<i>Goths</i> , their courage	156
<i>Grecians</i> , despised all foreigners as barbarians	30. 256
— owed all their advantages to foreigners	32
— their historians seldom make use of foreign names	ibid.
— overvalued themselves on their freedom	77
— both hated and contemned the Persians	116
— their high opinion of their sages	166
<i>Greece</i> , its modern inhabitants pride themselves on the former liberty of their country	77
<i>Greek church</i> , warmth and violence of its sectaries	122
<i>Greenlanders</i> , their contempt for strangers	30
— in particular for the Danes	40

I N D E X.

H

	Page
<i>Harmodius</i> and <i>Aristogiton</i> , their statues highly honoured at Athens	149
<i>Hatred</i> , defined	116
<i>Hejaz</i> , in Arabia, no Christian allowed to reside in that district	69
<i>Helvetians</i> , their long struggles for liberty	159
<i>Helvetius</i> , the spirit of freedom of his writings	209
<i>Henry VIII.</i> anecdote of his esteem for the painter <i>Holbein</i>	177
<i>Hieronimus</i> of Salamanca, his bombastic praise of <i>Torrubia</i>	96
<i>Hipperides</i> , his stoic resolution	235
<i>Hirzel</i> , Casper, his lives recommended	228
<i>Hirzel</i> , Solomon, his historical views of the Swiss confederacy recommended	ibid.
<i>History</i> of the frogs, quotation from the preface to — is an account of men's infirmities and defects — of Helvetian virtue, quotation from the pre- face to	5 11 253
<i>Holbein</i> , anecdote of Henry VIII. concerning	177
<i>Homer</i> , the author of much heroism among the Greeks — the eagerness with which Alexander read his works	230 ibid.
<i>Horace</i> , declined being the favourite of Augustus	167
<i>Humility</i> , what is falsely called so	221
<i>Hump-backs</i> , story of a nation of, in India	41
<i>Huns</i> , their martial ardour	159

I—J

<i>Japanese</i> , deduce their origin from the gods — their dynasty of heavenly spirits	50 ibid.
--	-------------

I N D E X.

	Page
<i>Japanese</i> , their dynasty of demi-gods	51
— their contempt for Christians	73
— are ignorant of geography	92
— were formerly a warlike nation	159
— the punishments inflicted by the emperor are all capital	203
— their contempt and hatred of the Dutch	257
<i>Jesuit</i> , device of one to please the Chinese	90
<i>Jesuits</i> , the emperor Yong-Tching's speech to them	91
— could not persuade the Chinese to receive an embassy from France	ibid.
— the church they had at Peking with difficulty allowed to be built after an European model	106
— called Janissaries of the Holy See by Pope Benedict XIV.	123
<i>Jews</i> , refuse to receive wine from Christians	67
— are universally contemned and despised	116
— their exclusive attachment to their own nation	256
<i>Ignorance</i> of the law, prevails no where more than in England	94
<i>Indians</i> , their mode of beatification	70
<i>Individual</i> pride	7
<i>Indostan</i> , its inhabitants pretend to great antiquity	52
<i>Insja-Fuse</i> , a sect in Japan	71
<i>Irish</i> , averse to innovation	78
<i>Isanagi-No-Mikotto</i> , tradition concerning him in Japan	51
<i>Iselin</i> , quotation from his preface to the History of Helvetian Virtue	253
<i>Isla</i> , a Spanish jesuit, his satirical novel	133
<i>Israelites</i> , their contempt for the Samaritans	67
<i>Italians</i> , well worthy of regard	4
— their vanity	32
<i>Italians</i> ,	

I N D E X.

	Page
<i>Italians</i> , opinion of the English concerning them	37
— their cunning in poisons	47
— though notorious slaves, they still boast of their freedom	77
— saying of one of their writers respecting the Germans	87
— long held all the Transalpine nations as barbarians	ib.
— their preposterous attachment to the observance of the laws of the church	125
— their merits in the arts and sciences considered	170
<i>Jumonville</i> , a French heroic poem, an instance of national hatred	117
<i>Jurisdictions</i> , petty, ludicrous image of their gravity	27

K

<i>Khan</i> of Tartary, his vanity	84
<i>Kouli-Khan</i> , instances of the vicissitude of fortune under his government	204
<i>Kuni-Toko-Dat-Sii-No-Mikotto</i> , the first deity of Japan	50

L

<i>Lacedemonians</i> , incident of their second Messenian war	237
— epitaph of those who fell at Thermopylæ	239
<i>Ladrones</i> , the inhabitants of, think all other nations are dumb	44
<i>Laplanders</i> , their tradition concerning their origin and that of the Swedes	54
— place their paradise in continual snow	115
<i>Lavater's</i> national songs, recommended	228
<i>Laupen</i> , bravery of the Bernians there	160
<i>Law</i>	

I N D E X.

	Page
<i>Law</i> , of nature and nations, little known in France	93
<i>Laws</i> , of England, require twenty years study	95
<i>Lawyers</i> , England maintains forty thousand	94
— obtained an immunity from reformation of abuses in 1659	95
— this circumstance explained and animadverted on in a note	ibid.
<i>Lefranc</i> , is offended at the English for putting themselves on a level with the French	39
<i>Lefack</i> , a dancing master, story of	12
<i>Leuctra</i> , behaviour of the Spartan matrons after that battle	239
<i>Liberty</i> , definition of	187
<i>Library</i> of the Medici, stupidity of a friar on visiting it	173
<i>Lobo</i> , father, story of, whilst in Abyssinia	81
<i>Lodbrog</i> , a northern chief, his dying exclamations	156
<i>Love</i> of one's country, its effects among the Greeks and Romans	232
— sometimes requires a curb	254
<i>Lucern</i> , ridiculous dispute between that canton and the city of Constance	136
<i>Lucullus</i> , his victory over Tigranes	80
— victory of, compared to the battle of Rosbach	81

M

<i>Mably</i> , the spirit of freedom in his writings	209
<i>Madura</i> , kings of, claim their descent from a jack-ass	46
<i>Mahometan</i> religion, inspires arrogance	67
— as much rent by sects and schisms as christianity	69
<i>Mahon</i> , the French foolishly boast its capture	46

T

Malabars,

I N D E X.

	Page
<i>Malabars</i> , pretend to great antiquity - - -	53
<i>Malacca</i> , king of, his titles - - -	82
<i>Marathon</i> , the battle of, productive of the noblest emulation - - - - -	150
— the supreme command there resigned to <i>Miltiades</i> - - - - -	235
<i>Marcus Antoninus</i> , had a concubine - - -	251
<i>Marmontel</i> , the spirit of freedom of his writings	209
<i>Martinelli</i> , what he says of Germany -	88
<i>Mentz</i> , Elector of, has founded a college of the <i>Augustine</i> confession - - - - -	134
<i>Mesopotamia</i> , its present desolate state -	203
<i>Messenian</i> war, second, incident of -	237
<i>Metaphysician</i> , definition of, by a mathematician	19
<i>Milan</i> , candid avowal of <i>John Galeas Duke</i> of	202
<i>Miltiades</i> , effect of his trophies on the mind of <i>Themistocles</i> - - - - -	229
— the supreme command resigned to him at the battle of <i>Marathon</i> - - - - -	235
<i>Minorcans</i> , averse to innovation - - -	78
<i>Mogul</i> , the Great, his titles - - -	82
— those of the <i>grandees</i> of his court -	ibid.
<i>Monarchical</i> pride - - - - -	207
<i>Monarchies</i> , the best field for the exertion of abilities	210
<i>Montague</i> , Lady M— W—, quotation from her travels - - - - -	119
<i>Montesquieu</i> , story from his <i>Persian letters</i> -	84
— his opinion of the system of laws in France	94
— the spirit of freedom of his writings -	209
<i>Moors</i> , believe their country the finest in the world	114
— their abject submission to tyranny in <i>Morocco</i>	199
<i>Morocco</i> , account of the despotism prevalent there	ibid.

Morocco,

I N D E X

	Page
<i>Morocco</i> , anecdotes of one of the emperors	200, 201
<i>Mount Bata</i> , inhabitants of, their superstition	70
<i>Muley Ismael</i> , emperor of Morocco, various anecdotes of	200, 201
<i>Muri</i> , Abbot of, his ostentatious pride	84
<i>Murten</i> , defeat of the Burgundians by the Helvetians there	160
<i>Myrmidons</i> , their origin	46

N

<i>Natches</i> , their laughable nobility	57
— ridiculous pride of their chief	83
<i>National</i> pride in general	2. 29
— as arising from imaginary advantages	43. 113
— from imaginary antiquity or nobility	49
— liberty, valour, or consideration	77
— from ignorance of foreign affairs	87
— from ignorance in general	93
— from real advantages	139. 219
— from the heroism of our ancestors	147
— from arts and sciences	163
— from government	185
— in republics	187
— in monarchies	207
<i>Negroes</i> , paint their devil white	24
— are very vain	40
— have a multiplicity of gods	70
— despise the Europeans for having but one	ibid.
<i>Newton</i> , despised in France	39
— extraordinary honours conferred on him in	
<i>England</i>	178
<i>Nice</i> , custom there	135
<i>Nicias's</i> Sicilian expedition mentioned	166

INDEX

	Page
<i>Nile</i> , both Jews and Christians prohibited from being present at the opening of its canals	69
<i>Nippon</i> , a name of Japan	92
<i>Nostalgia</i> , a disease almost peculiar to the Swiss	161
O	
<i>Octavia</i> , greatly affected by Virgil's poetry	167
<i>Odin</i> , his Welupfo, his heaven and hell	154
— his death	155
<i>Ohio</i> , Indian tribe on it's banks with long hair	44
<i>Omar</i> , the reason he gave for destroying the Alexandrian library	21
<i>Osman</i> , made a gardener vice-roy of Cyprus	45
<i>Ostracism</i> , why introduced at Athens	194
<i>Oxford</i> , public disputation there on Ash-wednesday, ridiculed	89

P

<i>Palestine</i> , its present desolate state	203
<i>Paraguay</i> , opinion held there respecting the moon	53
<i>Paris</i> review, reply to remarks in one	5
— custom there of going a hunting in a coach	24
<i>Parisian</i> , stupidity of one	23
— of a bookseller there	87
— their presumptuous vanity	137
<i>Parliaments</i> , of France, the noble freedom they begin to assume	182
<i>Partiality</i> of historians	126
<i>Patin</i> , his abuse of the English	39
<i>Pausanias</i> his travels through Greece	169. 172
<i>Pedaretes</i> , his noble disinterestedness	235
<i>Pericles</i> , encouraged the arts	169
— the emulation of his virtue recommended by Zeno	229

I N D E X.

	Page
<i>Persian</i> letters, story of a negroe king taken from them	84
<i>Persians</i> , their annual festival in honour of Ali	69
— the contempt in which they are held by the	
Turks	69
— their great ignorance respecting Europe	89
— the absoluteness of their kings	203
<i>Peter</i> , the Great, despised by the French courtiers	31
<i>Pharmacusa</i> , anecdote of Julius Cæsar while a prisoner	
there	225
<i>Physical</i> History of Climates, ridiculed	45. 47
<i>Piedmont</i> , mountains of, contain many reduced noble	
families	57
— story of a traveller through them	ibid.
<i>Plutarch</i> , what he relates concerning the Jews	64
— his lives, recommended for the instruction of	
youth	228
— sentiment raised in the author's infant son by	
listening to them	229
<i>Poets</i> , their vindictive spirit	20
<i>Politics</i> , little known and understood in China	101
<i>Portuguese</i> , opinion of the English concerning them	37
— their laughable pride respecting their complexion	44
<i>Pride</i> , of individuals	7
— of whole nations	29
— arising from imaginary advantages	43. 113
— from imaginary antiquity or nobility	49
— liberty, valour, power, and consideration	77
— from ignorance	87. 128
— from ignorance in general	93. 129
— from real advantages	139. 219
— from heroism and valour	147
— from the arts and sciences	163
— from the form of government	185
T 3	Pride,

I N D E X.

	Page
<i>Pride</i> , in republics	187
— in monarchies	207
<i>Primitive</i> Christians, calumniated by the heathens	
and the Jews	65
<i>Privernates</i> , reduced by the Romans	239
— noble reply of one of them	240
— made Roman citizens in consequence	ibid.
<i>Privernum</i> , made a municipium	ibid.
<i>Professions</i> , mutually despise each other	18
<i>Ptolemy Philadelphus</i> , his encouragement of the arts and sciences	166
<i>Pythagoras</i> , his sentiment of the sense of inward worth	141
R	
<i>Rabenius</i> , his opinion respecting the peopling of Sweden	54
<i>Raphael</i> , called poor and spiritless by the French	39
<i>Reflections</i> , on national pride, founded on imaginary advantages	113
— on real advantages	219
<i>Religious</i> pride	59
— its bad consequences	118
<i>Republican</i> pride	187
<i>Republican</i> , definition of one	ibid.
<i>Resewitz</i> , Dr. his reproof of bigots	124
<i>Rheinthal</i> , laughable complaint of its inhabitants	30
<i>Romans</i> , their enthusiastic persuasion of the pre-emi- nence of Rome	152
— their enthusiasm on beholding the images of their ancestors	168
<i>Rome</i> , its senate, to what dwindled	33
— strangers of all religions are tolerated there	134
<i>Rome,</i>	

I N D E X.

	Page
<i>Rome</i> , arose from conquest to literature - - -	167
<i>Roncalli</i> , his ignorant assertion respecting inoculation	88
<i>Rudbeck</i> , gives the Swedish monarchy a great antiquity	54
<i>Russian</i> nobleman, story of one, viewing a collection at Florence - - - - -	173

S

<i>Salamis</i> , incident after the battle of - - -	12
<i>San Marino</i> , its citizens compare their republic with ancient Rome - - - - -	77
— think themselves the only good and honest men - - - - -	115
<i>Scandinavian</i> poets, their martial ardour	155. 157
<i>Scythians</i> , their resemblance to the Greeks - - -	154
<i>Sembach</i> , defeat of the Austrians there by the Swiss	160
<i>Senate</i> of Rome, to what now dwindled - - -	33
<i>Sextus V.</i> his embellishment of Rome - - -	171
<i>Sinto</i> , primeval religion of Japan - - - - -	71
<i>Smollet</i> , Dr. quoted - - - - -	115
<i>Spalding</i> , has inveighed against pride - - -	140
<i>Spaniards</i> , opinion of the English concerning them	37
— their laughable pride respecting their complexion	44
— their pride of ancestry - - - - -	54
— their peasants too proud to work - - -	55
— think the French beggars - - - - -	56
— many men of genius among them - - -	95
— are great lovers of the marvellous - - -	96
— the sciences in a wretched state among them	ibid.
— believed that God conversed with Moses in Spanish - - - - -	ibid.
— the inflated appellations of their colleges	ibid.
— instance of the hatred between them and the French - - - - -	117

I N D E X.

	Page
<i>Spaniards</i> , their cruelties in America	123
<i>Spanish</i> preacher, his blasphemous exclamation	40
— eulogist of St. Roche, his absurd nationality	137
<i>Spartans</i> , their bravery and attachment to liberty	137
— the willingness and readiness with which their laws were required to be observed	189
— they raised emulation in their children	231
— were unjust and hard towards strangers	256
<i>Spartan</i> matrons, their behaviour after the battle of Leuctra	239
— heroic reply of one, on being told the death of her son	ibid.
<i>Sterne</i> , has inveighed against pride	140
— quotation from his sermon on that subject	256
— from <i>Tristram Shandy</i>	224
<i>Sunni</i> and <i>Schias</i> , sects of Mahometans	68
<i>Swedes</i> , carry back the history of their kings to Noah	54
— Lapland tradition of their origin	ibid.
— Rabenius and Dalin's opinion concerning their antiquity	ibid.
<i>Swiss</i> , reply of one, on the subject of regal magnificence	24
— of another to the solicitations of a German prince for his daughter	30
— esteemed brutes, at Paris, Vienna, and Rome	31
— opinion of the English concerning them	37
— Roman Catholics, emigrate to Spain	56
— prefer their barren mountains to the plains of Lombardy	ibid.
— instances of their courage	159
— their victory at Laupen	160
— over the Austrians at Sembach,	ibid.
— battle with the French near Basle	ibid.

Swiss,

I N D E X

	Page
<i>Swift</i> , their victory over the Burgundians at Murten	160
—— Nostalgia, a disease almost peculiar to them	161
T	
<i>Tacitus</i> , says the Jews adore an ass	64
<i>Talmud</i> , precepts of, relative to the salutation of Christians	67
<i>Tanjour</i> , holiness of the Bramins there	72
—— mildness of the reign of one of its kings	205
<i>Tartars</i> , think their Lama infallible	79
—— how they secure their beatification	ibid.
—— vanity of their Khan	84
<i>Tching-Tsong</i> , emperor of China, a great encourager of superstition	109
<i>Tenka</i> , a name of Japan	92
<i>Tenka-Sama</i> , one of the titles of the emperor of Japan	ibid.
<i>Tensio-Dia-Dsin</i> , commenced the dynasty of demi-gods in Japan	51
<i>Themistocles</i> , unanimously allowed the second palm after the battle of Salamis	12
—— his saying respecting the trophies of Miltiades	229
<i>Thermopylae</i> , epitaph of the Spartans who fell there	239
<i>Thomas</i> , his poem of Jumonville reprobated	117
—— the spirit of liberty of his writings	209
<i>Thrasibulus</i> , his speech on delivering Athens from the thirty tyrants	237
<i>Thucydides</i> , speech of the Corinthians in his history	149
—— his admiration of Herodotus	219
<i>Tien-Hia</i> , a name of China	90
<i>Tigranes</i> , his indolence and security when attacked by Lucullus	80

Torrubia's

I N D E X.

	Page
<i>Torrubia's</i> natural history of Spain lavishly praised	96
<i>Toulouse</i> , bigotry of the parliament and inhabitants	
there in the case of Calas	126
<i>Traflaverini</i> , in Rome, their vanity	34
<i>Tristram Shandy</i> , quotation from	224
<i>Turks</i> , their inconsistency in distributing offices and places	45
— believe all the patriarchs and prophets were Mussulmen	64
— greatly condemn the sect of Ali	68
— seldom affirm notorious falsehoods	ibid.
— look on all who are not true believers as dogs	ibid.
— their ludicrous idea respecting the Persians	69
— upbraid us with polytheism	70
— foolishly called pagans	ibid.
— unconscionable oppression and extortion of their bathaws	202
<i>Tyrteus</i> , sent by Athens to the assistance of the Lacedæmonians	237
— his great utility to them	238
U and V	
<i>Vanity</i> , of some families at Rome	35
— of a Negroe king	84
<i>Venice</i> , why the carnival was instituted there	193
<i>Venetians</i> , curious reason they once gave for condemning one of their magistrates to death	192
<i>Verona</i> , decayed noblemen there	57
<i>Versailles</i> , Swifts halberdiers at	31
<i>Villars</i> , marshal, anecdote of	24
<i>Virgil</i> , thought a faint by the peasants round Naples	64
— the honours he enjoyed	167
<i>Vitellius</i> ,	

I N D E X.

	Page
<i>Vitellius</i> , his answer to a critical question of Caligula	86
<i>Viviani</i> , his house at Florence described	171
<i>Universality</i> of pride	1
<i>Voltaire</i> , supports the chronology of the Chinese	52
— calls Fenelon a deist	64

W

<i>Weißb</i> , their genealogical pride	55
---	----

X

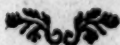
<i>Xerif</i> of Mecca, his obligation to interdict infidels the entrance into a consecrated tract	68
<i>Xerxes</i> , his pride of power	82

Y

<i>Yorkshire</i> fox-hunter, reasons of his vanity	36
<i>Yong-Tching</i> , emperor of China, his speech to the Jesuits	91

Z

<i>Zealots</i> , gloomy, their character	15
<i>Zell</i> , strange instance of French vanity at that court	30
<i>Zeno</i> , his exhortation to the disparagers of Pericles	229
<i>Zurick</i> , anecdote of a man of learning coming to re- side there	131
<i>Zuricker</i> , his reproof of marshal Villars	24



William, the author to a critical edition of Gellius 32
Theatrum, the book of Theatrum described 171
University of guide
Following is a report the chronology of the Church 24
calls London a debt 61

Wife, their genealogical guide 22



Year of Mexico, the British Museum 63
the entrance to a new world 63
Xavier, his guide 63

Joseph for hunter, nation of the variety 22
Jung-Tung, emperor of China, his speech to the 21
John 21

John's glory, their character 17
John's glory, their character 30
John's glory, their character 219
John's glory, their character 121
John's glory, their character 24

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